WEEK ENDING MARCH 26, 1927

5c

Liberty

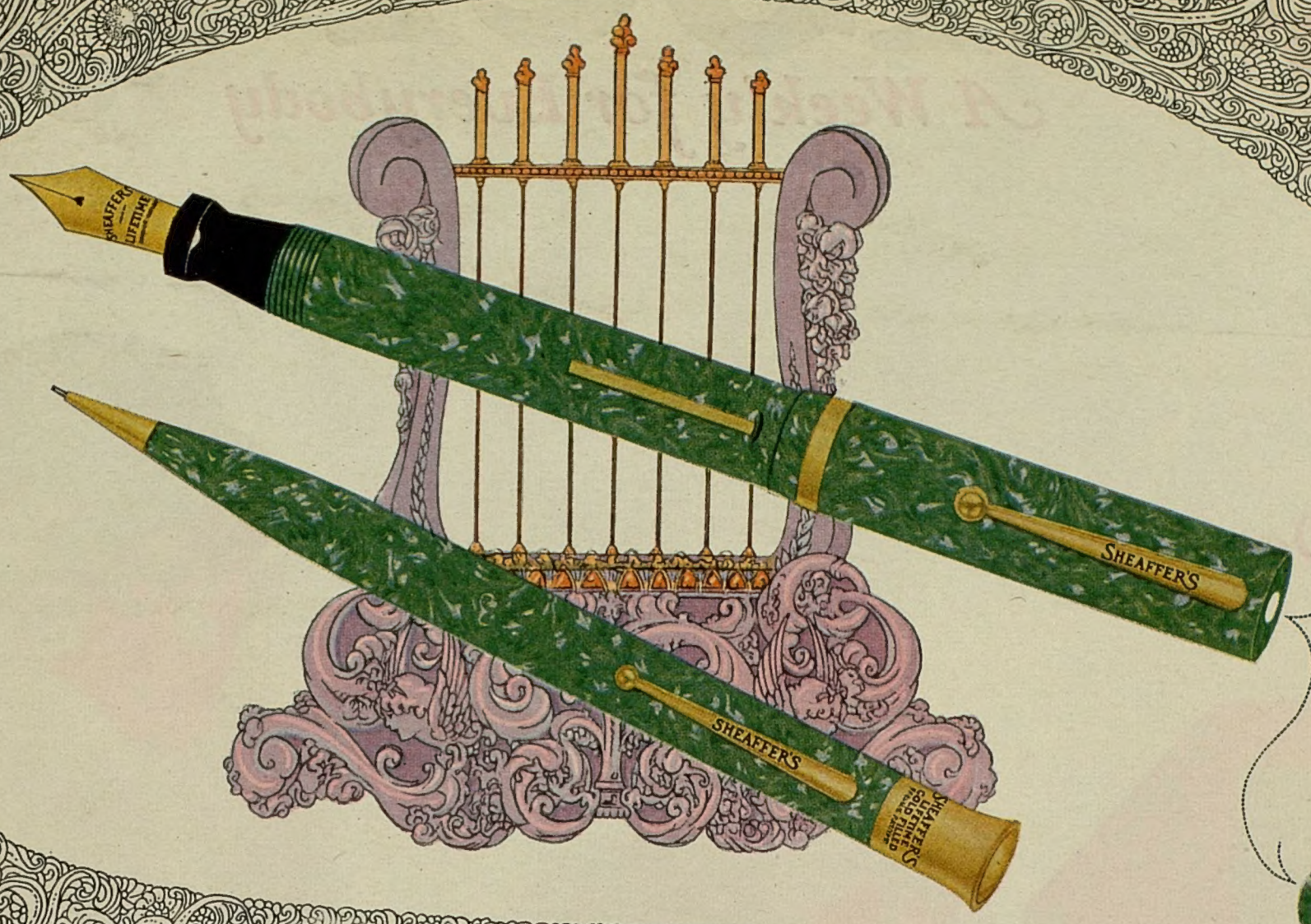
A Weekly for Everybody

Dog-Gone!

Beginning
A Smashing Story *of*
ANDREW JACKSON *and*
HIS PRIVATE BATTLES

OUR FIGHTIN'EST FIGHTER *by* **CLIFFORD RAYMOND**

also **ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, ELIZABETH FRAZER** *and* **ROSITA FORBES**



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The first thing that ought to be said about a Sheaffer Lifetime° pen is that it is beautiful. It is strikingly beautiful in appearance. It is outstandingly beautiful in performance. Its beauty is more than surface-deep. The jewel-like Radite of its sturdy barrel is but one of the fine factors that go to make it an *always dependable writing instrument*. That it is practically indestructible, that it may be run over by automobiles, or thrown from balloons without hurt, that it is unreservedly guaranteed to last for a lifetime, is but insurance of the *permanence* of its outranking beauty.

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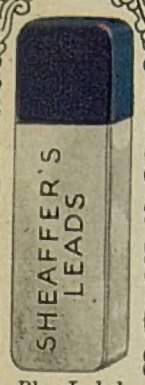

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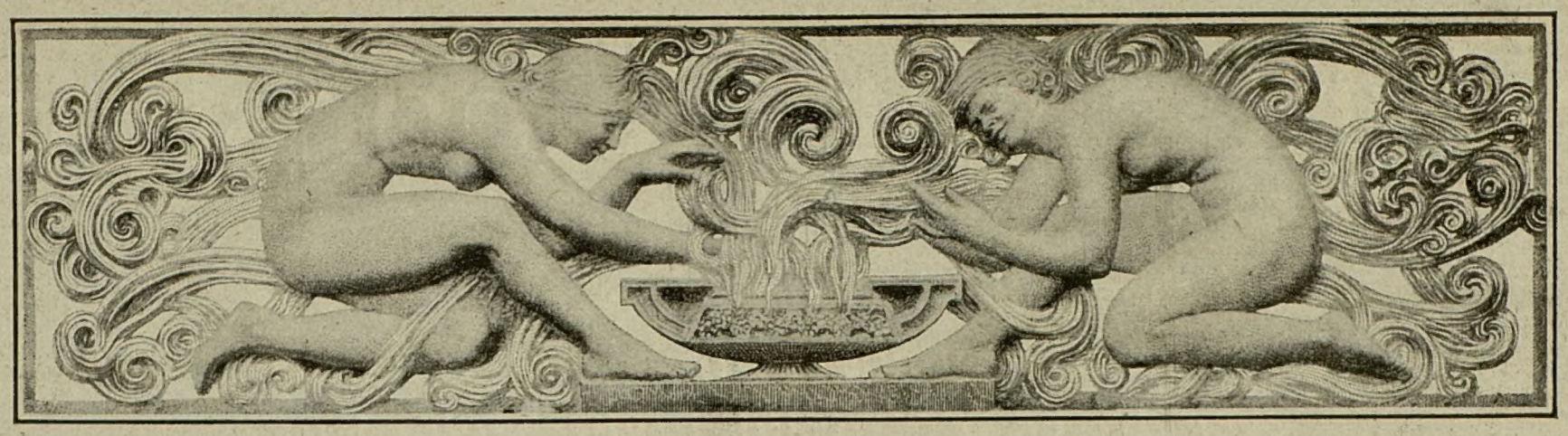

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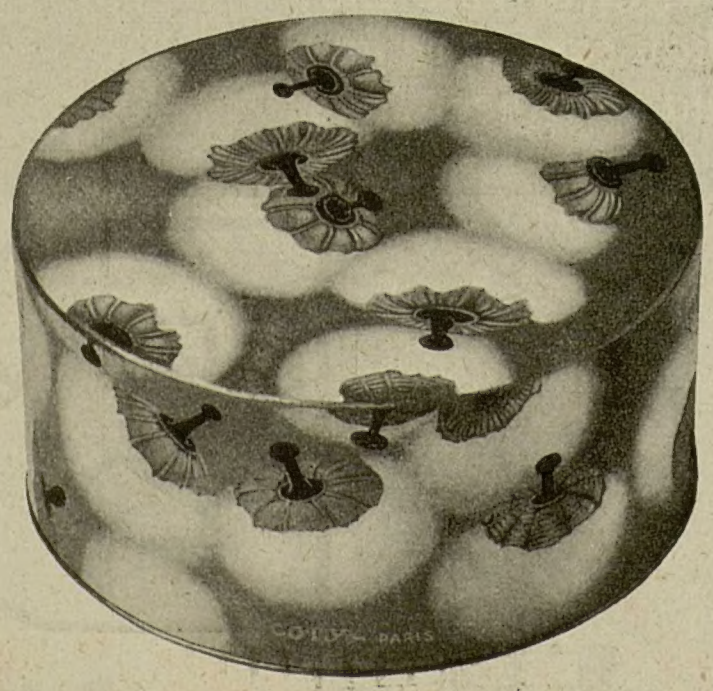

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON
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CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

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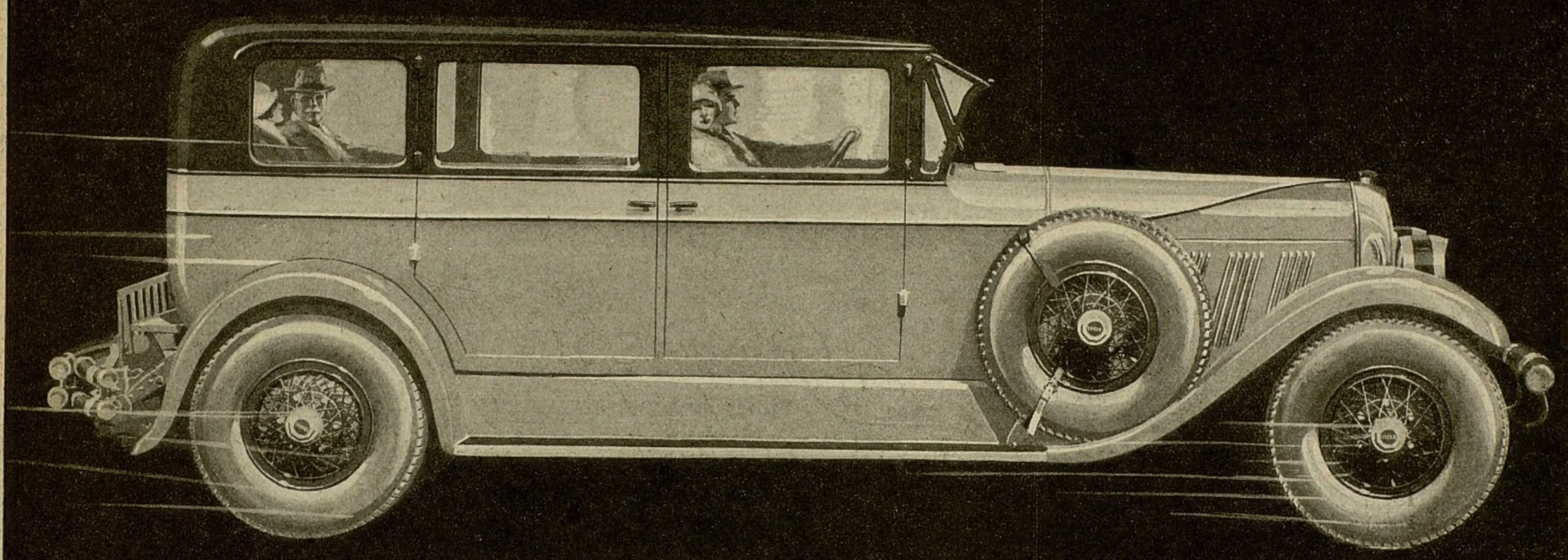
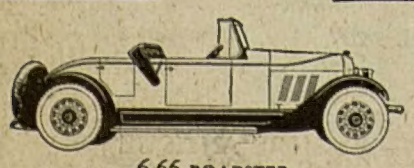


8-88 Sedan $2195. 130 inch wheelbase. 80 m. p. h.

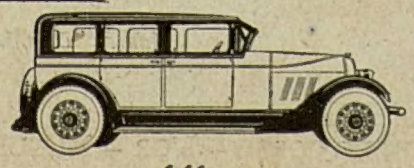
This is a radical departure. We know that as soon as the public generally experiences the advantages of a Straight Eight, they will be content with nothing else.

Auburn was two years ahead of the industry by placing one requirement upon the kind of cars they built, namely, *to build them better than cars have ever been built before, so that they would sell themselves.*

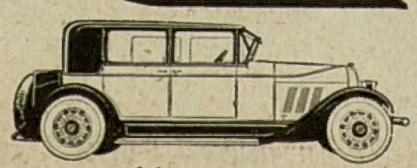
AUB



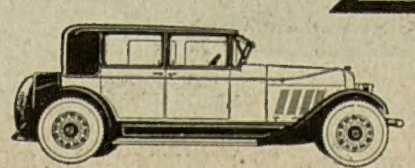
6-66 ROADSTER
120-inch wheelbase
$1095



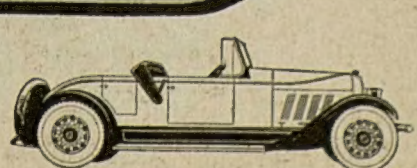
6-66 SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1295



6-66 SPORT SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1195



8-77 SPORT SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1495



8-77 ROADSTER
125-inch wheelbase
$1395

For Liberty Magazine Readers

Go to an Auburn dealer. Tell him you came because of this special offer in Liberty. Ask him to let you take an Auburn Straight Eight and drive it yourself.

As you drive the Auburn Straight Eight, compare it in every *way* with *all* other cars you have ever driven; seating position; room and comfort; handiness of everything for operation; ease of steering; the way it holds the road; absence of side sway and tipping; note how 50 or 60 and more miles per hour seem like 30 in other cars; test the power, acceleration; its smoothness and lack of vibration; takes steep hills, rough roads and sharp turns; note the absence of arm fatigue and effort to hold the car on the road; be your own judge, and if the car does not sell itself, you will not be obligated or asked to buy.

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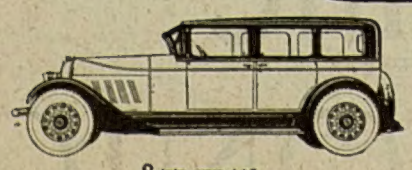
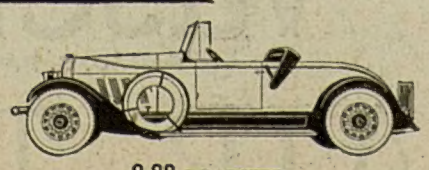
AUBURN

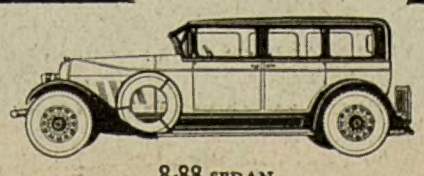


8-77 SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1695



8-88 ROADSTER
130-inch wheelbase
$1995

8-88 SPORT SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2095



8-88 SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2195

8-88 7 PASSENGER SEDAN
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- ☐ 2. Permanent Wave
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- ☐ 5. Dandruff
- ☐ 6. Dry Hair
- ☐ 7. Grey Hair

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Street.....

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC

March 26, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 3
No. 47

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

OH, SHUCKS! LET 'EM FIGHT

—An Editorial

Mr. Arthur Brisbane is one of the most brilliant of newspaper writers. His alert, active mind shows no sign of wear or age, and he possesses to a remarkable degree the ability to focus his brain upon the vital points of life's problems. Usually he is logical and up-to-date; but, for some reason, that even he with his customary clarity never has explained to our understanding, he has an abiding prejudice against boxing and fighters. He appears to feel toward boxers the same repugnance that others feel toward snakes or mad dogs.

True, as one grows older one does not care so much for prize fighting. Other things seem more important. The nuisance of being jostled in rough crowds, the boredom of the inevitable preliminaries, the torture of sitting on an uncomfortable chair next to a thin-chested clerk yelling, "Kill the big bum!" or behind a cauliflower-eared gent whose cigar calls for a gas mask, and having one's feet trodden upon, overbalance what pleasure we may derive. Besides, only about one in a dozen fights is worth while.

This writer admits there was a time when he would tramp miles across country and shiver in a cold barn, risking arrest and pneumonia, to see two bruisers engage in a game of fisticuffs. Once he even sat through three acts of a German play to see a bout afterward. But we grow older—and perhaps softer—and no longer derive the pleasure from the sport we once did.

There are, however, many persons who do get pleasure and a thrill from boxing. Every editor knows that a heavyweight championship fight is the biggest piece of news in the year—and that his readers demand details. The mass of the people want to see single combats; to see two champions striving for mastery. The urge is primitive. It starts in the kindergarten. Let one small boy knock a chip from the shoulder of another, and all save the sissies will yell, "Fight!" and form a ring. The appeal of fighting is primitive, as primitive as hunger, and therefore no more immoral or harmful than eating.

The allegation that watching two healthy youths pommel each other has a bad effect, is wrong in its psychology. Instead of stirring up the bad that is in man, the spectacle of two healthy fellows battling probably enables the average man to work some of the meanness out of his system vicariously.

Mr. Brisbane's favorite argument that a gorilla can whip half a dozen prize fighters is illogical, because we have no gorilla-weight class, and, even in kindergarten, a fight will be stopped if one combatant is outclassed. It seems strange that a few years ago we took our young men, armed them with bayonets, and set them to practicing lunging and stabbing at straw figures to teach them the art of spitting human enemies, and that now we cry it is brutal to watch two young toughs exchange wallops with gloved mitts to see which is the better.

If such a spectacle gives people pleasure, and if, as the gate receipts indicate, a great number find amusement or entertainment in it, why should those who do not like it forbid them their pleasure? Mr. Brisbane has frequently and forcefully made the point that one coterie of human beings has no right to impose its will upon others, or to interfere with their liberties or pleasures; yet he objects to allowing fight fans to enjoy themselves.

If the boys want to watch a fight, stand back and let 'em. As for us, we wouldn't go to one on a bet—unless it was Tunney and Maloney.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Why Students Commit Suicide

THE public, shocked by the number of students who killed themselves in the early months of 1927, is asking, "Why?" But the actual number of these suicides is not so significant as the reasons for them, or the fact that, when a score take their own lives, thousands may be thinking about it. What *are* the reasons for the recent tragedies, and how can we prevent their recurrence? ALAN TABOR has gone straight to students themselves for his answer. Furthermore, he gives us the opinions of leading psychologists, educators, psychoanalysts, and clergymen in his absorbing article entitled, WHY STUDENTS COMMIT SUICIDE.

It all started with a too daring theme which *"Skipper" McGinn* wrote in *Instructor Viard's* composition course. When the solemn-eyed *Viard* called *Skipper* names, she began to make things happen—whence FRANK R. ADAMS' inimitable story, OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Russia is reveling in a carnival of casual marriages and divorces. With centuries-old restrictions gone, conventions have been thrown to the winds. ELIAS TOBENKIN tells what Russian women are doing with their new love freedom in THE THRILL OF DIVORCE.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND gives us BLOODY WILLIAMSON, the crimson record of the most lawless district in America.

March 26, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 47

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BY AIRPLANE OR MULE-BACK

There's a radio station in Honduras, six thousand feet high, upon a mountain top. They use Radiotrons there, high power Radiotrons, for transmission. More than once in an emergency, the Radiotrons have had to be delivered by airplane. Usually they are carried up the rough mountainside by mule-back.

These great Radiotrons cost a few hundred dollars apiece, and as not many "spares" can be kept on hand at that price, each one must perform exactly to standard—each one must be sturdy of build in spite of its delicate accuracy.

The laboratories that design these high power transmission tubes design the Radiotrons you use. The same factories make them. The same test laboratories test them. RCA produces the tubes for all sorts of high power transmission and learns from these tubes many a lesson of making and testing that gives you a better Radiotron for your receiving set! Benefit from this experience by using only genuine RCA Radiotrons, no matter what *type* of tube you use.

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

New York Chicago San Francisco

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and RADIOTRONS UX-201-A for all-round quality.
Bring your dry battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-120
and RADIOTRONS UX-199 for all-round quality.

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

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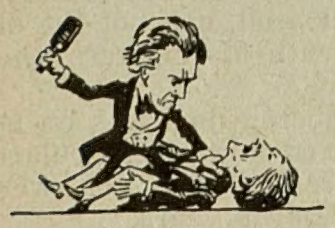
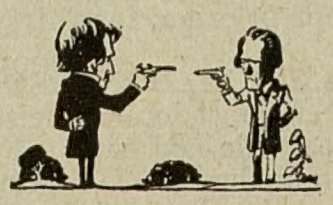


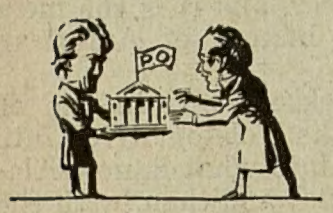
Barroom Scrapper



Duelist

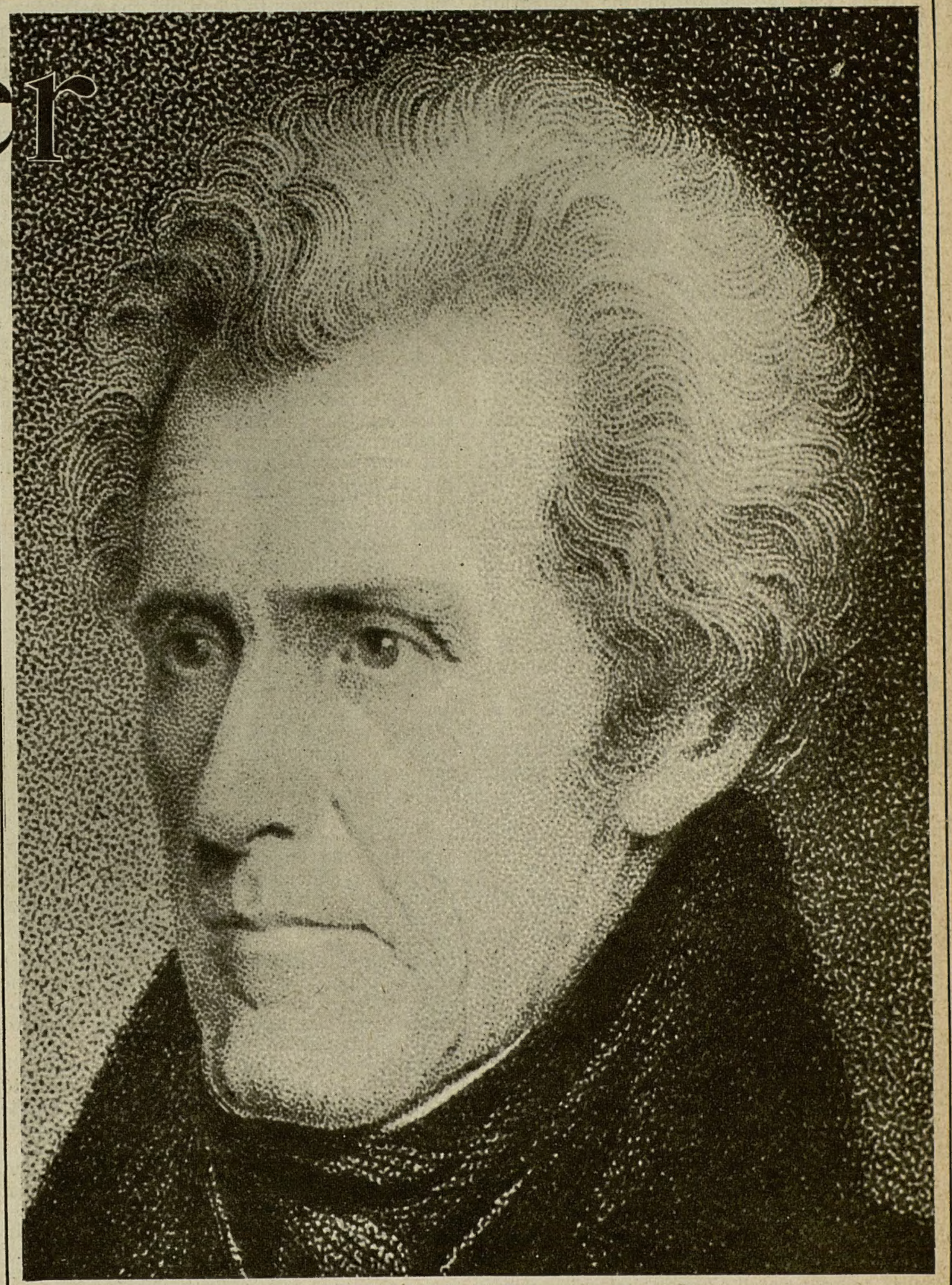
Romantic Lover

Conquering General



Spoilsman

President



Andrew Jackson, from a picture drawn from life and engraved by J. B. Longacre.

He Was 100% Male—And They Broke the Mold After He Was Made

[PRAISE BE!
WE LOVE PEACE]

An Article by

CLIFFORD RAYMOND

PART ONE

FOR thirty-seven years Andrew Jackson kept his dueling pistols in condition. They may be seen now at the Hermitage, his home outside of Nashville, Tennessee. They were in readiness for any gentleman who required the muzzle end of them, particularly for anyone who said anything derogatory to Mrs. Jackson.

Jackson was a chivalrous husband with self-reproach on his conscience. He and Rachel frequently sat by their fire, each smoking a long pipe, as ladies then might. They were affectionate, companionable, and formal. In the hearing of their neighbors and associates they were never Andrew and Rachel. They were "General Jackson" and "Mrs. Jackson."

Jackson's conscience had the reproach that although he was a lawyer he unwittingly had allowed his wife to marry him before her divorce was completed, and in the scandalous politics and the heavy drinking at taverns that fact kept cropping out in slanders, jeers, and laughter over wine. It was a dangerous joke.

Jackson's time and environment were fighting times and environment. He was not the man to step back from a dueling peg or to run from a shooting in the street. A contemporary ill-wisher compiled a list of "nearly one hundred fights or violent and abusive quarrels" of Andrew Jackson.

The select and sober men of New England's east-wind aristocracy and the elegant and brilliant men of Virginia's tidewater and Piedmont must have been struck with a chill when it appeared that a President was impending from the frontier and that a wildcat from the wilderness was to occupy the White House.

Legend added fascination to history and it made Jackson a roaring, brawling, shooting, drinking, cussing, hell-raising varmint.

"Was General Jackson second in a duel between two boys of eighteen and did he set

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OUR FIGHTIN'EST FIGHTER Continued from Page Nine]

them up at six feet apart?" a pamphleteer asked.

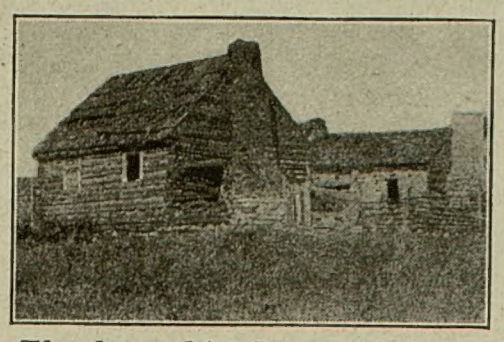
"How came the Hero to run Sam Jackson through the body in the streets of Nashville?

"What was the nature of the castigation which the Hero of two Wars received from Hugh Montgomery?"—etc., etc.

The deadliest thrust of the pen was:

"For what offense did Robert Weakly, Justice, bind Andrew Jackson to keep the peace toward Lewis Robards, in 1790?"

That approached a deadly subject, as will be seen later.



The log-cabin home of Jackson's early childhood.

The victim of fact and legend in the vituperative politics of the day was a man punctured with slugs and lead balls, with bullet-broken ribs and visceral disturbances, the conqueror of the Creeks, of the British, and of the Seminoles. How he survived his wounds and hardships is not easy to understand.

Jackson might have asked one of his detractors what he expected of life on the frontier. Fight was the constitution and the law of life—to fight nature and to fight Indians. If that made a part of the frontier citizenship a whisky-drinking, cock-fighting, horse-racing, gouging, shooting, dirking, scalping outfit, it was within and not outside nature.

ONE incredible narrator records that the favorite manicure fashion was to trim the thumb nails hookwise, like a sickle, for eye-gouging. Another—he being a minister and therefore more impressionable and necessarily indignant—relates that in passing a field being plowed he heard the oratory and vituperation of a deadly fight.

He stopped, horrified. There seemed to be many voices, but presently one arose in the shrilling of anguish:

"My eye's out!"

The minister was almost afraid to get off his horse and look over the hedge; but when he did he saw a plowman going back to his horses and his furrow.

"Come here," he called. "Come back and help rescue the victim of your brutality."

An embarrassed plowman turned to look at his accuser.

"That ain't a fight I've had," he said, flushing and stammering. "That's one I might have next court day."

The minister looked over the hedge, and saw that no one but the plowman had been there.

The soil was stamped and torn as if bulls had been horning each other, and there were the marks of the plowman's knees and thumbs where he had sat astride his imaginary enemy and gouged into the soil.

Mayhem was an accomplishment in physical combat. Exasperated citizens shot slugs, used sword canes and knives, bit off noses, and tore off ears.

A man named Bean, who had been down the river to New Orleans for a year with a scow-load of truck, expressed his disapproval of his wife's new child by cropping off the infant's ears.

Enemies of Jackson in Nashville supplied his enemies elsewhere with much fact and legend.

In one of Jackson's earliest fights he used a fence rail. A gigantic bully in Nashville stepped on his toes three times. The first time it was taken as accidental, the second as intentional, and the third time was awaited. Jackson seized the rail, used it as a pike, and put the bully out by sticking him in the stomach.

Later, when he was President, Jackson told a distinguished partisan who feared a street attack in Washington not to strike at the head of his assailant with the big black stick he habitually carried, but to stick him where he least expected it—in the stomach:

"Give him the p'int."

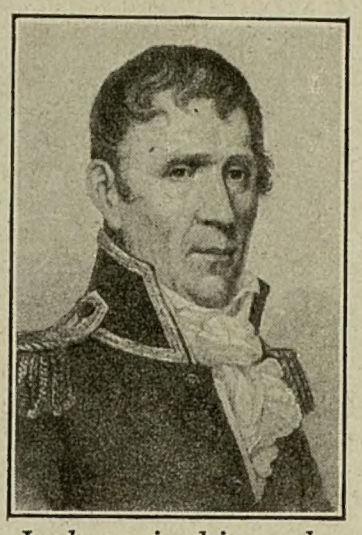
When Jackson was a boy at the Waxhaws, the Scotch-Irish settlement on the North and South Carolina line, Lord Rawdon sent a company of dragoons to clean out the patriots.

The dragoons deceived the Waxhaw men, concealing their advance under cover of local Tories who were mistaken by the patriots for patriotic reinforcements.

Andrew was one of the captives taken, and he was ordered to clean a dragoon officer's boots. The boy refused to do so. He said he was a prisoner of war and entitled to treatment as such. The officer cut at him with his saber and gave him a gash on his head and one on his hand. He had the scars to the end of his life.

Robert Jackson, a brother, then was ordered to clean the boots. He refused. He was cut down. Andrew, as a boy, could not forgive it and as a man did not forget it. Long afterward a political detractor said that the revolutionary wound was a bit of hero buncombe. All tales were told soon in those days to the person they concerned.

"Put your finger there," said Jackson to the man who carried this one to him. The man did, and was astonished to lay it in a deep indenture in Jackson's head.



Jackson in his early fighting days.

Jackson disliked the British. The troops he met on the plains south of New Orleans, and in two weeks' fighting destroyed, were to him "the damned redcoats."

He was a man of explosive temper. When it controlled him he could be unfair, even ridiculous. He made some enemies whom he loved to keep as such. He was a brave man, a soldier of the first order, a mighty patriot, a devoted Unionist when one was needed, and a ceremonious lover full of wounds for his lady. This is the story of some of his fights.

When Jackson came out of the Waxhaws to study law, he went to Salisbury and then to Morganton, North Carolina. Colonel Waightstill Avery of Morganton had the best law library of the region, but in his log cabins he had no place to board a student. Jackson had to go back to Salisbury, where he studied with Spruce McCay.

Later, when Jackson was practicing law in and out of Nashville, he and Colonel Avery met as opposing counsel in a case in the Jonesboro circuit, and their comments became too caustic. One of Jackson's rejoinders was a challenge hastily written and passed without comment to Colonel Avery. They later met with seconds, and both missed, no doubt intentionally, then shook hands and were friends.

JACKSON'S next quarrel was with General Sevier, and it was lasting. Sevier was one of the heroes of King's Mountain, where the patriots obliterated Ferguson and his Tories.

He and Jackson had a quarrel with high words after Sevier had been elected Governor of Tennessee in 1796. The discussion came to a challenge offered by Jackson and declined by Sevier on the ground that he was poor, had a large family of dependents, and was not required to prove in a duel the courage that his service to his country already had shown.

In this he had good precedent. Washington was above dueling. Contemporaries of Sevier and men after him refused. Daniel Webster declined a challenge from John Randolph, but said he would prove he was no coward if anyone attacked him.

Later Jackson and Sevier renewed their quarrel, and Sevier again referred to his record. Jackson tried to make a point of his own national services, which had not then, as they are now remembered, begun.

"Services?" Sevier replied. "I know of no great services you have rendered the country, except taking a trip to Natchez with another man's wife."

"Great God!" Jackson cried. "Do you mention *her* sacred name."

He started shooting, and there was a stampede in the street. A bystander was grazed by a bullet, but no one was hurt. Jackson never forgave Sevier or anyone else who said a word in injury of Mrs. Jackson. Shortly afterward he met Sevier, and, had not the old General's horse bolted with his holsters, they would have shot it out.

Jackson's best remembered duel was on account of Mrs. Jackson, and it was particularly because of her that the dueling pistols were kept in order for thirty-seven years.

RACHEL DONELSON was the daughter of Colonel John Donelson, a Virginia surveyor. Nashville had been a French fur-trading post, established in 1714. American traders had been over the Cumberlands into the region prior to 1779, but that was the year when Captain James Robertson pitched camp with eight pioneers for a permanent settlement undertaken with Colonel Donelson. Robertson was to plant corn.

Donelson was to come out with the families. This enterprise had its base in the settlements around Jonesboro, 183 miles from Nashville by a trail never free from Indian perils. Colonel Donelson took his families by water route to escape the dangers of the trail. The families were four months by water, and it is the most amazing journey in the history of American pioneering.

Rachel, later Mrs. Jackson, was in one of the scows that went by the Holston River into the Tennessee and down into what is now Alabama; down Muscle Shoals; and then, with the river's northward curve, into the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, and up the Cumberland to Nashville.

It was a great pioneer exodus not much sung. It was said that not even an Indian had attempted it. The string of scows and flatboats shoved off in a hard winter. Frost and ice delayed the early stages. Flatboats were grounded on shoals. Some were sunk. Smallpox was discovered on one boat carrying twenty-eight people. They were kept back at a quarantine distance, and the Indians got them, killing the men and carrying off the women and children. The Indians were infected with the smallpox and almost obliterated.

The Hermitage, the Jackson home outside of Nashville.

The flatboat fleet went into what was known as the Whirl, or the Suck—narrows on the banks of which Indians had gathered to fire at them. But they drove through.

The later run of the boats over the whirls of Muscle Shoals (the same Muscle Shoals that is now in political fertilizer and water power) was uncharted and terrifying, but the boats came finally to the Salt Lick on the Cumberland, which is now Nashville.

Rachel had this four months' trip. She had her new home in a region so threatened by Indians that a girl could not go out for blackberries or for the cows without a guard.

Settlers came into the Salt Lick at Nashville on the Cumberland in such numbers that Colo-

nel Donelson took Rachel and went north into Kentucky, where there were more produce and fewer Indians. Rachel met a young man she liked, Lewis Robards, and married him. Colonel Donelson went back to the Cumberland, and was killed mysteriously from ambush, probably by Indians.

Captain Robards and Rachel remained with Robards' mother in Mercer County, Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. There were boarders in the family, as there were in nearly all pioneer families that had room to take them in. Robards' jealousy of boarders, particularly of a Mr. Short, made his wife unhappy.

Judge Thomas Overton, a Revolutionary general who afterward was Jackson's second in his duel with Charles Dickinson, was a boarder with Mrs. Robards in 1787 and subsequently. He wrote a statement to explain the circumstances, when later they came to have so much consequence in western Tennessee.

HE perceived very soon that Captain Robards and his wife were not happy and that jealousy was at the bottom of it. Robards' mother sided with the wife. Overton thought that fact in itself made Rachel's case. Overton's brother had been in the house before him, and he told the Judge there had been much uneasiness, and that because of it Samuel Donelson, a brother of Rachel, had come to take his sister home. She was then back in Nashville and living with her mother.

Mrs. Robards implored Overton to bring her son Lewis to a kindlier and more reasonable attitude. Mother and son were unhappy and Robards confessed supersensitiveness and wished he had his wife back.

Rachel was still with her mother in Nashville when Jackson came into the country from North Carolina. Mrs. Donelson took in boarders, and Jackson became one of them. Robards purchased land near Nashville and joined that community. He was reconciled and reunited to his wife, but became jealous of Jackson, threatening to whip him. Jackson invited him to try it and offered to meet him in a duel.

Robards damned both Jackson and Rachel. Jackson left Mrs. Donelson's place, and Rachel went to live with her sister, Mrs. Hay.

Sevier had taunted Jackson with eloping to Natchez with another man's wife. He did make that trip with Rachel and Colonel Stark, an esteemed old man. His friends maintain he did it for the protection of the two from the Indian perils of the river trip.

Robards went East, and presently Nashville heard that the Virginia legislature had granted him a divorce. Jackson married Rachel. Two years later it was learned that Captain Robards had applied for divorce in the Mercer County (Kentucky) court. The legislature of Virginia had not granted him a divorce, but permission to sue for one. Jackson and his wife were remarried.

This is a shortened account of a complicated case, but its chief significance for Jackson, as he undoubtedly realized later, was that if he wished to protect his wife in community conventions he, as a lawyer, should have been more careful. Later his pistols were to protect her.

Charles Dickinson was one of the young bloods of Nashville. Both he and Jackson were lawyers, but both also dealt in produce and horses, and of Dickinson it is said he traded in slaves.

Horse-racing, chicken-fighting, and drinking at Mr. Winn's tavern were the amusements of the young men about town, and Dickinson may have been one of the progenitors of the well known clubman and of the big butter-and-egg man.

He was good-natured, well liked, and reputed the best pistol shot in the region—a prudential accomplishment to own at that time and place.

Picture by Arthur E. Becher

Jackson put his left hand across his chest, but he did not stagger. "Great God!" Dickinson cried. "Have I missed him?"

The gentlemen drinking at Mr. Winn's tavern and elsewhere frequently said things that, when sober, they would not have said. The jovial Dickinson seems to have been particularly weak and unfortunate in this respect.

Jackson heard that the young man had said something in disparagement of Mrs. Jackson. There is a version of it that Dickinson, drinking, excited and irresponsibly witty, said: "General Jackson's wife is faster than his horses."

Jackson confronted Dickinson and asked him if the report were true. Dickinson said that if he had made any such statement it must have been when he was drunk and that he was sorry. He was contrite, and Jackson forgave him, evidently without any ill feeling.

DICKINSON, drunk again, repeated the remark or made another equally offensive. Jackson was told of it, and this time he went to Captain Joseph Ervin, Dickinson's father-in-law, to ask him to use some control over Charles.

"I wish no quarrel with him," Jackson said. "He is used by my enemies in Nashville. Advise him to stop in time."

Captain Ervin owned a race horse named Plow Boy and Jackson one named Truxton. Jackson's horse was named for the commodore of the Constellation in 1799 and 1800 when the frigate took the French L'Insurgente and La Vengeance.

Jackson in Congress had voted for the completion of the Constellation. It was natural that his favorite race horse should be named Truxton.

Dickinson was backing Plow Boy with his father-in-law. The stakes were $2,000, payable in notes due on the day of the race, and the forfeit was $800, also payable in notes due the day of the race.

Plow Boy was not in condition to race and Captain Ervin chose to pay the forfeit. It was accepted in the form offered, and the matter settled; but again there was too much talk in Mr. Winn's tavern.

The story got about that Jackson complained of duplicity on the part of Ervin and Dickinson in paying the forfeit—that it had not been, as agreed, in notes due the day of the race, but in paper of future maturity. A young Virginian of the name of Swann, recently come to Nashville, was the first involved in the gossip, tale-bearing, and controversy.

Young Mr. Swann, seemingly without intent to make trouble, made a great deal. His story was that in George and Robert Bell's store, one of Jackson's friends, Patton Anderson, had said that the General had not been paid in the manner agreed on. That remark was repeated to Dickinson, who asked Swann if it was correctly quoted. Swann said it was.

THEN the young man seems to have taken the matter up with Jackson himself. In the General's store, Swann asked him if the forfeit had been paid in notes that met the contract. He said Jackson told him that Dickinson's payment was all right, but that Captain Ervin's was not—that not one of Ervin's notes was due and payable when given to him.

It was hitting a sensitive spot to say that a sportsman had not met his obligations in the manner agreed upon. Mr. Winn's inn, the Bell store, Jackson's store, and other places must have heard a good deal of it, and the young Mr. Swann may have enjoyed a feeling of importance.

Charles Dickinson, denying that there had been any bad faith, spoke to Jackson. He later quoted Jackson as saying that any person attributing complaint or dissatisfaction to him was a damn liar.

That hurt Mr. Swann's feelings, and he wrote to Jackson saying that he was not accustomed to tolerate such reflections and that as a gentleman he would look for satisfaction. Jackson in effect told him to go to the devil. He had not been mentioned by name and Jackson did not know that he was a gentleman entitled to satisfaction. He would not fight him, but he would cane him at the first meeting.

In this growing quarrel there was always in the background Jackson's resentment of Dickinson's remarks about Mrs. Jackson. Otherwise, even in a fighting community, it might not have become so deadly. Jackson must have wanted to kill Dickinson for other reasons than such as grew out of the horse-race forfeit.

The General in his contemptuous letter to Swann had really written to and at Dickinson. "Base poltroon and cowardly tale bearer" was an underscored phrase, and Swann was invited to show the letter to Dickinson.

Dickinson wrote to Jackson, after Swann had shown him the letter, that he would be glad to exchange one of his cathartics for the anodyne Jackson thought he had for ills.

Dickinson wrote as he was about to go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OUR FIGHTIN'EST FIGHTER Continued from Page Eleven]

down to New Orleans on a flatboat. Jackson was told that the best pistol shot in Tennessee practiced pistol shooting all the way down the river.

Jackson had a caning in store for Mr. Swann and entered Mr. Winn's inn to give it to him. Swann came in while the General was there with friends, and Jackson attacked him with his stick. He struck one blow, and was backing off to get clearance for another when he fell over a chair. Swann, staggering from the blow, reached under his coat.

The men in the tavern thought he was drawing a pistol to shoot Jackson, who was scrambling to his feet. They shouted to him not to dare try it. Jackson, on his feet, drew his pistol and demanded that everybody stand back; and everyone gladly did.

An old print depicting the bloodless duel between Jackson and Governor Sevier.

Swann disclaimed all purpose of shooting and was allowed to go from the inn. The next day he sent another challenge to Jackson, a dignified but reproachful demand for satisfaction. Jackson replied that if he could prove he was a gentleman this satisfaction would be given him.

Poor Swann, up against the social dictum of the son of a Carrickfergus farmer, cottager, and weaver in Ulster, tried in vain to prove he was a gentleman. Although he submitted affidavits from thirteen of the best tidewater and Piedmont families, including the names of Edmund Randolph and Edward Carrington, Jackson would not meet him.

Dickinson came home May 20. This was in 1806. The fat was soon in the fire. It was a rhetorical age. Men found an ecstasy in printer's ink. Editor Eastin of the *Impartial Review* must have found his Voice of the People his joy and his terror. The citizenship was forever hanging itself out to dry in his columns. The quarrels began there.

It was lunge and counter. No doubt these physically rugged literates loved this letter writing—the only enduring record of self-expression they could have. Editor Eastin printed their pieces, and when the *Impartial Review* came fresh off the press there was a great thrill for any person who could write—his stuff and his name in print.

Dickinson, returning to Nashville from down the river, wrote a letter for Mr. Eastin.

Jackson's friend, General Overton, learned of it and its contents, and rode to Jackson's store at Clover Bottom to tell him that a scurrilous attack on him would appear in the next issue of the *Impartial Review*.

"It's a piece you can't pass over," said Overton. "You must challenge him."

"General," said Jackson, "this is a matter of life and death. I'll take the responsibility myself. I'll see the piece and form my judgment."

JACKSON was on his horse and off for the office of the *Impartial Review*, where Editor Eastin (one of Mrs. Jackson's relatives, to make it more interesting) gave him a proof of Dickinson's letter.

The critical passage was this:

> Another part of his publication of the same date [Jackson's reply to Swann] is as follows: "He," alluding to Swann, "has acted the puppet and lying valet for a worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel," etc., etc. Should Andrew Jackson have intended these epithets for me, I declare him, notwithstanding he is a Major General of the militia of Mero district, to be a worthless scoundrel, "a poltroon and a coward"—a man who, by frivolous and evasive pretexts, avoided giving the satisfaction that was due to a gentleman he had injured.

Within an hour General Overton put Jackson's challenge in Dickinson's hands. It contained the remark: "I hope, sir, your courage will be an ample security to me that I will obtain speedily that satisfaction due me for the insults offered, and in the way my friend who hands you this will point out."

Dr. Hawson Catlet for Dickinson gave Jackson the acknowledgment and acceptance of his challenge. The seconds conferred and agreed on a place of meeting in Kentucky, at Harrison's Mills on Red River in Logan County. The agreement was for 7 o'clock of the morning of May 30.

Jackson protested against the delay of a week. Dr. Catlet for Dickinson said that his principal did not have dueling pistols and had to send for them. Jackson replied that Dickinson could have the choice of his own. Catlet replied that the date had been agreed upon and would not be changed.

A number of people in Nashville knew that Jackson had challenged, although the time and place of the meeting were guarded; but Mrs. Dickinson, young and of renown for beauty, seems not to have known that tragedy was at the door.

It was of report that when her husband arose early the day before the duel to make the long day's ride into Kentucky, she asked why he was up at such an hour, and that he told her he had business that required him to go across the Red River in Kentucky. As he kissed her he said: "I shall be *sure* to be at home tomorrow night."

DICKINSON took a gay party with him. He was confident. His friends were sanguine. He was a very pretty shot with the pistol, could hit silver dollars times running at dueling distance.

When Parton wrote his monumental biography of Jackson, published in 1860, there were people in Nashville who had the whole legend of the duel. The biographer did not know what to believe or not to believe. The stamp of his incredulity is on many of the incidents he relates.

One is that Dickinson at twenty-four paces severed a string at a tavern and left the suspended piece hanging where he cut it with a bullet, telling the landlord:

"If General Jackson comes along this way show him that."

Dickinson's party was a merry one of cavaliers confident of results.

Jackson rode to the Red River with General Overton, a surgeon, and probably another friend or two. It was a solemn journey. Overton wanted to save his friend if he could, and he knew it would be difficult.

As he and Jackson rode along he said he advised Jackson to take Dickinson's shot without trying to beat him to the fire. The conditions were that the men were to fight thus:

> It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are ready, the single word *Fire* to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot, as also the choice of position. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor depending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq.

A "jazz party" on a river flatboat in Jackson's time.

Overton knew that Jackson could not beat the brilliant Dickinson to the fire. He had only one chance, which was to give the crack shot a chance to kill him, and, if he survived, to use deliberation in returning the fire.

Jackson thought Overton's opinion was sound. He would not be hurried. He would take what Dickinson sent to him and then, however badly wounded, try to kill his opponent.

Jackson and Overton, riding soberly, came to the tavern of David Miller on the bank of the Red River, having ridden until late into the afternoon of Thursday, May 29, 1806.

They were ahead of the larger and gayer Dickinson cavalcade. Between the time of Jackson's arrival and Dickinson's, another party of six or seven horsemen had come and the inn was crowded. Privacy in those days was a generally ignored luxury. Miller's inn would have given something to eat and a place to sleep to all who came, but Dickinson's party turned away to William Harrison's inn, two miles farther down the river.

In the morning the two parties met on the field as agreed. Jackson forded the river, the ferryman not being there.

Twenty-four feet were taken as eight paces. They were measured off.

Jackson was loosely dressed. His frock coat was buttoned across his chest, but it did not indicate where within it his sparse frame might be.

In the toss Dickinson's second won the privilege of choosing position. General Overton won the right to give the word. In his scheme for the battle that was most important.

"Are you ready?" Overton asked.

"I am ready," said Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The men were standing, as agreed, with pistol arm downward and the pistol pointing to the ground.

"Fire!" Overton cried. Or, as Parton records it "Fere," an old country pronunciation.

Dickinson was everything expected of him. He fired quickly and accurately. Overton saw the dust fly from Jackson's shoulder. Jackson put his left hand across his chest, but he did not stagger. He remained standing, and he was terrible in the determination his features indicated.

"Great God!" Dickinson cried. "Have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir," said Overton.

Dickinson's own second was obligated to shoot him if he flinched now.

Dickinson recovered his composure. He stepped forward to the peg from which he had involuntarily flinched, and averted his eyes from the man who was about to kill him.

Jackson deliberately aimed and pulled the trigger. His pistol had been on halfcock. He recocked it and fired. Dickinson fell. Jackson walked off the field and went to bed for a month from as nearly a mortal wound as a man can survive, a wound which he had concealed. Dickinson bled to death, expiring that night at 9 o'clock.

Rigid formality had marked the duel between Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson. "Old Hickory's" fight with the Bentons was of a different sort—it was a knockdown, drag-out affair in which pistols, knives, and fists were used. The stirring story of this battle will be told in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

Can a Spinster be a GREAT ARTIST?

A Noted Writer Traces the Effect of Love Upon Genius

An Article by

ROSITA FORBES

Picture by FRANCES ROGERS

LOVE is a state of health. In the majority of cases it has as little effect on character as any other fever. It is valuable to the artist only as a form of experience.

The best war stories have been written by men who fought in the trenches. In order to depict life in a factory, at sea, or in a foreign country, an author must have first-hand knowledge. Illness or poverty, motherhood, travel, or love might be equally valuable in ripening the artist's power of interpretation, but no one of these experiences is creative.

Genius is utterly detached from ordinary life. It needs love no less and no more than it needs food, air, and drink. If it does need it more, the torch is apt to flicker.

Love can neither make nor break the supreme artist. It can be as stimulating as champagne or as indigestible as midnight lobster, but its effects are as evanescent.

Of course a spinster can be a great artist. So can the woman with a dozen lovers. The power is within them and is unaffected by the lives they lead. Momentarily they may be inspired by drink, drugs, or beauty; a particular environment—convent, South Sea island, or studio in Montmartre; or love, celibacy, or maternity. But, primarily, they are self-sufficient.

Socrates wrote, "Love is the need of something you haven't got." An artist has the whole world in her brush or pen or chisel, in her finger-tips, or in her voice. Therefore love to her is an experiment and polygamy a matter of opportunity.

"My ideas upon love are as temporary as my ideals of life are permanent," wrote a famous contemporary painter.

The more one experiments, the more one covets experience. But a French philosopher was right when he insisted that "it is easier to be blinded by experience than to profit by it."

Love may dull the artist's perceptions, as it does those of most good folk who wallow in it. Love is essentially narrowing. Of necessity, it focuses on one person. With regard to him or her, it is as clear-sighted, and I believe as far-sighted, as an eagle in the midday sun. But it is as blind as an owl for the rest of the world.

When one is in love, one's vision is limited and concentrated. When one begins to notice quite ordinary, everyday things again, it's a sign one is no longer in love.

I can imagine overindulgence in love quenching genius as easily as too much gin or an overdose of opium. It dulls the brain.

There is only 100 per cent of force in each one of us. If the heart uses it all, there is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Creative ability is entirely separate from ordinary life.

[CAN A SPINSTER BE A GREAT ARTIST? Continued from Page Thirteen]

none left for the mind. The artist is a person whose force is so exquisitely balanced that it is capable of maximum production. Superficially he or she may be affected to tears, passion, or delight, but, at heart, is there anyone more rightly self-absorbed than a genius?

Distraught by dreams, tantalized by vision, her desires may feel the need of human solace; but, after nectar, the Olympians must find cocktails singularly unsatisfying.

Art is impersonal. Ellen Terry happened to fall in love with the painter Watts when she was sixteen, but I cannot believe that tutelary passion affected her genius. She was born a Terry, with the stage in her blood. Whatever she had done or left undone, her gift of shedding and drawing tears would have remained unique.

Eleonora Duse was the greatest actress of our time, but her love for the writer d'Annunzio cost her part of her genius. She never acted as well after the publication of their love-story under the title, *Il Fuoco* (The Fire).

She is supposed to have paid untold sums to stop the publication of the novel, but d'Annunzio had written his best book. His art was more single-hearted than Duse's. The woman had given too much of her divinity to love. The man used it to ripen his powers, as hundreds of artists have used every form of experience.

Raphael was in love with his model, but his Madonnas have not the exquisite spirituality of Botticelli's Virgin of the Magnificat.

Poe wrote admirable short stories under the influence of opium, but Guy de Maupassant and O. Henry wrote equally good ones without.

The letters of George Sand, who loved the poet Alfred de Musset, are considered masterpieces, but they are no more remarkable than those written by the serious and virtuous Madame de Staël to her daughter.

Jane Austen, immaculate spinster, has contributed as much to literature as that contemporary French author who, when summoned before the Academy to account for his erotic masterpieces, explained: "As for me, I cannot write about women unless I am drunk!"

EVERY country has produced its virgin artists. In time they marry or fall in love and we forget the splendor of their beginnings.

At the outset of her career, Jenny Lind, that pale young girl, was simultaneously the prototype of a Victorian spinster and the nightingale of Europe.

Adeline Genée, the dancer, was as great an artist before men loved her and she listened.

Among contemporary stars there is Marie Laurençen, whose drop scene for the ballet from Les Biches aroused international enthusiasm. She is almost as young (and quite as unmarried) as Sylvia Thompson, the eighteen-year-old author of Hounds of Spring.

Rose Macaulay, author of The Crewe Train, is virginal of mind as well as life, yet she is in the first rank of satirists. Before Margaret Kennedy married she created The Constant Nymph, a mixture of such fine passion and innocence as only a girl could have visualized.

I would terribly like to know—probably I never sha —whether Miss Kennedy met her future hu oand before she finished her book; because, the concluding chapters, *Tessa* (to me) loses a little of her radiance. She says "my dear." I'm sure none of the great lovers of history—Messalina, Helen, Beatrice—ever called their men "my dear." And she shows

Cleopatra. *Anne Boleyn.*

signs of degenerating into the little-mother type!

Study contemporary fiction. The least real love scenes are those which have actually happened. Life is melodramatic. Art is not. When an authoress is in love she writes a description of her own feelings, but these are not necessarily the logical feelings of her heroine. A woman in love puts too much of herself into her art.

Take an instance: Gladys Cooper, one of the loveliest actresses in Europe, will never be its greatest, because in every part she is—entrancingly—Gladys Cooper! If she were in love, all she would do would be to put a little more Gladys Cooper into the totally different and possibly divergent character she was playing.

LOVE is a crucible, and we have nearly twenty centuries of authority for the statement that genius has feet of clay. The logical conclusion is that genius might come out of the furnace baked as hard and shiny as a china statue.

If "artist" may be used in its broadest sense, Joan of Arc has no rivals. A village girl roused medieval France to arms and, at a period when women, to have any importance at all, had to be wives, mothers, or abbesses, made herself virtual commander of an army. However divine her inspiration—and the more divine, the more artistic—she *must* have been a genius to make men follow her. She altered the fate of a nation, struck at the roots of a church—which is often more powerful, and always more dreaded, than a religion—and staged a trial which will outlive history.

Talent has opinions. Convictions are the birthright of genius. None will deny either virginity or convictions to the Maid of Orleans.

Another historical figure, of whom we are told that "the sheer fire and artistry made ashes of men, kings, and kingdoms," was Anne Boleyn.

She flouted Church and State, which in those days were one flesh. She ousted a Catholic queen from her throne, ruled Henry VIII with consummate skill during the most difficult years of his life, and then, alas, she fell in love. The result was that she lost her head in every sense of the word.

Jane Seymour, a fortnight's queen, scholar and artist through all her shuttered maidenhood, remarked to an attendant on her way to execution: "Had I but held to my arts I could have held also to my head!"

I once knew a prodigy. At least I was assured by every artist and professor that Jane *was* a prodigy. I had to take their word, because I could not begin to understand the subjects that to her were simpler than the alphabet.

She had taken every possible prize, scholarship, and degree. She was a fellow of arts and sciences, and she had written a novel that was to revolutionize literature.

Unfortunately, there were still two supreme chapters to be completed when she fell in love. He was a gentle little man with a wart on his forehead, and he looked like a druggist's assistant. Jane insisted on marrying him. She had three children before she realized what she had done.

The novel was never finished, and now Jane regards her offspring with impatient regret. So does the most learned and least tolerant of her professors. "Any woman can make children," he says; "but *she* might have made a new world."

Love may have no more effect on genius than any other growing pains, but, nine times out of ten, marriage is about as crippling to a

Sarah Bernhardt. *Eleonora Duse.*

genius as rheumatoid arthritis is to an athlete.

I am convinced that no artist should take unto herself a husband. Wifehood is a whole-time job—and then some. It is hard enough for the ordinary woman to remain seductive among the minor but recurrent catastrophes of domestic life. For a genius it would be impossible.

IF I were a man I would sooner live with a tame tiger than with an artist. The former, at least, would remember the hours of its meals.

"Anne is not a woman at all. She's an eruption!" said the only successful husband of a genius whom I know.

He confessed to me that he thought his wife, who is one of the best contemporary European novelists, would be much happier with an angel; "but," he added, "there are no married angels."

This particular couple were to spend Christmas with us in the country. The motor was sent to a distant station to meet them. It returned unexpectedly quickly with Anne and a few scarlet bags.

"What's happened to your husband?" I asked. "Couldn't he come?"

"My husband!" murmured Anne, surprised. "I am sure I saw him at the station." She looked around vaguely. "He isn't here, is he?"

Eventually a taxi arrived and John crawled out from under mountains of luggage.

"My dear!" said his wife. "How did you manage to lose yourself?"

An hour or two later, I sat in the novelist's bedroom. She was brushing her hair as if each strand were a dream.

"D'you love him at all?" I asked.

The result was electrifying. Anne came to life.

"Passionately," she said, and into that one word she put more emotion than I shall be able to squeeze into a lifetime.

She gave me a brilliant sketch of a man's character. It was like a cameo, as clear cut and finished, but it was not in the least like her husband.

"I shouldn't call John inarticulate," I protested.

Her face fell. "Who's John?" she asked.

She had, of course, been talking of the most difficult male character in her new novel!

I HAVE an artist friend whose name is Marion. She paints portraits, life size, but in the style of Cosway and the old miniaturists. Newspapers from Bucharest to Stockholm have raved about her genius. Her husband, who is a politician, considers "it is so nice for her to have a hobby to occupy her spare time." He adores her and expects her to be punctual for lunch.

If it is very difficult to be happily married to an artist, it is almost impossible to be happily married *and* an artist.

Marion has made the attempt to reconcile two states of life whose natural functions are as opposing as those of a vegetarian missionary and a cannibal. She starts painting before the light is good, keeps an alarm clock set at 1 o'clock, and, of course, just when the thing goes off, finds that her brush has begun to think.

Guiltily she steals the half hours that should have been devoted to self-adornment. The brush is a magnetic current. The palette is the power house of the world—and the gong rings! Unconscious of time, blissfully oblivious of ruffled hair and a smudge of yellow ocher on her chin, Marion goes on painting. Uninterrupted, she would continue as long as the light lasted. But there are moments when it is very difficult to be a politician.

Lunch delayed and official guests waiting is certainly one of them.

Hugh bursts into the studio. It doesn't matter whether he swears or is magnanimous. Marion feels equally naked. Her genius lies in tatters. She is just an ordinary, inefficient wife—unattractive besides, for yellow ocher is not so becoming as powder.

There was once a musician who composed best at night. She could do no work at all between 9 A. M. and 9 P. M., during which hours her husband was at his office or his club. A doctor, called in to minister to two people rapidly qualifying for a lunatic asylum, suggested isolation. The musician took a cottage on some west-coast moor. It poured all summer. As London turned into a duck pond, the husband began to reproach himself. It must be so very much wetter in the country. After two months he wrote, urging his wife to return. She didn't answer, but she came.

"You must have had ghastly weather," said the man of business.

"Oh, no. It was glorious! I finished my symphony!" was his wife's enthusiastic reply.

"But didn't it rain all the time?" he said.

The musician looked blank. "I don't know. I never went out."

The most human artist I have ever known assured me that she was a devil worshiper. My surprise induced her to explain. "There are three chief devils: the telephone, the cook, and the clock. I spend my life making sacrifices to them."

She was married and, by such propitiation, had kept her own husband and as many of her friends as she momentarily desired.

However, when I read Miss Fannie Hurst's brilliant account of How I Keep Fit, I realized that physical culture is more exacting than marriage. Here is an artist who, according to her own joyous and well chosen words, thrives by such things as dumb-bells, raw apples at unpleasant hours, cold, unsympathetic baths, and much clockwork exercise.

I feel Miss Hurst would be the one exception to the artistic rule. If she can cope with a punch-ball at 6 A. M., a husband would present no more difficulty than the wit that flows from her resourceful pen.

STILL, were I a genius, I would not attempt matrimony. No man can serve two masters and no woman can tie art and marriage into a bow with even ends.

The spinster has the best of it. She is free to devote all that she has, and all that love or friendship gives her, to her art. There are no hours in a studio; only a north light that rises and sets! There are altogether too many hours in marriage, each of them significant.

La Rochefoucauld wrote: "One chooses one's friendships. One submits to love."

It is impossible for an artist to submit. If she does, she loses her personality.

"Art is a crystal-clear goblet," sang an Arab poet. "And love, the wine which stains it."

The wine, of course, might be swallowed at a draught, for, to an artist, all experience is temporary. Nobody needs more than one permanency in a lifetime. To most women it is love; to most men, a career.

The genius has it in the undying flame, to which he must make oblation.

Milton, Shelley, Byron, and Carlyle, and tagging away at the end of the pathetic procession, Charlie Chaplin with his ludicrous attempts at matrimony, are some of the artists whose normal affections have been sacrificed to their genius.

Women are no more fortunate. Love has been as destructive to the budding artists of Montmartre as to the historical figures whose careers we know by heart.

Michelle decides to share her studio with Jacques. If she loves him, she will not have time to paint. There will be so much to do for him and because of him. She will think of him while she is arranging her still life, and all the blues will be wrong because his eyes are not at all the same color as the delphiniums in a delft jar.

When we are in love we lose every fraction of individuality. We all wear the same smile, recognizable at a glance. It is triumphant and a trifle fatuous. Underneath we feel ferocious, desperate, and greedy, or else delightfully complacent. We are always certain that we have performed a miracle. Genius is certain of only one thing—its right to attempt.

Cleopatra became a fond and foolish woman over Antony and seriously interfered with the preparations for his Euphrates campaign.

But, after all, we pay too much attention to the love affairs of celebrities. Mrs. Smith may discard an unsatisfactory husband in discreet privacy. Constance Talmadge may do so only with the help of the press of two continents.

ARTISTS have unlimited opportunity, to which publicity, unconventionality, and hero worship all contribute. If they are the least bit untidy about their love affairs, the newspapers pick up the bits.

Limelight has its advantages. When Sarah Bernhardt accepted a new lover, it assumed as much front-page importance as the resignation of a cabinet official or a war in the Balkans. Yet she was as clear-sighted an artist as ever existed. She wrote to a friend, during rehearsals for L'Aiglon, of "a little accident of love" which had occurred to her.

It reminded me of my first visit to a famous poetess whose books I had worshiped. I was seventeen and impressionable. The lady met me in a frowsy room, with her long red hair streaming down her back and an antimacassar round her shoulders. She looked distinctly unwashed.

After a while she removed the antimacassar. "I am so sorry. I didn't notice. It was an accident!" she said; but it was some time before I realized that anything extraneous to creation, from passion to a bath, may be "an accident" to genius.

Not Venus of the consenting curves, but Pallas Athene, "the stern-eyed, the maiden," is goddess of art. Her votaries should be the greatest of all artists, for they are single-hearted.

Experience is a *Bluebeard's* chamber. On the walls hang the spirits of the overcurious, those who have experimented with nicotine, absinthe, and love; who have gambled or drugged or thrown their birthright into a pot to keep it boiling.

Sometimes their middle-aged bodies are living quite happily in a garden suburb, raising chickens, but they are no longer artists.

THE END

Jane Seymour.

Jenny Lind.

Gladys Cooper.

Adeline Genée.

WHAT women have done with their new love freedom in Russia, where divorces are granted on request, is the subject of The Thrill of Divorce, an article to be printed in next week's LIBERTY. Elias Tobenkin, the author, is a Russian who has seen at first hand the conditions of which he writes.

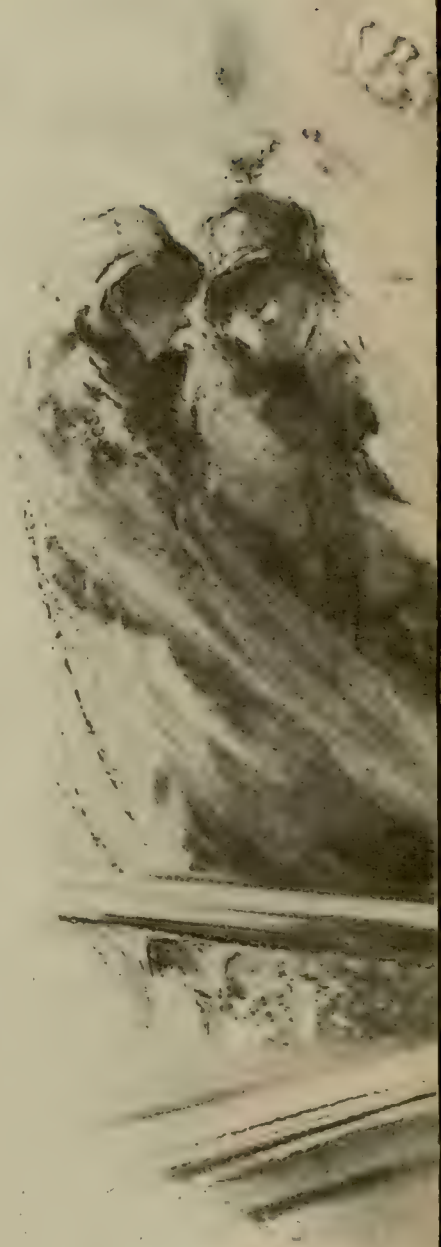
The Hope Fool

The Tale of a Man Who Took a Gambling Chance And His Wife Who Played Against Him

By

ELIZABETH FRAZER

Pictures by EDWARD L. CHASE



"AND how do you propose to squander all that money, Helen—if an old friend may presume to inquire? Two thousand dollars in bills is a considerable sum of money for a handsome woman to be carrying around these days in a dinky little hand bag with a bum clasp."

Henry Peyton—known familiarly as old Henry or Old Reliable among his wide circle of friends—prosperous country banker, florid, fat, and fifty, the very salt of the earth in a slightly dogmatic, bankerish way, put the question bluntly as he sat, one raw wintry morning, in his private office of the bank and regarded with unconcealed approval in his steady, level-gazing blue eyes his attractive visitor, Mrs. Dan Henderson—Dan's widow for the brief span of four peaceful years.

Dan had been killed in an automobile accident, due to an unsteady hand at the wheel, one festive dawn on the Boston Post Road. And not a minute too soon, according to solid, substantial old Henry, considering Dan's peculiar little ways with wine and women, and his decided flair for making ducks and drakes of his wife's handsome fortune.

For in his lifetime big, rollicking Dan had entertained royally more manly vices than one could shake a stick at. And the deuce of it was, everybody had liked him, even sober old Henry.

Helen still loved him and mourned him. At least, such was the inescapable inference when she turned down her lifelong friend Henry Peyton three times hand running and persistently ignored his casual reminders that his well worn gray fedora was still in the ring.

Old Henry had decided that if his rival wasn't big Dan, who, after all, was comfortably stowed away, it might be the son, young Dan, to whom, despite his weak will, his mother seemed unaccountably attached: young Dan, who was the spitting image of his father, inside and out—well, possibly there was a strain of the mother's stamina in the lad, to give the devil his due.

Old Henry sat watching grimly Helen's slim fingers tuck the crisp bills away. Why should she want cash instead of a check?—unless she figured that a check to her son on old Henry's bank might conceivably fall under old Henry's keen eye, since he had handled her affairs for years; whereas bills could not be traced, and she wished to keep secret the fact that young Dan was in deep water again.

Three years ago, at the ripe age of twenty, Dan had married a cabaret dancer in one of the night clubs of New York. Kathleen Callahan was her name, billed on the program as the Wild Irish Rose.

This was the delightful family connection into which Dan had wantonly thrust his mother.

Upon his soul, old Henry wondered somberly how, under all these slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Helen still held her beauty, her clear, camelia-like complexion, her dark, curling hair still without a thread of gray, and —especially—her smile.

She was smiling now as she folded the notes neatly into her bill fold—a gift from old Henry —and thrust it negligently into her hand bag.

"Why bills?" queried old Henry casually.

"Because I like them," retorted Helen lightly. "I never seem really to be spending money when I sign a check."

She flashed a warm smile at him.

Gazing intently at her, old Henry wondered whether, after all, it was not Helen's smile that had held him all these years. Those lines beginning, "Helen, thy beauty is to me—" had always meant something particular to old Henry—something warm, intimate, deep.

He had learned them years ago, as a shy, lanky youth, and had stammered them forth to Helen one glamorous, star-spangled night without a moon. That was before big, handsome Dan happened along and Helen had married him.

Henry also had married—a good, plain, sensible girl, who had died five years later, leaving a son, Henry Peyton, Jr., now customers' man in a brokerage house in Wall Street and climbing right up.

He was a keen, cheerful, worldly young gentleman who deeply esteemed his parent's sifted wisdom in matters financial and usually managed to run down week-ends to talk things over with him.

IT was on his last visit that young Henry had casually informed his father that Dan was speculating heavily on margin.

Old Henry had looked up from his paper, frowning.

"Blasted little fool! Well, bad blood will out. Like father, like son. Why don't you tell him to lay off? And if he won't, tell him to get to blazes out of your office."

"Can't do that, dad," laughed young Henry. "Not so long as he keeps up his margins."

"Well, I could, and you bet your sweet life I would!"

"Maybe. But I'm not the big stick down there. And, besides, it's strictly his own funeral. I have warned him—told him time and again he was crowding on too much sail; told him to sell; told him prices were too high and what went up was bound to come down, and he couldn't beat the law of gravity in stocks.

"But Dan feeds on all these fake tips and floating rumors, and then kids himself into believing they're true. He's a self-kidder—a hope fool, we call them. Dan figures that just because he's bought a stock it's bound to rise, and you can't get him to sell. He hangs on like grim death. And that kind is bound to get wiped out. Now, Kathleen's different."

"Does she speculate too?" demanded old Henry, in deep disgust.

"Lord, no! Hates it like poison. But one night she asked me to explain the whole business to her—margins, selling short, and so on —in order, as she explained, to understand Dan when he talked about the market reports. She's the brains of that firm. If Dan would let her speculate they might make some money now and then."

He paused a moment reflectively, lighted a cigarette, and added:

"Know what I like best, though, about little Kay?"

Old Henry stared at his son grimly without reply.

"It's because she's so crazy about Dan. She knows he's weak, but she's crazy about him just the same. Sticks up for him like a little tiger cat. And Dan's just as mad about her. I'll hand that to him—he'd die for her any day."

"A fat lot of use that is," growled old Henry. "Why doesn't he buck up and *live* for her? Does she know he's speculating?"

The young man blew a thoughtful smoke ring.

"Well, she did last year. But she made him promise to lay off—told me so. But he's at it again, and so I deduce he's lying to her. But she's bound to find out some day. These high prices can't last."

Recalling that conversation, and with his morning paper containing the news of yesterday's market slump lying before him on the desk, old Henry guessed the ultimate destination of those crisp golden bills that Helen had thrust so negligently into her bag: Dan had called on his mother for money to keep up his margins; and Helen was gallantly shelling out her depleted capital for her weakling son, even as in years past she had shelled it out for his weakling father. An old pain stirred the roots of Henry's stout heart, and mentally he kicked his well worn fedora more squarely into the ring.

"What are you going to do in New York with all that boodle?" he queried again, with uncompromising insistence in his tones.

But Helen only made a laughing grimace.

"Don't you wish you knew?" she mocked.

"I do know," he retorted soberly.

"Bet you don't!" Helen's dark blue eyes were very merry and she locked both hands

HER eyes dark pools of fear, Kathleen rushed to the subway.

over her hand bag as if to lock her secret in.

"Bet you haven't the faintest idea."

"What'll you bet?"

He was watching her closely. The young scoundrel must have lied to her. She wouldn't be quite so gay, unembarrassed, and easy if she had a suspicion of the truth.

"I'd bet the earth if I had it," she laughed.

"I'll give it to you," he offered casually. "My earth. Everybody has his own little earth. I can recommend mine to a discriminating taste."

"I don't play for high stakes," she disclaimed hastily, a fine glow mounting to her cheeks. "Make it five dollars. That's enough for a conservative banker to lose."

"I'll double that," said old Henry.

He drew forth a worn leather wallet, extracted a shining gold eagle, a director's fee, and laid it on the desk. Helen pounced on it with joy.

"No, you don't," said old Henry firmly, clapping a hand over her slender fingers. "Come across with the goods first. I've played with ladies before."

"Venice!" she just breathed.

"Venice!" Old Henry blinked. "Some new realty enterprise?"

She shook her head gayly, still clutching the coin.

"No—a very old one. Doges' palaces. Moonlight on the Lido. Gondoliers chanting *Donna è mobile.*"

She hummed it softly under her breath.

"OH, Henry, I've always been perfectly wild to see Venice ever since I was a girl, and some tiresome duty has blocked me every time. First, there was big Dan whom I never could leave—you know how that was!" She smiled ruefully. "He'd have made a bee line for every race course and every roulette wheel in Europe, and there wouldn't have been any Henry on hand to stage relief expeditions. And, after he went, there was still young Dan. But now he's married—to the one girl on earth who can manage him! And so I'm free—free for the first time in my life!"

She drew a deep, happy breath.

"And so now I'm going to dash into town and buy one of those winter tours to the Mediterranean before life can hand me another clap. I think I've earned my playtime. Well," she lifted a laughing face, "do I win my eagle?"

Old Henry released his grip of her hand.

"For the present," he admitted gruffly. "Though if you'd let that bet ride for twenty-four hours—" He broke off abruptly. "Seen this morning's market reports?"

His sleepy blue eyes were very steady upon her.

"Goodness, no!" she laughed. "Why on earth should I wade through all that heavy stuff when I have a brilliant banker to watch my affairs?" Then, as his face did not relax its gravity, "What is it?" she queried. "Something important?"

"Pretty important to those involved, I judge," he replied dryly. "The market broke wide open yesterday. Perpendicular drop. Some of the stocks fell sixty points. That's fairly important news, I expect, to thousands of suckers and hope fools who have been betting for months that prices couldn't break, and have already thrown away on margins all the money they could beg, borrow, or steal."

Helen's dark blue eyes upon him were as wide and candid as a child's. No, he decided with relief, she did not even suspect Dan.

"Well," he continued grimly, "yesterday was a massacre for that brand of gentry; and those who haven't been polished off already will receive their financial quietus tomorrow or the next day."

"You—you mean a lot of people will be—ruined?" Helen's voice was awed.

"Bound to be. But that's enough about business. What's the good word about Dan? And how's Kathleen? My boy, who was down over the week-end, likes her, and Henry's a good judge of girls. He sort of implied she made Dan toe the mark."

"She does and he does," laughed Helen. "She makes him eat out of her hand and Dan seems to like it. The fact is," she added soberly, "that child, underneath all her gay, pretty ways, has a will like chilled steel. If Dan puts anything over on her, he'll have to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HOPE FOOL Continued from Page Seventeen]

rise earlier in the morning than he was wont to do with me!"

"Seen anything of them lately?" old Henry inquired casually.

"Not for some time. But I received a letter from Kathleen this morning—a fat one. I'm saving it up to read on the train."

"Good idea," he agreed absently. "Helen"—he leaned suddenly toward her, seeming to wake up—"I have a little proposition to make to you. Don't go into town today. Mean day, anyhow—going to snow. I wish you'd drive over with me to see some changes I'm making in my house."

OLD Henry, proud of his long line of substantial and conservative ancestors, ran a rather elaborate bachelor's establishment in the old brick Peyton mansion overlooking the Sound, with extensive gardens stretching away in the rear in which he loved to potter of late afternoons, and there was a certain red rose named after Helen, *Helenia superba,* which had taken prizes at all the county shows.

"I'm afraid," he continued, "that blamed architect is altering the spirit of the place. I'd like to have you look it over and give me your advice. My housekeeper can knock up a lunch for us, and afterward we'll read Kathleen's letter over the coffee and cigarettes. Well, how about it? Jolly little picnic, eh?" And he rose briskly.

Helen, rising also, shook her head. But her eyes were warm; she understood her old friend's guile.

"Not today," she said with gay firmness. "Sorry! I'll go with pleasure when I get back from town."

To mitigate her refusal, she disengaged a single large purple violet with a golden eye from the fragrant bunch pinned to her fur, and thrust it through the lapel of his coat, old Henry staring down at her the while. But he was thinking fast. If he could eliminate Helen's trip to New York, which in turn would eliminate the chance of her discovering Dan's latest folly, he himself could slip quietly into town and straighten matters out with that unmitigated young jackass, and Helen need never know. He essayed a final throw:

"Helen, suppose you let me finance that Venetian project of yours with transportation for two?"

Helen's fingers, busied with the violet at his lapel, suddenly wabbled, grew still. A slight pause ensued. Then she said lightly

"Don't be silly, Henry! That's not your line."

Henry's face went a deep pink to the tips of his ears. He reached up, tore the fragile, unoffending blossom from his buttonhole, hurled it to the floor, and ground it into the velvet pile of the expensive Persian rug with his heel.

"Not my line!" he exploded. "What the quivering hades do you know about my line? What have you ever known?" A fresh access of rage wrinkled his honest, kindly face. "All right—go to New York! Take what's coming to you. But I'll bet the round earth with its belt on that you don't buy any transportation to Venice today!"

He stamped over to the window and stood glaring out upon the busy morning traffic of the street.

And Helen, after one amazed, starry glance at his broad, angry back, decided that if she intended to catch her train, now was the highly opportune moment to depart. Which she did, stepping softly, and not pausing to mention the fact that her friend's sudden rageful explosion was the best little piece of business he had pulled off for himself in many a moon.

WITH Kathleen in his arms, Dan rushed down the hall to the fire escape.

But nobody corkscrewed a loan out of Henry Peyton on that day.

IN the chair car, the obsequious porter disposed her comfortably for the eighty minutes' ride—settled a cushion at her feet and fetched the morning paper, folded to reveal the startling black headlines:

STOCKS DROP IN BIGGEST MARKET FOR ALL TIME

Prices Break Violently to New Low Levels
Speculators Badly Hit

After a brief cursory glance at this announcement, Helen sank back in her chair to consider at her ease the surprising outburst of Henry. She had not seen him in a blazing rage like this, save on two other occasions, in the whole course of their long friendship. The first was when she had broken off a boy-and-girl love affair with him to marry big, dashing Dan Henderson. The second, years later, was when big Dan one night, drunk as a lord—But Helen resolutely closed the door of her mind upon that ugly episode.

It was not until the train was nearing New York that, rousing from her thoughts to glance through her shopping list, she caught sight of Kathleen's letter, recollection of which Henry's astonishing outburst had swept completely out of her mind. What a fat little missive it was, and what a nervous, scraggly hand! She slipped a finger under the flap of the envelope and drew forth the closely written sheets.

DEAREST HELEN [it began]: Please forgive me for spilling all this to you, but I have to talk to somebody or I'll begin to scream out loud. For about a week now I've been screaming inside. Of course it's about Dan. Helen, he's been lying to me for months, speculating on margin, covering his tracks, using our money in the bank—the money we were saving up to buy a house in the country—and now he's got in dutch with his firm. There's a shortage, they're after him, and I don't know where he is. He didn't come home last night at all.

HELEN'S face went a clear white; her heart began to beat like a trip hammer. She hurried on:

You know, mother, when I married Dan I knew what I was up against, and I told you to keep out of the party and let me handle him my own way. But now it looks as if he had me licked. I can't see my way clear. Helen, I never thought my Dan would lie to me month after month. That's a knockout, take it how you will.

Mother, I've always stuck up for Dan, said he was love-honest. Money-honest — well, that's a different thing. I wouldn't put too much pressure on him there. But he went and put the pressure on himself, and then he lied to me so I wouldn't know, so I couldn't help. I don't call that fair. I'm bawling my eyes out as I write this. I've been bawling for two days—and still I can't seem to think of a single thing to do.

You know Dan's all right; he's the sweetest-hearted boy in the world. But for backbone God gave him a string. I never cared about that, for I've got backbone enough for two. And you know it's always been fifty-fifty between us two.

You told me once he'd stand watching, and I've been watching the best I could. But how was I to know he would lie to me, loving me the way he does and me loving him the way I do? That's what breaks me up. I'd like to kill him just for that—it makes love so cheap. Wait a minute—I'm screaming with pain inside.

I haven't told you yet how it all started, and I can't. At first I never suspected a thing. Helen, it breaks my heart to believe Dan took the money from his firm, but it begins to look that way—or why doesn't he come home? He's afraid to face me.

If that boy goes and kills himself, he's nothing but a coward. I don't think he has, though, or I'd know it inside. Something would ring a bell in me. Dan and I have always been like that—close. Often I've started for the phone to ring him up about some-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

SOUP

and the prettiest girl in the office

SAID a girl about her job at the office: "It isn't the work I mind—it's the competition!" Very well. Notice that "prettiest girl" at lunch sometime. You don't find her eating just anything she sees. She is little Miss Careful, and about as sleepy as a fox in taking care of her complexion and her figure. Trust her to follow every hint about eating the right things to keep her trim and attractive. Every famous beauty in history has watched her food as carefully as her mirror!

"Paint your cheeks from the inside" was the advice to the girls at a great college recently. Eating the proper food was shown to be one of the biggest helps to the charm that wins—the glow and beauty of sparkling health.

"Eat soup and keep well" means for many a girl, "Eat soup and keep pretty." For soup is not only delicious—it's a food you should eat regularly every day to help keep yourself alert and vigorous and healthy—the foundation of all good looks.

REMEMBER this when you sit down to your meals. Enough food is essential, of course. But it is equally important for you to have *the right kinds of food.* The food experts, in their lectures and their books, emphasize the value of attracting the appetite with foods that appeal to your sense of taste, please it and satisfy it.

Soup provides real, nourishing food. Soup refreshes and revives you. The hot liquid is a wholesome "pick up" in the middle of the working day or at the end of it. Soup helps to keep your appetite normal and aids your digestion. And how it tempts and satisfies you, either at luncheon or dinner or supper. The important thing for you to keep in mind is that you should eat soup regularly every day, and not just occasionally. For if you are to get the full benefit of soup, you must allow it to stimulate your health and invigorate you *daily.*

YOU KNOW some of the "health rules" are tiresome and hard to follow. But eating soup regularly is so very easy and convenient—and *so enjoyable.* Luncheonettes, cafeterias and restaurants everywhere serve these famous and delicious Campbell's Soups, which are the last word for splendid quality and appetizing flavor. They are sold in every food store. What a help they are to the girl who prepares many of her own meals! And it is so easy and convenient to serve these soups (which only require simmering for a few minutes) on the family table regularly. 12 cents a can.

The meal that nature planned!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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CURTISS CANDIES contain all the wholesome properties which sugar, nuts, eggs, chocolate and malted milk give to your daily menus. Because of their dainty individual wrappings, CURTISS CANDIES are economical to buy, convenient to eat, and always delightfully fresh.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

thing, and before I could reach it Dan would be ringing me. Our thoughts sort of cross in the air. So I know he's still all right.

I didn't want to telegraph you, Helen. Thought it might scare you. Kept hoping things would turn out all right. But I guess they won't this time. This morning Henry rang up—wanted Dan. More margin, I guess.

My heart nearly jumped out of my mouth when I heard that bell. Thought it was Dan. Been waiting for him all day. But not a sign. And not a sign inside. Guess that boy's too weak even to bump himself off.

Oh, mother, why doesn't he come? Wouldn't you think he'd know I'm in hell?

Helen came to the end of the illegible scrawl, spotted with tear blobs, and without date or signature, and sat staring down at it stupidly. The suddenness of the blow dazed her. It was not until a surging throng in the aisle aroused her that she perceived they were in at the station and the passengers were leaving the train. With shaking fingers she thrust the letter back into her bag, joined the outgoing throng automatically, nodded dumbly to the redcap's brisk "Taxi, lady?" and followed him outside.

Ten minutes later Kathleen met her at the door of the little walk-up flat.

"Hello, dear. Come in."

THE girl spoke quietly—too quietly. But her face suddenly quivered. She swallowed twice, and continued in a dull, toneless voice: "Thought perhaps you might be Dan. He wouldn't ring, though—unless they were bringing him in. No—don't!" She backed off and threw up her hands sharply to ward off Helen's embrace. "If you touch me I'll begin to scream. It—it's all corked up right here."

With an expressive gesture she laid a finger across her slim, rounded throat just below her firm little chin.

"Isn't Dan the limit?" she demanded huskily, but with a gleam of grim humor. "Two nights now. And not a sign!"

Helen sank into a chair and stared at her. The suspense had left its mark on Kathleen. Her usually rosy, flowerlike face was drained of color; her blue eyes, with their long, dark, curling lashes, were rimmed with crimson, and still an occasional tear slid down her cheeks from a persistent little fountain that would not be wholly stilled.

Her straight, short golden hair hung down in long, damp wisps over a brow as white as a child's, and her blue morning dress, with its round white collar at the slim throat, was a crumpled and disordered wreck. She looked like some woebegone child stricken suddenly by irremediable disaster, fighting its way through the welter of despair.

Impulsively Helen reached out and caught her hand. Kathleen gave it a painful squeeze, flung it abruptly away, and closed her eyes.

"All right, dear," she choked huskily. "I know how you feel. But don't touch me. I—I just can't bear—"

Her face suddenly quivered, she gave a strangled sob. Another and another burst from her. She cast herself down at Helen's side and gave herself up to bitter, convulsive weeping.

Helen gathered the girl close in her arms and stroked the small golden head.

Presently Kathleen raised her head, mopped her eyes, and managed a shaken smile.

"I—I told you not to—to touch me," she gulped. "I—I—" Sobs threatened her again, but she resolutely choked them back. "I suppose you haven't got the hang of all this yet."

She rose and drew up a chair.

"Remember that car Dan bought for me last year? I never told you how he got the money, but he made it speculating in stocks. When he told me, I went right up in the air, for I knew Dan couldn't play with that get-rich-quick bunch of speculators down there and get away with it, and I didn't want him even to start the appetite.

"Well, he promised me to give it up, and I guess he kept his word for a while. In fact, I know he did. Then, one night, I saw him sneaking a look at the market reports, and we had it right out on the carpet again. But Dan swore it was all right—said he was keeping his word; said Henry Peyton hadn't rung him up the night before for more margin, but only to pass the time of day.

"Well, to make sure, the next day I rang up Henry and asked if Dan was speculating through his office. But Henry just laughed and said the ethics of his business didn't permit him to discuss his clients' affairs. And that made me suspect the worst. Still, Dan wasn't buying me any extra presents, so I just tried to forget the whole thing. But all the time a little warning bell kept ringing in the back of my mind—kept telling me something was up."

She paused, drew a deep, sighing breath, and went on:

"Then, last week, Dan got a sad-jag on. He

THE two women saw a speculator collapse.

looked as if he were going to be hanged; was nervous and jumpy, not sleeping or touching his food, and so sweet and loving to me that I wanted to scream.

"Two days ago things came to a head. Mr. Gruenwald, our grocer, came puffing up the stairs with my check for last month's bill. The bank had returned it to him marked 'No funds.' I guess I turned pretty white, for he smiled and said easily, 'Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Henderson. Ladies often get mixed up in their bank balances. No hurry. No hurry at all. Just thought I'd let you know.'

"There was a round four thousand dollars in that bank, Helen, in our joint account, and Dan had gone and blown it all. We'd been saving to buy a house in the country, and Dan seemed as keen for it as I was."

SHE shut her eyes tightly, but two crystal beads rolled slowly down her cheeks. She brushed them impatiently away and continued:

"Well, of course I was perfectly wild—not about the money, mother, but because Dan had lied to me; he hadn't played fair—and so I tried to get him at the office.

"He wasn't there. Hadn't been there all day, the girl said. She transferred me to the manager, who talked pretty short and wanted to know where Dan was. He mentioned the word 'shortage' and said if Dan didn't show up that day with the missing money they'd make it hot for him.

"I bluffed them as best I could: said Dan was straight as a string and they'd find they were making a big mistake; said Dan was out visiting you and I'd send him right down when he got back.

"But he didn't come back that night at all. I waited up for him, walking the floor. And all day yesterday I stayed in, thinking every minute I'd hear his step on the stairs. But he didn't come. And he didn't come last night. I—I don't know where he is."

She was breathing in little gasps now, like a spent runner.

"Dan is love-honest, Helen. I know that. And I know he needs me now."

Her voice grew stronger.

"What we've got to do is to be cool and—and practical. Use our heads. If he took that money—and I'll admit it kind of looks that way—we've got to replace it somehow."

She brooded darkly a moment.

"I've been thinking all morning what to do—I'd read the paper and think, and then think and read the paper—and finally I thought up a little scheme. But it takes money, and that's just what I'm short on, thanks to Mr. Dan."

Helen fumbled with her hand bag.

"I have some here," she said.

"Don't make me laugh, hon! It hurts my poor head. Why, you poor little innocent, your shopping money's not enough. We'd need thousands. Goodness knows how much Dan took. He's no piker when it comes to delusions of grandeur."

"But it's two thousand."

With fingers that trembled, Helen displayed her thick sheaf of crisp bills.

Kathleen's tear-stained face grew radiant. She leaned down with a sudden movement and brushed Helen's cheek with her lips.

"Good old Helen!" she murmured huskily. "Always right on hand with the goods. May I use it?"

"Of course," Helen nodded.

"All right, then." She sprang up alertly. "Come on. There's no time to lose."

SHE caught up a fur turban, jammed it down over her eyes, vanished into her bedroom, and the next moment reappeared, fur-coated, vanity bag open, dabbing some powder on her nose.

"Where's that paper?"

She swooped down, caught up the morning paper from the floor, and tore out the financial page.

"Got to have the swindle sheet!" she said grimly. "All set? Good. Let's go."

"But what are you going to do?" gasped Helen.

"What am I going to do?" Kathleen smiled a hard little smile as she propelled her companion briskly toward the door. "Well, I don't mind telling you. I'm going down to Henry Peyton's brokerage office and win back some of the money Dan threw away.

"Dan bought on margin and hung on until they wiped him out. Then he dipped into the firm's funds. At least, that's how I figure it out. He bought on margin—and lost. Well, I'm going to sell. I'm going to make the opposite play—see? I'm going to sell short with your two thousand dollars as margin, and buy back at a lower price when the market closes this afternoon. Prices are breaking all along the line; I know that much. I looked at the market reports this morning when I was thinking about Dan, and I saw I could make something by selling short if Dan hadn't already beat me to it by going long.

"Come on, dear—make it snappy." She glanced at her wrist watch. "A quarter of twelve. The market closes at three. And I'll bet all the world and his wife is down in Henry's office right now."

Her color had risen and her eyes were bright. She was fighting gallantly now.

"But—but do you know what to do?" demanded Helen, as she was hustled breathlessly into the street.

"You bet I do!" said the girl grimly. "And what I don't know Henry can tell me."

At the street corner, Helen glanced anxiously around for a taxicab.

"Subway," said the girl briefly. "Take all day in a taxi, with this traffic jam."

They shot downtownward in a roaring ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HOPE FOOL
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

press, hanging to straps and wedged in the human mass like sardines in a can. Kathleen swayed back and forth rhythmically with the hurtling rush of the train. A brilliant color masked her cheeks and her mouth was set in a hard line. The little fountain of tears had ceased its trickling flow.

"Next stop," she breathed in Helen's ear. "Keep close to me."

She sped swiftly through the turnstile and up the grimy wet stairway, the older woman toiling breathlessly behind.

"One block down and one block over," directed Kathleen. "Looks like snow, doesn't it? Gee, this air is good, after being cooped up two days in the house!" She sniffed it eagerly. "Dear, I believe we'll pull through this all right yet!"

"Of course we will," soothed Helen. But she was desperately afraid.

Presently they found the number—one of the older business blocks of weather-blackened granite—and passed through the revolving doors and up a broad flight of marble stairs.

Helen's heart thumped furiously and she swayed a little. Kathleen threw her a reassuring glance.

Crossing a spacious anteroom, they found themselves at the open door of the customers' room, packed with men standing in rows, eyes glued to a great blackboard where two lads constantly shifted numbers.

Here Kathleen was halted by the elderly doorman.

"Want anybody, miss?"

"Yes. Mr. Henry Peyton, please."

"What name?"

"Mrs. Dan Henderson and her daughter. Tell him it's urgent, please."

The man vanished down the corridor toward the private offices of the firm.

"WHY do they all keep staring at that blackboard?" whispered Helen, peering into the customers' room.

"Watching their pipe dreams go up in smoke," said Kathleen grimly. "They're getting soaked the limit."

Suddenly she clutched Helen's arm. "Look!"

A short, thickset man of apoplectic mien standing near the board suddenly gasped, uttered a hoarse, choking little sound, and keeled over in a dead faint. Two employees hurried forward and supported him to a rear room.

"Well, so you came down to watch the big gloom!" It was young Henry's cheerful voice. He shook hands with them genially and mopped his brow. "Sorry to keep you waiting, but this is my busy day."

He shot Kathleen a keen glance. "How's Dan?"

A page touched his arm.

"You're wanted, Mr. Peyton, on the phone."

"Well, tell them to take the message; I'm busy. Tell 'em we're snowed under and we can't take any more selling orders today."

He turned back to Kathleen. Helen moved discreetly away; she felt faint.

Henry spoke to Kathleen in carefully lowered tones:

"I'm sorry about Dan, Kay. Hated like thunder to close him out. I rang his office again, but he wasn't there. And you know how it is in a wild market like this: we'd close out the angel Gabriel with his trumpet if he didn't come across with the tin."

"That's all right," she nodded. "I know. But I didn't come about Dan. I want you to put through an order for me."

"Phew! You too, Kay?" He gave a suppressed groan. "I thought you had more sense. I doubt if we can get anything through today, though. We're so choked with selling orders that our floor members are just about crazy. We sent over three more to help out in the last hour. Of course"—he grinned hopefully—"if you want to buy, we'll accommodate you with pleasure along that line."

Kathleen shook her head.

"Dan's done enough of that already, and cleaned us out. I'm going to sell. I'm playing against him today. I want you to sell short two hundred shares of Duplex"—she mentioned a well known stock which had withstood the previous day's terrific battering, but was now beginning to reel—"and buy it back again when the market closes this afternoon. Here's the margin."

She handed him Helen's bills.

"And I suppose I don't need any bank introduction to do business with you."

"Can't do it," replied Henry firmly. "Awfully sorry, Kay. I'd have to get the ear of one of our floor members and ask him to watch the order personally, and I tell you they're all crazy over there. There's hell to pay, and nothing to pay with, all along the line. Come in next week and I'll be delighted to oblige you, if you still feel the same way."

"You've got to do it, Henry—and you've got to do it today. Tomorrow—there won't be any tomorrow! Today is all I have."

Kathleen's voice did not rise; but there was a tensity, a vibrant passion, in those low-pitched tones which compelled her listener.

Henry, in a rage, tore the fragile blossom from his buttonhole.

Henry stared at her somberly, sensing her inner strain. And what did she mean by tomorrow being too late? Probably some of Dan's fool monkeyshines. He turned a pair of harried eyes on Helen. How ghostly pale she was!

He made a lightning decision. "All right," he agreed shortly. "I'll do the best I can. This way, Kay. Better get that order right in."

Left to herself, Helen turned her fascinated gaze back to the crowded customers' room, where the men still stood, their eyes glued to the constantly shifting figures on the big quotation board.

PRESENTLY Kathleen touched her on the shoulder.

"Come on," she said briefly. "It's done. Henry was called on the phone, and he asked you to excuse him. He says Duplex is a good stock and he promised to watch it for me."

Henry, having put in her order and passed his word, was not too busy to note the perpendicular drop of Duplex during the next three hours as the market broke wide open.

Two more excitable gentlemen in Henry's board room keeled over. And a certain fashionable physician who had received a hurry call from his brokers for additional margin and started downtown, stopped on his way for a shave, and while he tarried his brokers closed him out. His shave cost him fifty thousand dollars and fifty cents. And sundry pool operators who the previous day had hurriedly pawned their wives' pearls were smoked out and retired to their bailiwicks without a dollar in the world. And a mail carrier over in New Jersey blew out his brains. It was a record-breaker all around.

As they descended the broad marble staircase, Kathleen said:

"You know, mother, seeing all those men up there standing in line makes me think that maybe this kind of thing, all this gambling and taking chances, is a sort of natural instinct in man that women just can't understand. Maybe I've been too hard on Dan."

Then, as Helen shook her head, she added grimly: "Oh, I'm not weakening. Mr. Dan had better have his fingers crossed when next we meet. If I have my way, he'll not be speculating soon again!"

At the foot of the stairs, a man brushed by them, hurrying to a public telephone booth. Kathleen halted suddenly.

"Guess I'll telephone too," she decided; "just see if Dan's come in." She tried to keep her voice casual.

She stepped into a vacant booth. Helen, hovering close at hand, heard her fresh young voice give the number, heard her repeat it impatiently and add, "Yes, that's right—and hurry, please."

Ensued a pause. Kathleen stared out, smiling faintly, the receiver cupped to her ear.

"They're ringing the apartment," she breathed. "I can hear the b—"

She broke off abruptly, her face radiant with joy.

"Dan!" she cried unsteadily. "Dan dear—it's Kay!"

She stared in pale amazement at Helen.

"He doesn't reply," she whispered. "And yet the receiver is off. I heard a kind of crash—something fell. And then I heard his voice."

Sudden panic seized her.

"Dan!" she cried wildly again. "Dan—listen! Speak to me. It's Kay—your Kay!"

SHE listened again, a long, agonizing moment, eyes fixed, her whole body straining forward to catch the slightest sound. Then she jammed back the receiver and whirled, her hand clutching her heart.

"Dan's there," she panted hoarsely. "I heard him—I heard him take off the receiver—and then a kind of crash. But he won't answer. Maybe he can't—maybe that crash—"

She did not finish, but her eyes were dark pools of fear. She darted through the revolving doors. Sick with apprehension, Helen hurried after the slim, flying figure making for the subway kiosk.

It had settled down to snow in earnest, heavy, soot-laden flakes. When, her heart pounding against her ribs, Helen pushed through the turnstile to the subway platform, a train was just roaring out of the station and Kathleen was nowhere in sight. It seemed ages before the next flashing eye of the headlight appeared down the dark mouth of the tunnel.

Fifteen minutes later, gasping like a spent runner, Helen panted up the steep flights of stairs to the little flat. Before her the apartment door yawned wide open and her nostrils were assaulted by the sinister odor of gas. But there were voices—blessed, living voices!

Closing the outer door softly, Helen leaned against it and drew deep, sobbing breaths of relief. Her swift, ranging glance took in Dan's hat and scarf tossed negligently on the center table. Beside them were sheets of letter paper, ink, and a sealed envelope addressed to Kathleen in a shaky, boyish scrawl. Beside the letter, within easy reach of a nervous elbow, lay the overturned telephone, its receiver dangling.

Helen sank dizzily into a chair. Her son! Suddenly she felt old and strangely helpless against the irresistible surge of this vivid, restless younger generation, so different from her own, disdaining with a kind of magnificent insolence the old careful covering up of life's ugly pits. They wanted life stripped,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Richard Dix in KNOCKOUT REILLY

Star of "The Quarterback" and "Paradise For Two" in an exciting story of the prize ring.

Bebe Daniels in A KISS IN A TAXI

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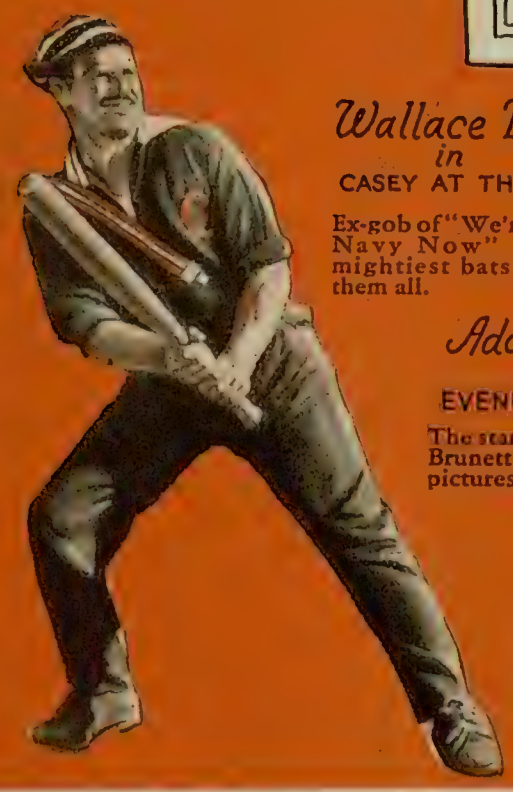

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

and they stripped themselves for life, stepping into the arena with a divine, careless confidence, prepared to go to the limit.

And yet, with all this change, love had not changed. If anything, it had developed, as youth itself had grown confident and unafraid. She thought of Kathleen, the girl's passionate love of Dan and of his equally profound feeling for her. Yes, love was the sheet anchor of youth, the hope, the refuge of them all.

The sound of voices aroused her. A smile just touching her lips, she tiptoed softly down the narrow passageway toward the kitchen, from which emerged the stress of battle and Kathleen's voice raised to a sobbing scream.

Better keep out of this, Helen decided grimly. Evidently Kay had caught Dan with his fingers uncrossed! She slipped into the tiny dining-room across the hall, through the half-opened door of which she could see, herself unseen, the struggling figures in the kitchen.

Kathleen, a lithe young fury, was wrestling to thrust Dan out of the kitchen, while he, expostulating hoarsely, sought to calm her and pinion her arms to her sides.

"So you would try to kill yourself!" she shrilled. "Coward! Why, you're not fit to die! Well, I'm going to die myself—and I'll put it over. I'll show you! Now get out of my kitchen while I turn on the gas!"

"For God's sake, Kay!" Dan pleaded desperately. "Won't you let me explain?"

"Explain to the undertaker!"

With a sudden furious lunge she pushed him into the hall, slammed the door, and locked it on the inside.

Dan threw himself violently against the door. It creaked but did not yield.

"Kay!" he shouted. "Unlock this door!" He rattled the knob furiously. "Kay, do as I say!"

There was no reply. Fumes of gas began to seep under the doorsill.

HELEN started forward; but, before she could speak, Dan had braced himself against the opposite wall of the narrow passageway and sent his foot crashing through the flimsy panels. It was the work of a split second to reach in a hand, undo the lock, and fling open the door.

Kathleen lay face downward on the floor, one arm crumpled under her. Gas poured from the open cocks of the gas range. With one swoop, Dan turned them off, gathered the girl in his arms, and rushed down the hall to the fire escape. His mother, standing motionless in the doorway, he did not even see; but Kathleen opened one eye languidly and closed it again in an unmistakable wink.

Helen hesitated a moment in indecision, then stole out as noiselessly as she had come, and made her way downstairs. Stumbling from faintness, she suddenly recalled that she had had no lunch. There must be some little restaurant in the neighborhood where she could sit down and rest. Better give Dan plenty of time for those explanations! But he was alive, they loved each other greatly and that was all, really, that mattered.

SHE gave them plenty of time. It was dusk when she rang their doorbell in her customary code—one long and two shorts.

At the door Kathleen greeted her radiantly, hair smooth, eyes shining, and looking, in her frilly pink house gown, as fresh as a morning-glory with the dew on it.

"You're in luck, dear. Dan's home. Dan, think of mother sailing out to see us in all this storm!"

She winked at Helen shamelessly.

Dan, tall, handsome, black-haired, weak as to chin, but with fine eyes and brow, turned from the window where he stood looking out upon the storm. He was extremely pale, but self-possessed.

"'Lo, mother. Jolly to see you."

He slid an arm around his mother and, enfolding Kathleen closely with the other, gave both a mighty bear hug.

Kathleen disengaged herself gayly, with a tender little squeeze of Dan's hand.

"Come in and lay off your things, mother," she suggested, "and apply that good old life-saver, the powder puff."

Inside the tiny bedroom, she flung herself into Helen's arms.

"He didn't take it!" she whispered joyously. "He didn't take the money, after all! He almost did. He wanted to. He stuck it in an envelope and hid it in his desk, intending to use it if Henry called for more margin.

"But he fought against taking it, Helen. My Dan fought! He stayed away from the office so he wouldn't be tempted; and, just to put himself out of danger, he took the ferry to Staten Island, registered at a little beach hotel, and then went out and walked and walked and walked. You see, he was trying to stay away from the newspapers.

"But this morning, while he was eating breakfast, a man came up and shoved the paper right under his nose and began talking about the big slump—and then Dan caved. He grabbed the paper, read the headlines, and decided to take the money and try one final big throw.

"But crossing the ferry he got to thinking of me. He said he realized he was weak, that he couldn't resist temptation, and so he just decided he might as well end it all. He said his first idea was to jump into the bay; but he was afraid I wouldn't understand, and he figured it wasn't giving me a square deal unless he explained to me in a letter exactly why it was the best thing all around for him to get out of the way."

She laughed brokenly.

"Well, he began his letter, I rang up, and the bell startled him so that he tipped over the telephone and swore right into it! That's how I knew he was there. And I arrived just in time to find Mr. Dan in the kitchen, turning on the gas.

"You'll never know, mother, how glad I was to see my Dan standing up alive and perpendicular instead of stretched out stiff and horizontal, as I'd been picturing him for forty-eight hours. And yet—will you believe it?—at the same time I was flaming mad. Trying to kill himself, was he? As if I hadn't been frightened enough!

"Well, I just took a leaf out of his own book and played the game for all it was worth. But wasn't Dan splendid?" she whispered exultantly. "I knew he'd think of kicking in the door! So I just turned on the gas, fell easy, and held my breath.

"And, dear," she added soberly, "I didn't mention to Dan our little party downtown. He thinks you've just come in. I had him telephone his office and tell them he'd forgotten to put the envelope containing the money in their safe; that squares him with them. And while he was explaining I sneaked a look at the final market reports. You've made a pot of money, hon. Duplex fell forty points."

"Me!" cried out Helen, astounded.

"Sssh!" whispered Kathleen gayly. "Wasn't it your money? I won't touch the poisonous stuff. How could I take a high moral tone with Dan if he knew what we pulled off today? I'm just as bad as he is. He speculated to get money for me, and I speculated to get it for him. Well, now we're quits.

"And he mustn't know—ever! Promise!"

"I promise," agreed Helen soberly.

BUT she knew what she would do with that money. She knew the very white-painted, green-shuttered little house standing alone on a sunny hillside. Kathleen had admired it one day.

"I'll phone Henry," said Kathleen, "and ask him not to tell. And, dear," she continued earnestly, taking Helen's hand, "excuse me for mentioning it; but, speaking of Henry, if I were you I'd marry his father. Dan says he's been crazy about you for years. Give him a few happy days!"

"I'm going to," promised Helen, smiling. "I'm going to long-distance him right now."

Kathleen fell on her and hugged her joyously.

"Dan"—she raised her fresh young voice to her husband in the sitting-room, who was tuning in on the radio—"lay off that affliction a moment and stand by to get a number for mother. She wants to long-distance her beau!"

THE END

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"Thank you," said one of the girls. "This is my first hold-up and you've made it very nice for me."

What a Taxi Driver Sees While the City Sleeps

An Article by a "HACKER"

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The revelations in this article were taken down from the lips of a nighthawk taxi driver of New York City. The "hacker," as he calls himself, refused to say a word until he was assured his name would not be published. He was afraid, he said, that the gangsters and crooks would "get" him. More than twenty other drivers corroborated his story, but none of them would let his name be used.]

I WAS cruising along a street in the Fifties when two young fellows hailed me. They were dressed to kill, and I mean that both ways, as you will see later on. They had on dinner clothes, with patent-leather shoes and all the fancy fixings. From the way they hailed me, I was sure that my fares were young Harold Van Astorgilt with his English chum, Lord Chumley.

One of 'em stumbled as he climbed in the cab, and I caught the smell of alcohol. That made it look all the better. A couple of young swells from a night club, with enough of an edge on to make 'em heavy tippers.

"The first fares since midnight," I said to myself; "but I'll make enough off these babies to buy that new spare tire."

Slipping the old oil can into low, I bent back my ear to find out where the two wanted to go. One of them gave an address to hell-and-gone in the Bronx. I knew there were no Rockefellers or Vanderbilts living in that neighborhood, and it put a crimp in my expectations. But I said nothing and slipped her into high.

There was $3.75 on the clock when I reached the address. One of the sheiks got out one door and one out of the other. The taller reached inside his coat as if to get his wallet. When the hand came out, I was gazing into a blue automatic with a hole in it like the new Eighth Avenue Subway.

"Come across," he said, "or I'll give you the works."

I took one look at his eyes and came across. He got $7.35, all I had taken in that night. The two disappeared down a dark alley, after inviting me to follow them if I thought it best. Putting up the flag, I drove back toward Broadway.

Did I stop at the nearest police station and report those bad little boys to the coppers? I did not. That would have meant a further loss. If the police were lucky enough to capture them, I'd have had to go to court to testify at all the hearings and trials. By the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

In a gown of silver grey crepe MRS. VANDERBILT *is receiving friends in her spacious English living room. Here fine old Chinese chests, Ispahan rugs and rare prints rest the eye, while the windows frame the changeful pageant of East River*

In her little morning room, MRS. VANDERBILT *relaxes after her duties in her many charities. To the Neurological Institute of New York, devoted exclusively to nervous and mental diseases, Mrs. Vanderbilt gives liberally of her time and means*

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Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt

receives with gracious informality

AMONG America's great hostesses, Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt, a daughter of the late Oliver Harriman, has few peers.

Few have quite her quality of distinction, quite her high-bred charm. She entertains in her enchanting house in Sutton Place with delightful informality. Yet she cares less for society than for serving humanity and practices a hundred quiet ways of doing good.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a beauty-lover—beauty in art, in all the phases of life appeals to her. Everything

MRS. VANDERBILT *reveals exquisite taste even in the arrangement of flowers with which she loves to fill her rooms*

No. 1 Sutton Place, New York, a fine example of the Georgian style

that contributes to womanly charm she holds important, prizing all the subtle qualities of feminine grace and loveliness.

So she advocates the daily use of the same Two fragrant Creams for the care of the skin that other distinguished and beautiful women sponsor. Concerning them she says: "Through the stress of a multitude of engagements Pond's Creams *will* give you the assurance of being your best self. And I say this with a sincerity that comes from actual acquaintance."

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Before retiring at night—and often during the day—cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it on generously. In a moment or two its fine oils reach the depths of the pores, to lift from them all clogging dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry a little cream left on until morning keeps your tissues supple.

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The rise of John Blick—
an epic of success in business

JOHN BLICK
of Washington, D. C.

Some of his reflections on International Truck

"I drove my first International myself for about five years and still have it running on its route.

"I know that I never lost a customer through the fault of my trucks. I now have at least 15,000 customers and 31 trucks, all Internationals.

"I have only one mechanic to keep all my trucks running. He has taught each driver to take good care of his truck."

FROM the wheel of his first International Truck to the Presidency of three corporations rated at over $3,000,000—in nine years—that has been the rise of John Blick.

In the Spring of 1918 a young man came to the International Truck dealer in Washington, D. C., with an idea and very little money. His reputation and ambition got a favorable hearing for the idea, which was that an International Truck plus Blick (the young man's name) would make a profitable go of the ice and coal business.

John Blick at once proved his idea sound. Before the summer was gone his first International had grown to be a fleet of four. Customers multiplied and routes were extended. A year or two later his rising business became the Terminal Ice and Fuel Company, and truck followed truck until the fleet numbered thirty-one.

Growing up in sight of the capitol dome at Washington, John Blick knew that every boy has his chance to be President of the United States. To him that was the symbol of Opportunity. He did not expect to be the one man in a hundred million but he did expect to succeed! Born with a will to tackle the job, *and leaning heavily on International Trucks,* his rise has been rapid and inspiring. Today, after nine years, John Blick gives International Trucks a liberal share of the credit.

Over the great expanse of America are ten thousand business successes that Internationals have helped to make. Many times Opportunity has come riding at the wheel of an International Truck. Bigger opportunities are still ahead for men and trucks. Whatever your field, so long as there is *hauling* in it, International Trucks will help you on to substantial fortune and success.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾ ton, 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Served by 125 Company-owned branches in the United States. Write for literature.

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INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

time they were convicted I'd have lost more time and money than I'd been robbed of. And ten chances to one some slick lawyer would have wiggled them out of it. And maybe, while they were free on bail, they'd have laid for me with automatics and made me look like a honeycomb radiator.

IT'S just one of those things you have to put up with if you drive a hack around New York after midnight.

I'll bet that not 10 per cent of such stick-ups are reported to the authorities. If you run a grocery, you must expect that a certain number of your customers will run out on their bills; if you drive a taxi, you must expect a certain number of hold-ups.

There are plenty of cautious drivers who will not take their hacks out during the small hours because the risk is too great. The public seems to think that we taxi men are a bad lot. But, since the police took charge and cleaned out most of the bad eggs among the drivers, there have been a hundred hold-ups *of* hackers for every hold-up *by* a hacker.

After you've driven a cab around New York at night you get to the point where nothing surprises you and nothing fazes you. Gangsters will hire your car and use it as a battleship against other gangsters. Cops commandeer you to chase down gunmen and burglars.

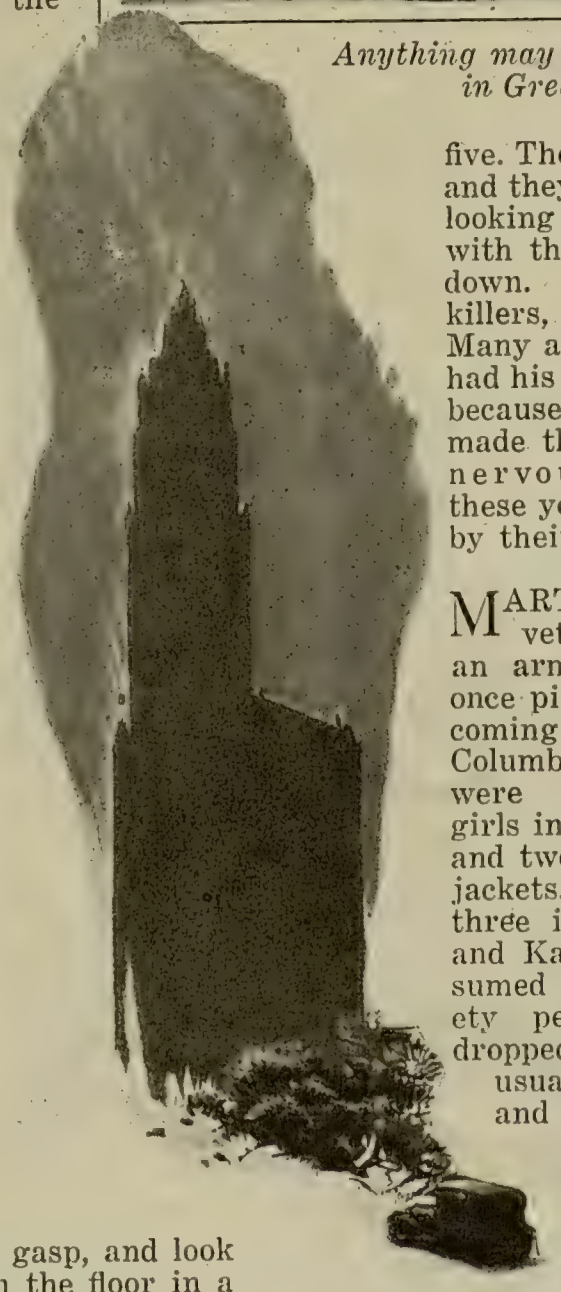
A beautiful girl with rich furs around her bare shoulders gets into your hack and tells you to drive through Central Park. You hear a gasp, and look back to find her on the floor in a tumbled heap, with an empty poison bottle in her hand. You rush her to the nearest drug store, and beat it before they get your number.

Courts and police investigations cost you time and money. (But if you are wise you will take your fare and a reasonable tip out of her purse before you go. They all have plenty on them—these love suicides.)

People who think that the modern New York gunmen wear striped sweaters and caps yanked down on their noses will wonder why we take them into our cabs. We aren't so dumb. In the first place, the cops can take your license if you refuse a fare; and, in the second place, crooks don't look like that any more.

Swell clothes are as much a part of the night crook's equipment as his gun. He plays the night clubs and speak-easies, where bad booze and free money make rich pickings. All of this type are youngsters between nineteen and twenty-five. They may be dopes and they may not. Nice-looking boys they are, with their hair slicked down. But they are killers, just the same. Many a taxi driver has had his heart blown out because some move made the stick-up man nervous. Sometimes these youths are helped by their sweeties.

Anything may happen to a cab driver in Greenwich Village.



MARTIN KATZ, a veteran hacker, and an army veteran too, once picked up a party coming out of Childs in Columbus Circle. There were two handsome girls in evening clothes and two men in dinner jackets. It was about three in the morning, and Katz naturally assumed they were society people who had dropped in for the usual order of bacon and scrambled eggs. They gave an address in Bank Street, down in Greenwich Village.

At the end of the ride, the couples got out from opposite doors. Guns appeared on both sides, and those sweet-looking girls pressed the muzzles in Katz' ribs while the men went through his pockets. As they walked away the blonde girl smiled back.

"Thank you," she said over her white shoulder. "This is my first experience and you made it very nice for me."

Katz told her where she could go. He obeyed their command not to follow them, because he knew they would keep their threat to shoot. This driver has been held up five times, and considers himself lucky in never having had his cab stolen by the gunmen. Crooks often take the cars after cleaning the hacker and use them in other crimes.

Cars and money aren't the only things they take. I know a Negro driver who fell into the hands of a drunken party not long ago. They drove to a deserted street in Harlem, where they robbed the driver and made him give them every stitch of his clothes.

Then one gunman got in the driver's seat, while the others piled in the back with the hacker's wardrobe. As the car drove slowly along, those in the back threw out the Negro's clothes one piece at a time, while he followed on foot, putting on the garments as they came through the window.

AFTER he had recovered his trousers and shirt, the gunmen drove off at top speed, whooping and yelling. That's a crook's idea of a good joke. The cab was found later, a total wreck.

But they don't always get away with it. Another hacker I know was driving late one night without his license. The cops had taken his card on some charge. But he had a wife and a sick baby at home, so he took the chance for their sakes. Four young crooks made him drive to Yonkers, where they stuck him up. But this bird was fast in the head. He pretended to be a bad man himself.

"You guys give me a pain," he said, "picking on one of your own kind."

"How do we know you are?" demanded the thug with the howitzer.

"Here's how," answered the hacker: "You search me, and if I have a police license card you can take what chicken feed I got and let me have the works too."

They searched him, and, when they found no card, accepted him as one of their own sort.

"Now," said the hacker, "you birds ought to be ashamed of yourselves monkeying with such small-time stuff as this. You're thinking in nickels and dimes, when you ought to be thinking in grands. I've got the sweetest layout you ever saw just ready to be knocked over."

They fell for it, and made an appointment with him for the next night. The hacker got in touch with the coppers, and there were about forty detectives on the job to help him keep that date. Those particular babies won't bother us for a while, because they are filed safely away in steel cages at Sing Sing and Elmira.

The "gyppers" are another breed that prey on taxi drivers. They get worse after midnight, too. A couple will come out of a night club at the curfew hour.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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The invitation of the Council to the Stutz Company says, in part:

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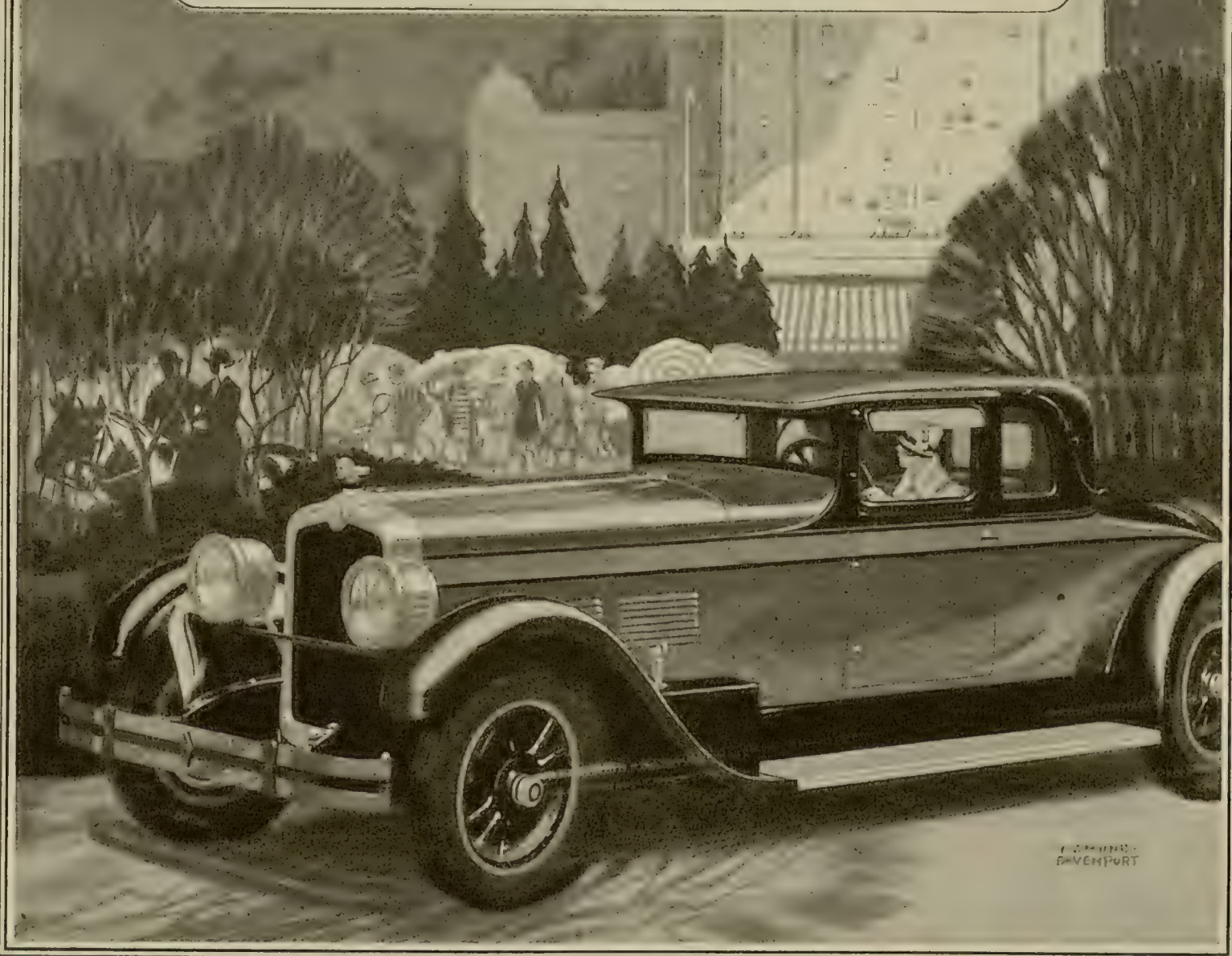

The Improved New

SAFETY STUTZ

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

She is dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse, and he looks like something out of a Fifth Avenue show window. He waves a kingly hand and says, "To the Plaza." From the tone of his voice you'd think he owned the place.

You get to the Plaza, and he tells you to wait. They disappear into the lobby—and that is the last you see of them. Fat chance you've got of finding them and collecting what your clock shows! You can't search all the rooms, and the building has a dozen exits where they can get away. All you can do is put up your flag, cuss, and drive away. Maybe they got cleaned in the night club, and maybe they are gyps by preference.

A hacker takes a fare outside the city limits at his own risk. It's often done, in the hope of pulling down a big return.

A college boy rolled out of a honk-a-tonk one night and into a waiting taxi. The driver asked where to.

"Harvard," said the boy, bored like.

"Harvard Club?" asked the driver.

"Harvard University," answered the boy.

He explained that Harvard University was up Boston way, and dwelt in glowing terms on what the run would net the driver. The hacker fell. He drove that kid all the way to Cambridge and up to the door of a dormitory. The fare got out and told him to wait a minute, as he had to go in and get the money. Before he shut the door the boy called back, "I hope you are a Princeton man!"

Those were the last words the hacker heard from him. Search of the building failed to discover him. But some of the other students were obliging enough to explain that Harvard men don't like Princeton very much. So at least the driver got the meaning of that parting wise crack.

ANOTHER case that got into the papers was that of a driver named John Akman, an Albany hacker. He was hanging around on the skirts of the crowd when Governor Al Smith's boy got married. A youth who said he had just come from the wedding stepped into Akman's cab and told him to drive to New York. The hacker had visions of a record fare and was planning what he was going to buy with the money. Akman bought the meals on the trip, because his guest "had nothing but one-hundred-dollar bills."

When they reached the metropolis, the young man admitted he hadn't a jit. That was painful news to Akman, because his meter showed $75—which didn't include the gas, oil, or meals he had bought. The fare declared that his father was a Florida millionaire, so they went into the Pennsylvania Station, where the youth wired a touch.

While they waited for an answer, both went to sleep. The police found them on a station bench, dead to the world. Akman had a death grip on the boy's ankle. Papa never answered, and Akman lost his time and expenditures.

There was another case of a man who gypped a taxi driver out of $1,100, after he had been driven all over this part of the country.

It's a strange lot that haunt the sidewalks of New York after the theater crowds have gone to bed. Besides the spenders, there's a complete catalogue of crooks and wild women abroad. Just now the Black Belt in Harlem is the most dissolute part of the city.

The fashionable East Seventies of New York, where tips usually are only 10 per cent.

In spite of all the cops can do, every sort of den flourishes. There are hundreds of cabarets and joints in private apartments. I guess you can buy about everything in them, from opium to Chinese girls.

But they aren't all bad actors that you meet after midnight.

Some winters ago a man approached a line of taxis on a bitter cold night. He was frail looking and he had no overcoat.

"Boys," he said between chattering teeth, "I'm up against it.

I'm an actor, but I can't get anything to do. I haven't a nickel, because all I had I sent to my wife in Europe. I have been put out of my room. I wanted to ask if one of you would let me curl up in his cab until he gets a call."

Half a dozen doors opened, and pretty soon the actor was asleep in a heated car. Next night he came back to the same line of hackers, and all through that winter he slept that way. The following fall he got his break. They cast him in a musical show that made one of the greatest hits Broadway ever saw. Now he puts his gratitude into tips.

You will probably be surprised to learn that the best picking for taxis during the late hours is not Broadway or Park Avenue, but along Second and Third avenues on the East Side. There are hundreds of halls in that part of town where dances and weddings are held.

They shut down around 3 A. M. Many of the guests live away up in the Bronx or over in Brooklyn. They make up parties and ride home in taxis.

You slip the doorman at one of those halls a quarter and tell him what direction you live in. If you say you live in Brooklyn he scouts around in the crowd and gets you a fare going your way. Strange to say, these East Side fares tip better than the swanks on Park Avenue. They know nothing about the 10-per-cent custom and are generous with the driver.

The Jews in New York are the greatest taxi riders of any race. Thousands of them go to work every morning in hacks.

THERE are some 25,000 taxicabs in New York City, and there are more than 47,000 licensed drivers. A vast majority of the cabs are privately owned and they run practically day and night. The owner will drive one shift and hire a man for the other, giving him 40 per cent of the fares and the tips. On a good night you take in four "pounds." That is taxi talk. A pound means five dollars. I don't know where the expression started, unless it was begun by an Englishman.

There are all sorts of men driving. Students hack at night to help work their way through college. Lots of men would rather drive around than work inside. You probably remember the stir made when F. O. French, a member of one of New York's first families, took his place at a taxi wheel. Then, we all knew Prince Vladimir, who claimed he was a Russian nobleman.

I may have given the impression here that the drivers are a lot of Chesterfields with lily-white characters. That isn't so at all. There are still some bad eggs among us—men who might stop while driving you through the park late at night and test their monkey wrenches on your head. But you can't condemn us all for the sins of a few. I have even known some pretty bad preachers.

When you make allowance for the dangers and losses of our calling, I guess you will have to admit that we are good deal like the more stationary members of what is known as the human race.

THE END

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GRAPHIC SECTION

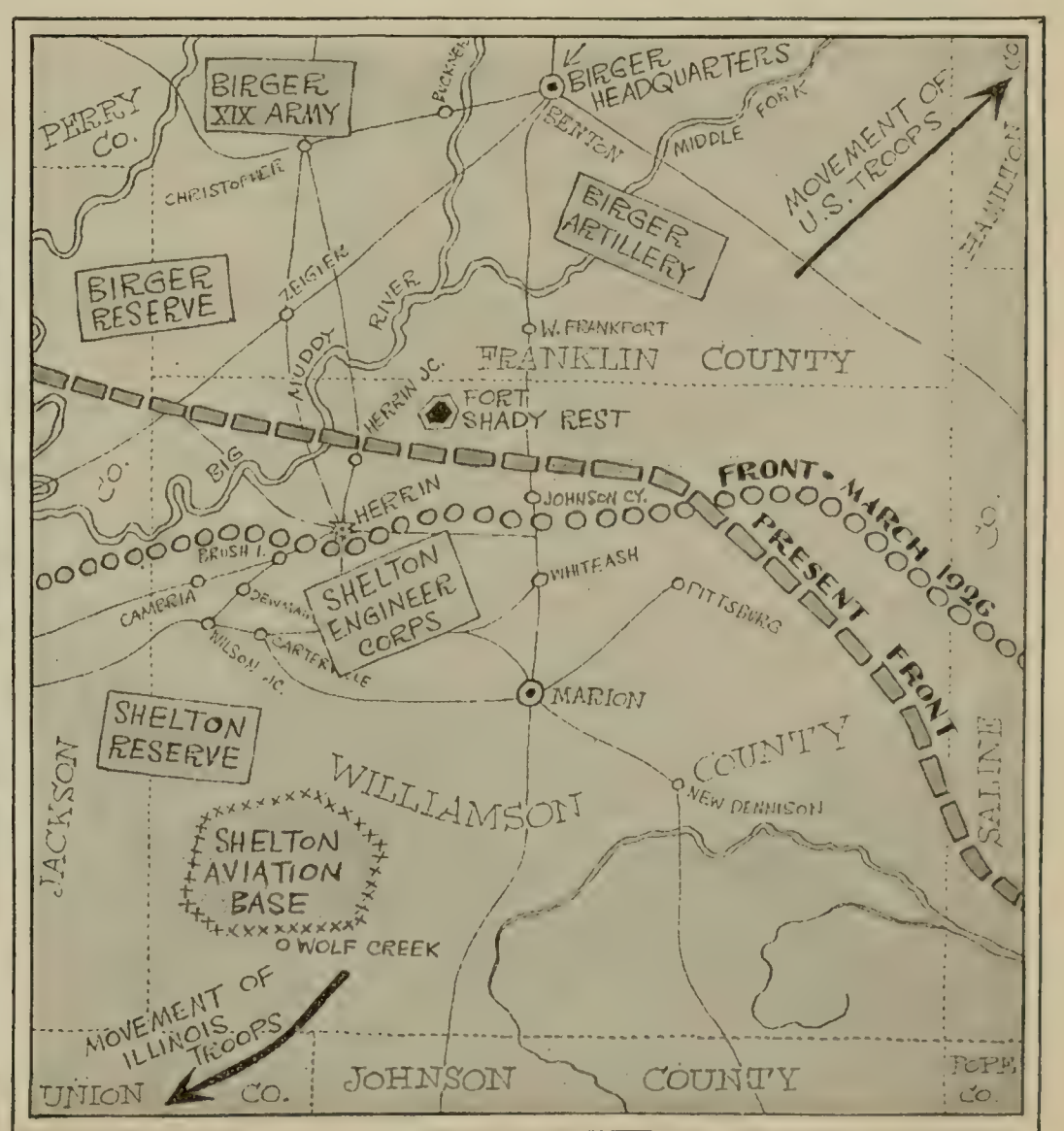
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

GOING BILLY SUNDAY AND THE REST ONE BETTER: The Knights and Ladies of the Right put their own live-wire, go-getting evangelist in the field, being absolutely the first and only one of his brotherhood to use comedy make-up for the work.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED: Cecil B. de Mille, bending every effort to have his great, epoch-making, super-extra-feature film, The King of Kings, true to life in every detail, orders an eminent Los Angeles bootlegger to deliver two cases of wine at the studio for the Last Supper scene.

STRANGE PERVERSION OF THE HEATHEN CHINEE: Representatives of America and England trying to understand why China should want to keep her great seaports and cities for herself.



LATEST MAP OF THE ILLINOIS FRONT, showing the Herrin sector as it stood after the bombing of Shady Rest in November. Generals Shelton and Birger being absent in Leavenworth and Benton, a short armistice is expected.

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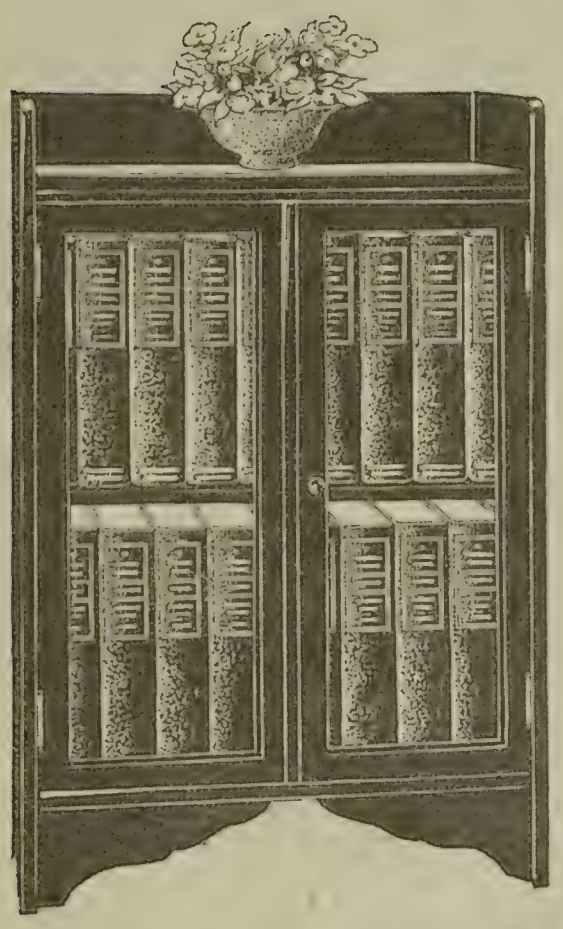

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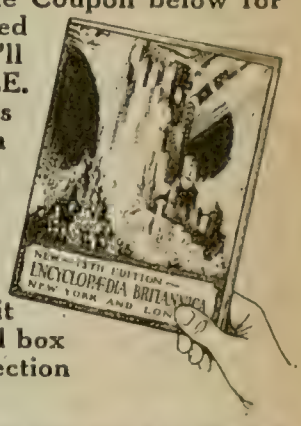

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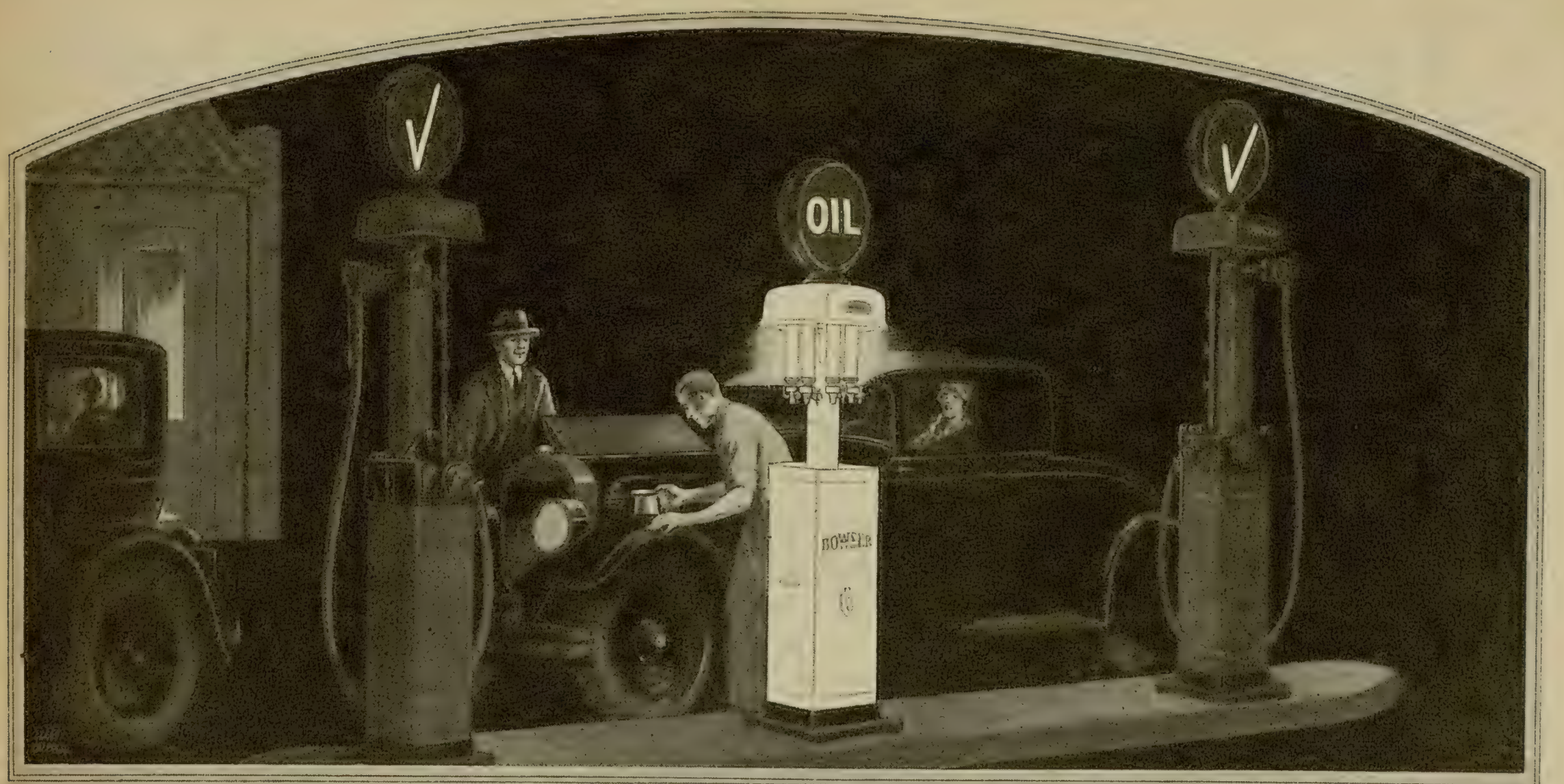

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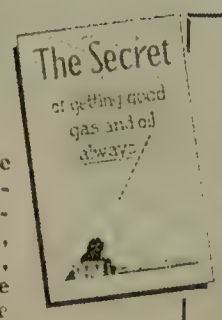

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Are Baseball Games FRAMED?

SAFE! Judge Landis (in oval) finds the daring Cobb (below) innocent of scandal charges.

P. & A. photos

TY COBB'S CAREER
Is the Best Answer to Scandal Charges
Says HUGH FULLERTON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of three articles by Hugh Fullerton discussing the rumors and scandals leading up to the most recent major-league investigation, which resulted in the exoneration of Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, and Joe Wood of the charge of having conspired to throw a game in 1919. In this article, Mr. Fullerton treats of Ty Cobb's career, telling of his weaknesses, but pointing out why, after many years' acquaintance, he knows Cobb never would deliberately make a crooked move.]

SUSPICION and skepticism regarding the honesty of professional baseball have grown in proportion to the attendance and to the salaries paid the players. Many fans believe that the whole fabric of major-league baseball is rotten and that the throwing of games is a regular occurrence. The scandals of the Black Sox, of Hal Chase, Lee Magee, Jimmy O'Connell, and now the Cobb-Speaker-Wood accusations have fed this belief, despite the exonerations by Commissioner Landis.

With all the faults of professional baseball, I do not think one game in a thousand is sold, or that one player in a hundred is crooked.

The whitewashing of all scandals in the past, the hushing up of every crooked move, have increased suspicion among the fans. The fact that organized baseball's settled policy for years of "keeping quiet for the sake of the sport" has been the very thing that made crookedness possible, is overlooked.

But the real, basic reason that players could resort to crooked work and get away with it has been that no one, seemingly, thought it could be done. After I exposed the Black Sox in 1919, Mike Donlin, one of my best friends, threatened to punch me on the jaw and said I ought to have sense enough to know baseball could not be framed. Most of us who were connected intimately with the game believed that to be true, and found it difficult to believe anything else, even after Chase demonstrated that he could throw games and cause all the blame to fall on others.

At the same time, we knew that many players were involved with gamblers, and that some players were chronic gamblers. We knew, too (if we thought of it), that playing carelessly or favoring other teams or players would not seem so innocent as they regarded it. Tossing off a game late in the season to help a friendly team or to boost some pitcher was far from uncommon.

In the fall of 1915, when Brooklyn and Philadelphia fought to the final game for the championship, the New York team made a farce of the game in Brooklyn, and their horseplay so angered Manager McGraw that he walked off the field. That same afternoon, when Philadelphia was in dire need of a victory, a Philadelphia leader ran on to the coaching lines and called to Ed Reulbach, who was pitching for Boston:

"Write your own check if you'll lose it!"

"You've got to beat me," said Reulbach.

"The Giants are doing it in Brooklyn,"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

called the outraged Philadelphian. "Don't let them get away with it."

Nothing was done about that, or about similar instances. Nothing was done about anything, in fact, until the Black Sox scandal threatened the owners with financial ruin, and they summoned Judge Landis to save them—the same Judge Landis who was abused for making public the most recent charges.

During that time players scoffed at the idea that betting was wrong, laughed when anyone suggested that running around with gamblers was risky business. I remember, one night in Detroit, finding two players in a back room with two notorious gamblers and they grew indignant when I told them it looked suspicious.

NOT once in all that time did I ever hear Speaker or Cobb mentioned in connection with gambling in any form. They were not betting men, nor gamblers in any sense of the word. Wood, who came into baseball a fresh, nice boy with an idea that he had to be tough, was different—odd even for baseball, in which personalities are exaggerated.

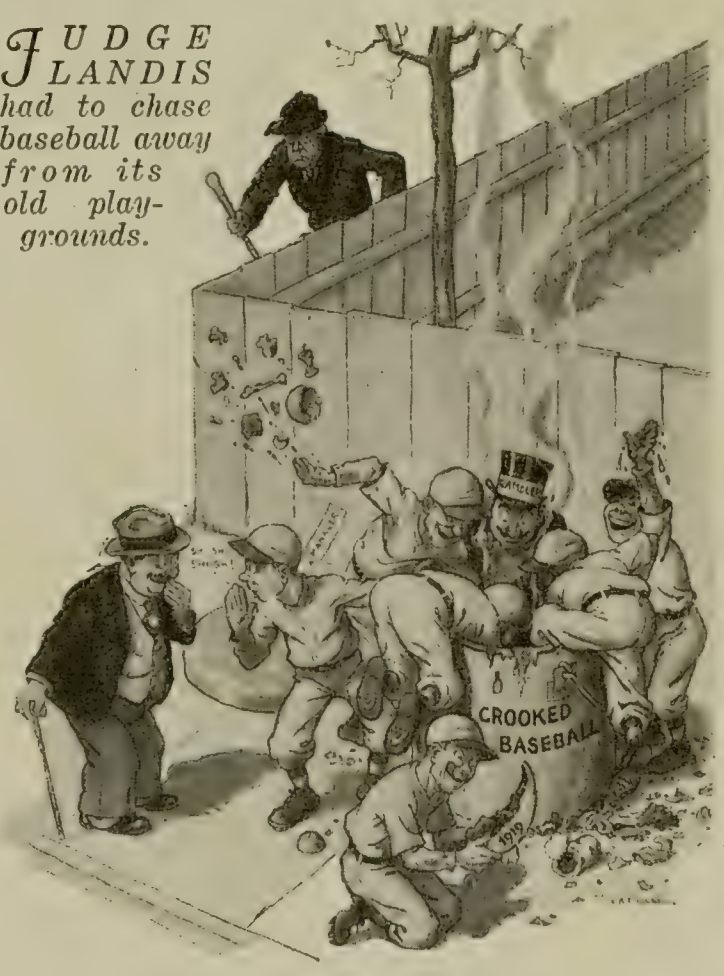
I draw a strong distinction between men who bet, even when they bet large sums and bet frequently, and gamblers. A gambler is a crook, with the same psychological traits that make a thief. Gamblers are honest only when they win. The betting man differs from them entirely. Cobb would bet you he could beat you running; that he could outhit you; that his team could beat you. But he was not really a betting man.

An interesting study is Cobb, very human, very lovable, and very honest; intense in his desire to win, never asking odds. My belief is that he got into this thing without even giving it a thought; or considering it dishonest or wrong.

I tried to show in a preceding article how betting grew with the game and with the salaries of the players. And how, especially late in the season, when the race was run, players became inclined to think that losing a game or helping a "good fellow" was all right. That would have been Cobb's attitude in such a situation.

There is another peculiarity about baseball players: You might bribe a player to throw a

JUDGE LANDIS had to chase baseball away from its old playgrounds.



game, or even a World's Series, but there is not money enough in the world to bribe one to refuse to make a base hit.

They simply cannot resist the temptation to hit a ball when it is "in the groove." They are like Moose McCormick when he was playing with Philadelphia. The winning run was on third base, a batter up, and McCormick was waiting to hit next, when the batter made a clean hit to center field, driving home the runner. The center fielder scooped the ball and made a desperate heave toward the plate. The ball arrived twenty feet from the plate and at McCormick, who batted it back to the outfield.

"Runner out—interference," the umpire decided, and Philadelphia lost the game in extra innings.

"I couldn't help it," said Moose sadly. "It was the first ball I've seen today that was in the groove."

Cobb is the worst of the lot that way, in spite of his having led the American League many times and batted .300 or better for twenty consecutive seasons—three times over .400 a season.

I WAS astounded once at the attitude taken by Cobb after the famous near-scandal in baseball at the end of the 1910 season—regarding which I have a small confession to make. St. Louis was playing a double-header that day to end the season, and conspired to help Napoleon Lajoie make base hits, hoping he would beat Cobb out as leading hitter of the league. Lajoie evidently knew of this, for he kept bunting the ball safely, largely because the Browns made small effort to field it.

The reporters scented something wrong before the outrageous thing had proceeded far; but Harry Harper, a St. Louis pitcher, made it unanimous by sending word to Jim Crusinberry in the press box that Jim, as official scorer, should score them all hits and give Lajoie the batting honors of the year. Lajoie was given eight hits in the two games.

The plot caused an ugly scandal. No money was involved. It was a plot of those who liked Lajoie and did not like Cobb. I saw Cobb a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

A Love That Died—Then Lived Again

Count Tolstoy

Born in sweetness their love was the glory of youth.

Caught in the swirl of gilded gayety their footsteps strayed in the ways of pain and disgrace.

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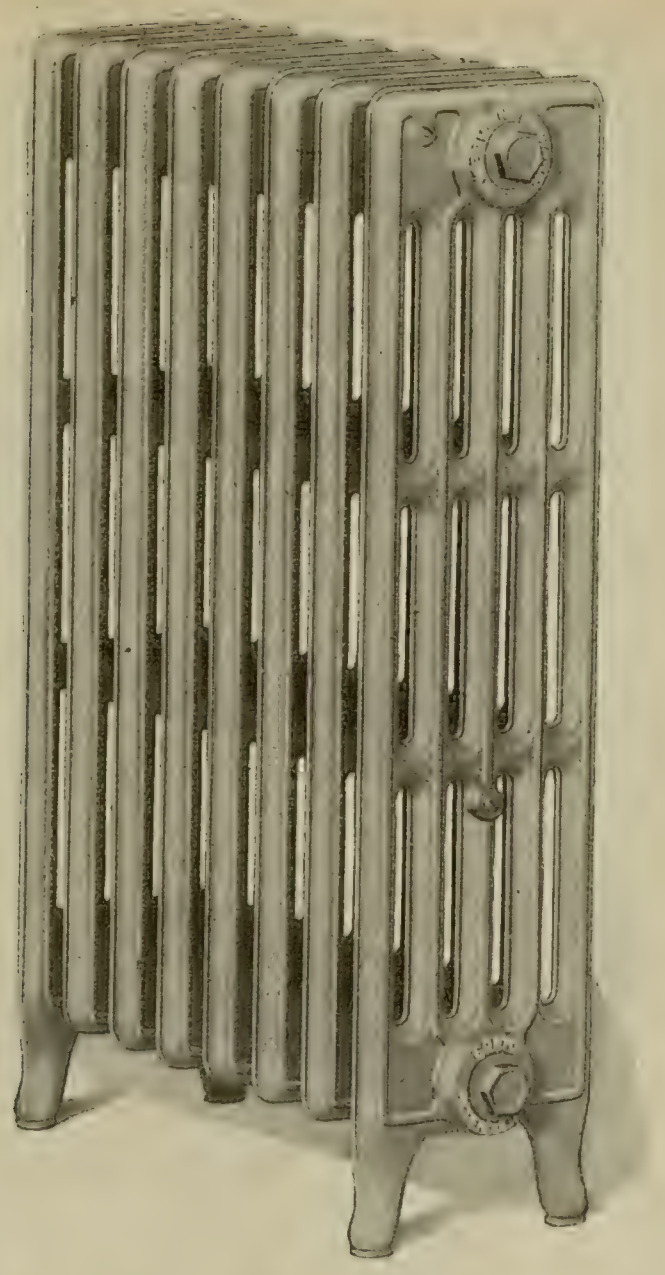

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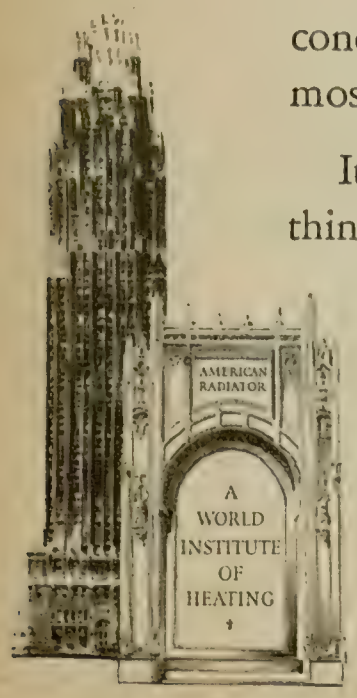

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

day or two later and was indignant. Cobb laughed.

"It don't make any difference," he said. "Larry is a good fellow. I've had it often; and, besides, the hits I made helped Detroit win ball games. I'm satisfied."

On the face of the unofficial figures, Lajoie led the league. But the official figures were not yet out. I discovered that I had been the official scorer in one game between Chicago and Detroit in which Cobb had beaten out a questionable hit. After some argument, we in the press box had agreed to score it an error—but the official score had not gone through. Since they were trying to cheat, I salved my conscience and scored that a hit for Cobb. I always thought President Johnson knew, but he only smiled and the records show: Cobb .385, Lajoie .384. Fair enough.

Inter. Newsreel photo

The form that has kept Cobb's batting average above .300 for twenty years.

Those who know Cobb well would not believe any evidence that might be produced to prove him guilty of crooked work in a game. He might do almost anything in the heat of temper, but not that sort of thing.

I knew Cobb when he first broke into baseball in 1905, a nervous, high-strung, sensitive, proud, hot-tempered kid. The first time I saw him slide to second, I bet ten dollars he wouldn't last two years — that he would break a leg. He's broken many a leg since then—but never his own. He got the wrong start in baseball because he came in with the idea he would have to fight his way up.

"I sure made a fool of myself," he told me once. "I thought all the old-timers would be against me, and try to keep me out of a job, so I came a-fighting. I was determined they wouldn't keep me from making good, and I battled them and got a reputation as a fighter. After that I had to keep fighting, whether I wanted to or not, or be called yellow. I was years finding out that most of the fellows help a youngster who shows anything and that all the fighting was useless."

HE was shy, easily hurt, and quick to resent imagined or real slights. Like most sensitive fellows, he covered it with a pretense of hardness. But above all he was game. He showed that in his first year, when he was fighting for a regular position on the team.

Detroit reached New York, and Cobb, suffering from tonsillitis, had a high fever and should have been in hospital. He played. The next morning he dragged himself to a surgeon, who found his tonsils in terrible condition, and advised treatment before they were removed.

"Take 'em out now," Cobb ordered.

The surgeon protested, advised reducing the inflammation and a week in bed. Cobb was obdurate. When the surgeon wanted to give him an anæsthetic, he refused, saying it would make him sick. The tonsils were in such condition that the surgeon was forced to remove them in sections. Every fifteen minutes Cobb would demand a rest, lie on a sofa, then return to the chair.

WEAK from pain, fever, and loss of blood, he returned to the hotel. He was unable to eat, but he dressed and went to the ball park. He played seven innings, and refused to leave the game until it was won.

I have seen him in bed in the morning, his leg badly scraped from ankle to hip, patches of skin six inches square torn from his body. But he would get up and play baseball that afternoon.

There was a rule in the Detroit club of those days never to let the other team know you were hurt. No matter how badly a player might be injured, he was supposed to smile. I saw Cobb once, after a game with Philadelphia, with a gash four inches long chopped along his shinbone; and no one except those on the bench knew he had been touched.

I think the worst hurt he ever had was when he was accused of injuring Frank Baker at Philadelphia. Baker was one of those stationary third-basemen, heavy, with big legs, who used to anchor one leg in front of the base and block off runners.

In the play in which Baker was hurt, Cobb went straight for the bag, then threw himself sidewise behind it. His foot caught Baker squarely and he injured himself severely. The howl was set up that Cobb had done it purposely.

The fact is, every base runner jockeying around second used to yell at Baker to look out, they were coming, in an effort to scare that big piano leg off the base line. Cobb could not have been trying to hurt Baker, as he threw himself out of the line in an effort to get past him. The charge rankled with Cobb.

"I took a bigger chance than he did," he told me. "I tried to avoid touching him, and risked breaking a leg to do it."

He was severely censured for going into a stand at Boston and striking a spectator. I learned from others what the spectator yelled—and the average man would have killed him.

I am not defending Cobb—merely trying to explain what sort of man he is. At times he is a wild man, his temper flaring suddenly. He is dangerous to an enemy then. But he is courteous to a fault otherwise, considerate of others, helpful, and very tender

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

The patented roly-poly "ROCK-A-BY" base makes Smokador swing back into upright position instantly

LOOK... *it can't tip over and spill!*

SMOKADOR is the new idea in ash stands...when you bump into it, it doesn't tip over and spill.

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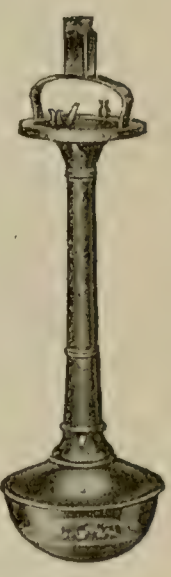

Made of durable metal.

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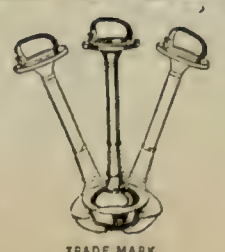

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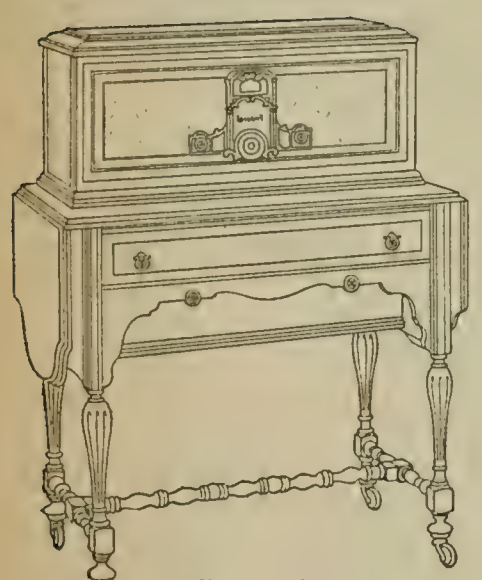
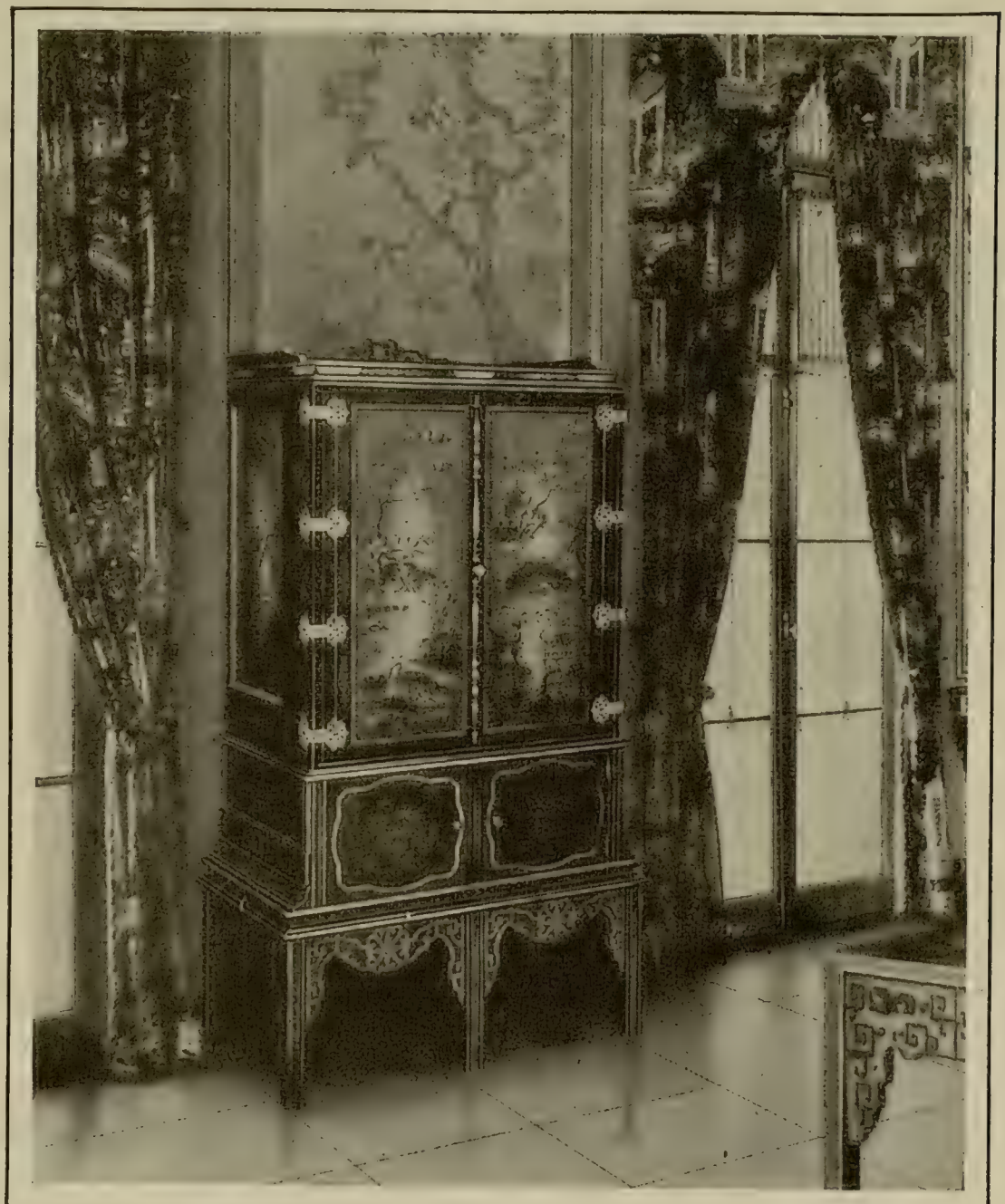


F-10—7 tubes
Including loop, $250
F-5—Console, $50



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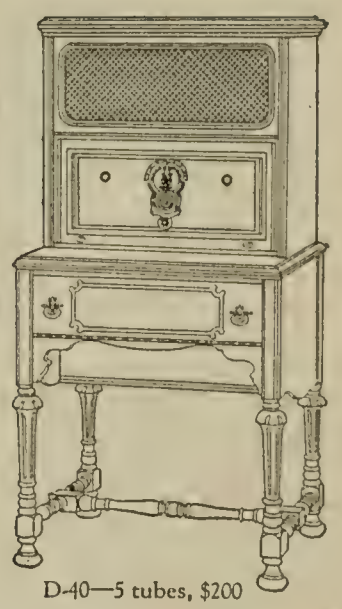
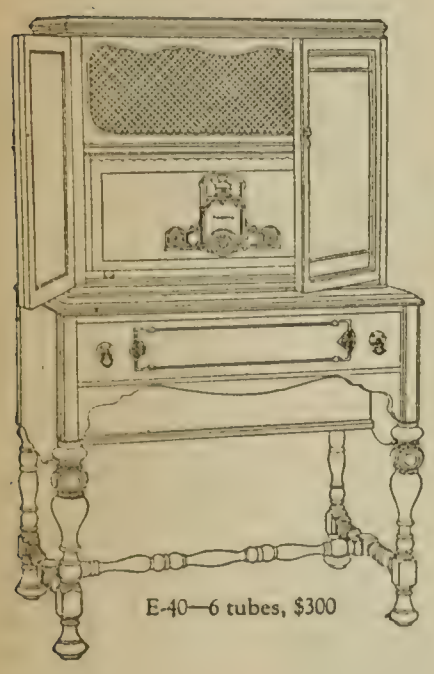
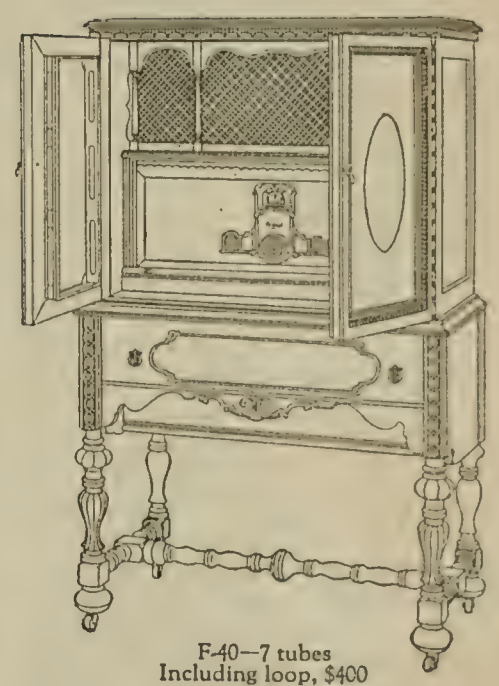


D-40—5 tubes, $200



E-40—6 tubes, $300



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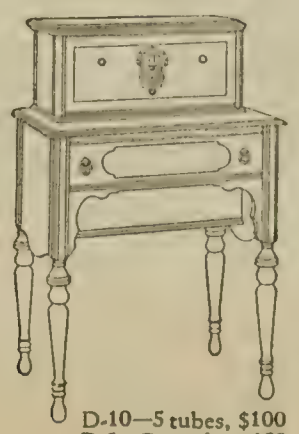

D-10—5 tubes, $100
D-5—Console, $30

★The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

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E-10—6 tubes, $150
E-5—Console, $40

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

toward suffering people. He and I nearly killed Charlie van Loan, the writer, once. There had been a party, and Van was terribly sick the next morning. I gave him red pepper, celery bitters, and whisky in large doses. After the second dose Van commenced to revive. Just then Cobb came up to call.

Charles M. Conlon photo
Frank Baker.

"You're doing just the wrong thing," Cobb protested. My patient, whose in'ards still were burning, sided with him.

"All right," I agreed; "I wash my hands of him. If you kill him, it's all right with me."

Ty prescribed a pint of ice cream, and half an hour later we had to send for a doctor.

There never was a ball player as great as Ty. His greatest years were 1911, '12, and '13. He was great before that, but experience was added to his ability. He batted over .400 in each of those years, ran wild on the bases, and battled everyone, friend and foe.

Cobb was one of the greatest fielders and a marvelous thrower until he hurt his arm. He had a powerful "whip," and evidently thought it could not be damaged. He was a fair pitcher with a nice curve and loved to pitch. He kept monkeying around pitching in practice, until one day something snapped in his arm, and it never has been as strong since. He could throw, but his ground covering was handicapped, forcing him to shift closer to the infield. Cobb's weakness was that he had no patience with other players and could not seem to understand that they could not do the things he did. He fought for every game, and fought every player who wouldn't fight.

He lost one battle. Ty was getting so obstreperous that Hughie Jennings, the manager, primed Schmidt, a big catcher, to tame Ty. They had a terrific battle, and Ty finally was conquered. But Schmidt began to suffer from the same fighting complex, and Jennings had to frame Harry Tuthill, the trainer, to trim him before peace reigned.

I ONCE sat on the clubhouse steps in Detroit with Germany Schaefer, and we watched only Cobb, paying slight attention to the game. He moved incessantly, jumping into position, shifting, moving, poising ready to sprint as each ball was pitched, starting on a dead run when the ball was hit, hustling every second of the game. He must have covered as much ground as all the others combined.

Perhaps the greatest game I ever saw Cobb play was the second game of the World's Series between Detroit and Pittsburgh in 1909—a series which, in spite of the marvelous work of Cobb, Detroit lost by bad judgment in attack. In the second game Cobb was a whirlwind—hitting, running, jockeying, and fighting for the victory; and, after making one of the greatest catches I ever saw of a low line drive, followed by a snap throw to third that stopped the Pirates, he climaxed the performance by stealing home on a desperate twisting slide around the catcher.

Another great game of his was in the second World's Series between Chicago and Detroit, which was by all odds the most wonderfully played series ever staged, both sides being well-nigh perfect. In one game, Cobb, knowing Chicago was watching for him to bunt, pulled the ball the other direction, raced to first, and made a dramatic effort to steal second. He had the base stolen and perhaps the game won; but Evers, leaping high into the air, caught a high throw with one hand, and alighted on top of Cobb as he slid, stopping him a few inches short of the base.

ANOTHER great game was in an exhibition. Chicago had beaten Detroit in straight games, and the Tigers were angry. George Mullen offered to bet he could beat the Cubs and pitch nothing but curve balls. He was angry over the way he had been ordered to pitch in the series. Both teams joined the argument and they bet each other to the limit of their purses. The game was played on the Sunday following the series, and the two teams battled as if the honors still were at stake. Cobb made two catches that seemed impossible, and gave a marvelous exhibition of base running that scored three runs for the Tigers; while Mullen, using nothing but fast and slow curves, beat the champions.

I've known Cobb under all sorts of conditions. Under stress of excitement and urged by his intense desire to win, he might do wrong. But that he would conspire to throw a game I cannot conceive. That, in 1919, he would have given no serious thought to betting is certain; few ball players thought betting wrong at that time. He would have told anyone where to get a bet down, if he liked him.

Charles M. Conlon photo
Napoleon Lajoie.

The quarrel between Cobb and Dutch Leonard was breeding from the time Leonard joined Detroit. Leonard was a type that could not stand "riding" from a manager, and Cobb, when fighting to win, "rides" with whip and spur. The fellows who can understand him pay little attention to him; but a sensitive soul has no business around any team when Cobb is managing it. A couple of years ago I met an easy-going player.

"How are you getting along with Ty?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "half the time I'm trying to keep from busting him on the jaw, and the other half I'm taking off my cap to him as the greatest of them all."

Maybe that is the way most of us feel.

In another article in next week's LIBERTY Mr. Fullerton will tell of Spoke and Joe—as he calls Tris Speaker and Joe Wood.

We Advise Men—
"Don't Buy, Yet—
Accept, first, a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream to try"

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We've been in business enough years to know that major success of a product rests entirely upon the merits of the product itself—not upon advertising, not upon "selling talk."

So from the beginning we asked nobody to buy Palmolive Shaving Cream; but first to accept, free, a 10-day tube to try.

That has brought this comparatively new preparation to a top place in its field in a remarkably short time.

We made it on the expressed desires of 1000 men who told us what they wanted in a shaving cream. They named four things—we met them all, then added a fifth to make the supreme creation.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1294, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Illinois.

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It brings to the revealed knee the sprightliness of youth, for it is brilliant silk to the very top—our No. 736, "*Ser-fon*" weight, which retails for $1.95.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

Peter Pan Grows Up

The Rise of Betty Bronson Is a Fairy Tale Come True

An Article *by* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE motion picture has singled out a lot of *Cinderellas*. Betty Bronson is the only one I can call to mind who has held on to her glory. Most celluloid *Cinderellas* hurry home from the ball, never to be heard of again.

In 1924 Betty was a movie extra. She was eighteen, a graduate of St. Vincent's Academy in Newark. She had played in three or four pictures, among them Java Head and His Children's Children, and tried, unsuccessfully, for a score of roles.

Then Famous Players began its search for a *Peter Pan*. Endless tests were made. Finally these tests were narrowed down to a hundred, then to ten. The ten numbered at least five stars. Herbert Brenon, the director, took the ten tests to London and showed them to Sir James M. Barrie. The creator of "the boy who wouldn't grow up" cannily had reserved the final choice.

Imagine, then, the surprise of Broadway and Hollywood later when this cablegram came from Barrie: "I have selected Betty Bronson to play *Peter Pan*. Regards." At the moment nobody could remember who Betty Bronson was. The motion-picture magnates began scurrying about to locate the lucky girl—and they found her, a surprised and dazed extra, in Hollywood.

Peter Pan did a lot for Miss Bronson. It brought forward Esther Ralston and Mary Brian, too; but to the little girl from Trenton, New Jersey, it gave immediate fame. Since *Peter Pan* she has created another Barrie heroine for the films in A Kiss for Cinderella. She blazed brightly in Ben-Hur, making her moments as the *Madonna* stand out above the panorama on which millions were expended in the big film.

This young woman, an oddly prim little person in real life, has a singular flare for comedy. She proved it in Are Parents People? and in Everybody's Acting. And she achieves some excellent comic moments in Richard Dix's new film, Paradise for Two.

This comedy has that ancient humorous idea—the young man who must marry within a certain period in order to inherit a fortune. Here the woman-hating *Steve Porter* engages a penniless little actress to make believe she is his wife. I give you one guess as to the outcome.

Despite its doddering plot, Paradise for Two is amusing, thanks to Gregory La Cava's adroit direction, and to the acting of Dix, who steadily grows more deft in his comedy work, and of Miss Bronson. Incidentally, this young woman deserves better roles. Her discoverer, Famous Players, seems more anxious to turn up a new face every week than to make the most of the material at hand.

From my lucky New Jersey heroine let me turn to a singularly unlucky director from Louisville, Kentucky. My subject is Tod Browning, director of the new Jack Gilbert-Renee Adoree picture, The Show.

This Browning has had a bizarre career. He is forty-five. He started out as a contortionist with a carnival company. Then he was a black-face burlesque comedian. He drifted to the old Biograph studios and became an actor under D. W. Griffith's direction. He made the step to directing and seemed headed for high success when, in 1924, something happened. He disappeared from the Hollywood studios. Few know the real story.

Browning lost faith in himself. Just one person stood between the director and complete disaster—his wife. Mrs. Browning took the situation in hand. She left Tod in his Hollywood bungalow and told him to prove himself to her. This steered him back to self-confidence. She returned to him, and almost immediately he was given a chance—by Bernie Fineman to direct Evelyn Brent.

Betty Bronson, who brought Peter Pan to the screen.

Renee Adoree as Salome *in her new film, The Show.*

Tod Browning, a director who came back.

Then Irving Thalberg, head of the Metro-Goldwyn studios, gambled on him—and he made one of the big hits of two years ago, The Unholy Three. Browning is rated again as one of the leading directors.

He can put grim vitality into stories of the flotsam and jetsam of life, as in The Unholy Three and The Road to Mandalay. In The Show he achieves a lot of color and suspense. There is more than a little of Molnar's *Liliom* in *Cock Robin*, the spieler of the side show, as done by Gilbert. *Cock Robin* is watched over, loved, and finally won by the *Salome* of the troupe, played by Miss Adoree.

But the macabre Browning touch is there, what with a sinister Greek who drops a poisonous Gila monster in *Salome's* rooms, hoping that the reptile will get *Cock Robin*. The Show has a kick—and at least two fine performances. I give Miss Adoree a shade the better of it.

Do you know that—

Olive Borden is making her first New York visit to play The Joy Girl at William Fox's Manhattan studios with Allan Dwan directing? . . . Greta Nissen, plus a wig, is a brunette in Thomas Meighan's Blind Alleys? She plays Tom's Cuban wife? . . . Irene Rich is to be starred in Clyde Fitch's The Climbers? . . . The Warner Brothers are to do an epic of the automobile?

Te-He

Pictures by
HARRY TOWNSEND

WE found him full of holes beside a machine gun, and there was a circle of dead Jerries in front of him.

A Story About the Stuff that Makes Heroes

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

A SHORT time ago my firm sent me down to Washington on a matter of some contracts and young Haskell came along to help with the technical details. Our business was with the War Department, and we spent the morning at the Munitions Building that houses the military staff—"the kennel of the dogs of war," as Haskell called it. We had a very satisfactory morning and concluded our business agreeably and in a much shorter time than we had anticipated. A very pleasant major insisted upon taking us to lunch at the Army and Navy Club and gave us a cocktail at his apartment first.

We caught the afternoon train back, and after we had settled down in the smoker, Haskell turned to me with a puzzled look and inquired:

"That was the War Department we got into this morning, all right, wasn't it?"

"I certainly hope so," I told him, "for I don't want to have to come back down here again next week. That gin was terrible. It would pull the teeth out of a gift horse."

"And those were all army officers we were talking to, weren't they?" he persisted.

"If they weren't, our contracts aren't much good," I said.

"Then it must be that gin," he concluded. "My eyes are all right, but this sympathetic gin usually goes to them and my feet before it gets to my head. It usually doesn't affect my head until next morning."

"What's worrying you?" I asked.

"Did you notice how nice and polite all those majors and colonels were? They seemed to have all the instincts of gentlemen. They used to be known as 'gentlemen by Act of Congress.' They were never in the same army I used to go A. W. O. Loose from. They're not the same breed that used to court-martial us just because they didn't have sense enough to play bridge on rainy afternoons when they had to have something to do."

He paused and scratched a scar on the back of his neck that I had heard owed its presence to a German machine-gun bullet.

"And I can't believe that those bullheaded old fools could ever learn anything," he went on. "The last I read of them, they were playing the old army game with Billy Mitchell and trying to make rank cover a multitude of sins."

"Maybe you ran up against some unusual

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Chase away that *laggy draggy* feeling

TRY Borden's Malted Milk at home. Sold in handy glass containers. 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

DAWDLING takes the joy out of life. Shake the weights off your feet and step out!

No excuse for that tired feeling when there's a soda fountain nearby serving Borden Specials. This is the popular Malted Milk drink that the smart younger generation is taking to keep in sporting trim. Follow them to a Diamond-Sign fountain and order a long tall Borden Special yourself.

It's *good all the way down.* And by that we mean it not only *tastes* good, but *does* you good, too. Tones up your system—restores jaded spirits—leaves you brimful of healthy vigor.

Swing in step with a Borden Special!

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THE IMPROVED
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All flavors Delicious

Look for this sign

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The ideal food-and-drink for you *—at your favorite fountain*

Beauty's Castile

a toilet soap that adds new virtues to the ancient goodness of Castile

WHAT woman who knows Castile has not longed for a Castile with the modern touch, a dainty, generously-lathering feminine toilet soap with all the matchless virtue of old Castile? And here it is; Doña Castile, the loveliest of all toilet soaps today.

COSTLIEST OF ALL SOAPS TO MAKE

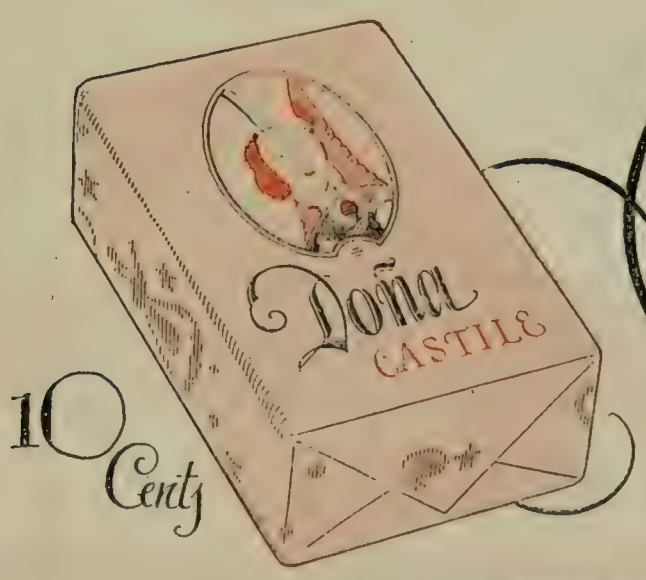
WE COULD REPRODUCE THE FINEST OF IMPORTED CASTILE SOAP FOR CONSIDERABLY LESS THAN IT COSTS TO MAKE DOÑA CASTILE. TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE DOÑA IS THE COSTLIEST TO MAKE OF ALL PURE, UNSCENTED TOILET SOAPS

You will find Doña Castile infinitely bland and soothing to your skin, be it ever so delicate. Infinitely more sympathetic than any toilet soap you have ever used! There is nothing in Doña that is the least irritating—no artificial scent even, nothing but vegetable oil. The fragrance you love in Doña comes only from its pure ingredients.

And there is nothing in the world like olive oil to softly cleanse a woman's skin! And this is the secret of Castile; it is the reason why Castile has always been—and has always been acknowledged—the most beneficial toilet soap in the world. For six centuries this has been true—in fact since Castile was first made, in the province of Castilla in northern Spain.

Is there a woman who doesn't know it? Witness the fact that no woman would think of using anything else for the tender skin of her baby! True, she may not have used it for herself. Not because she questioned the virtue of Castile; but there were objections to it for her! For one thing, the old-fashioned Castile did not give generous quick lather—as Doña does, even in cold water! (Doña rinses instantly, too!) And again, Castile came in such weird, unattractive shapes—whereas Doña is beautifully molded for her hand, and "hard-milled" too, to make it last longer, which the old Castile never was.

So today millions of women are using Doña as a beauty soap, which of course is exactly what it is; and as a toilet soap for the whole household. For nobody who has once used Doña willingly uses anything else! Buy Doña wherever you buy your toilet soap. It costs ten cents. Armour, U. S. A.



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Why the Whippet Principle of Engineering gives:

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2. QUICKER STOPPING
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Another definite proof of Willys-Overland's Engineering Leadership in the light car field

TODAY, with twenty million cars crowding our highways . . . . with every city congested with traffic . . . . with accident records showing an alarming increase, a new responsibility faces automobile drivers in America.

To meet these new traffic requirements the Whippet was created. An entirely new-type of car, designed for safety . . . . for lightning pick-up when you need it . . . . for instant stopping in pedestrian-crowded city streets.

Behind the wheel of a Whippet you feel safer. You dart in and around city traffic with a new feeling of security. On country roads you drive faster and cover greater distance, because powerful 4-wheel brakes always keep the car under perfect control.

Women, often timid about driving, handle this car with complete peace-of-mind. Parking is no longer an annoying difficulty. Gear shifting has been reduced to a minimum.

Because of its new principle of design the Whippet will do 55 miles an hour in comfort and safety. It will pick up from 5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 seconds. It will stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. It has more leg room than any car of this type ever created.

And in addition the Whippet offers you the outstanding economy of 30 miles on a gallon, which no other light car can equal.

It is available in six distinctive body styles. Four-wheel brakes and oversize tires standard equipment at no extra cost. In fairness to yourself see this remarkable new-type car.

$625 WHIPPET COACH
Touring $625; Roadster (4-pass.) $695; Coupe $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755. Prices f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

This remarkable photograph shows Whippet Braking Test. 4-wheel brakes enable this car to stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles per hour. The Whippet has 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any automobile of this type.

OVERLAND Whippet

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

specimens under odd circumstances," I suggested.

"I ran up against all kinds," he said with emphasis, "and I was all kinds myself, and under all sorts of circumstances. I was a private for three months, then I was a sergeant, a cadet, a shavetail, a first lieut., a captain, a refugee, and an ex-soldier-thank-God. I had a couple of young West Pointers under me once, and I spent one night in the bastile in Paris with a couple of drunken colonels.

"The West Pointers got me into a lot of trouble and the colonels got me out of some. A general stole my girl in Paris and a sergeant stole her from the general. I have been bawled out by some good men in my day, but I never ran up against any friends of these worthy gentlemen we did business with this morning."

"You must remember that there was a war on then," I reminded him, "and there were all kinds of men in the army. A majority of the officers came from civil life and there were a number of regular soldiers commissioned."

I had Christmas dinner with him at his father-in-law's house. His wife was very nice and I liked all his in-laws.

"Oh, I know that. I'm not barking at the regulars. I got over that long ago. I've got nothing against West Point. Quite the contrary. I nearly went there.

"But what I am talking about is this: In those days manners were not fashionable in the army. Politeness was looked upon as a sort of weakness.

"The first thing that was taught a recruit was that he was in the army, and that in the army a man was known by his toughness and his ability to use red-flannel language. The first thing they taught an officer was to greet a superior with a 'sir' and an inferior with a 'damn.'

"I REMEMBER I reported to Mineola shortly after war was declared, with a squad of fifteen men who had just graduated from a ground school, and we were on our way overseas. We were supposed to be commissioned right away, but that idea turned out to be one of the best jokes of the war. We had been shot full of various kinds of serums, so our arms were all swollen up and we were a pretty sick bunch.

"A hard-boiled captain received us, told us what we reminded him of, sniffed a few times like he was smelling something unpleasant, laughed at my wrist watch, and put us all to work scrubbing floors. Two men fainted during the afternoon, but we were kept at it.

"I went in and told the captain that we were going to sail shortly, and that our families were all in town and had come from distant points to see us off, and that we would like to have leave to go into town to see them.

"That made this bird laugh merrily and he gave me a lecture on the army that I'll never forget.

"I didn't believe it at the time, but there was nothing to do about it. On the way back I ran into an officer that I had known at college and I put the matter up to him. He hadn't been in the army so long as I had, but he said he'd look into the matter for me and find out what could be done about it. He found that we weren't even supposed to be under that particular captain, and that we weren't supposed to be on duty for four days yet.

"That was a typical example of how the complex worked. Oh, no, it wasn't universal, but it was sort of a tendency.

"Did you ever see a picture of a line of men kicking each other? Well, that was the idea, and I was at the end of the line for a long time—the wrong end! I used to console myself that I would some day get promoted and then I could do some kicking myself.

"If the men had an opportunity to make themselves comfortable for a few days, there were always forty-seven ways to keep them from doing it. The government was always willing to pay my expenses in a muddy, drafty camp to keep me from paying my own next door to a bathroom.

"The army in those days had an ascetic ideal. All commanding officers and their understudies and adjutants were Sadists of high standing. I think the General Staff must have decided that the way to make men fight was to get them mad. The ideal officer was the Prussian drill sergeant, and the military hero was the bird that obeyed orders and went out with six hundred and came back with a corporal's guard.

"I recall that part of my training as an aviator consisted of five hours' infantry drill every day in the heat and dust of a boiling July sun and then special calisthenics at reveille and taps. One poor little kid couldn't stand it and fainted twice in one week. The commander wanted to kick him out of the army as a weakling. He later became one of our foremost aces—the kid, not the commander!"

"From what I saw today," I commented, "I think you must be prejudiced in your opinion by a few isolated experiences.

"When you are handling millions of men you can't make exceptions for individuals. Rules must be ironclad. And officers must be trained to carry them out. You've got to admit that the Germans were good fighters—and they had very severe discipline and were taught to follow their leaders blindly."

"Yes," he agreed, "I guess they were pretty good. But so were the British good fighters. They followed their officers. That is, all except the Australians, and they wouldn't follow the devil himself, even if they were going his way. But don't confuse discipline with meanness.

"YOU can make men obey you without making them miserable over it. The British did, I know. Oh, I know you will say that I'm an Anglophile and that I bow down before the British and all that old balloon soup. Well, I do, all right. But you don't have to be hard-boiled to get men to obey you. You don't have to swear at them all day to get their confidence. And all the courts-martial in the Attorney General's files can't make a coward face a machine gun.

"Yet I remember one little kid who gave his life guarding my tail with five Huns on him, simply because I had taken care of him when he was just learning the game. Two days before that he had refused to go out on a long bomb raid, and all the brass hats in Christendom and Islam couldn't get him in his plane."

"Perhaps it's the different temperament," I suggested; "maybe the Tommies thrived best under persuasion and the doughboys required our sterner methods."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

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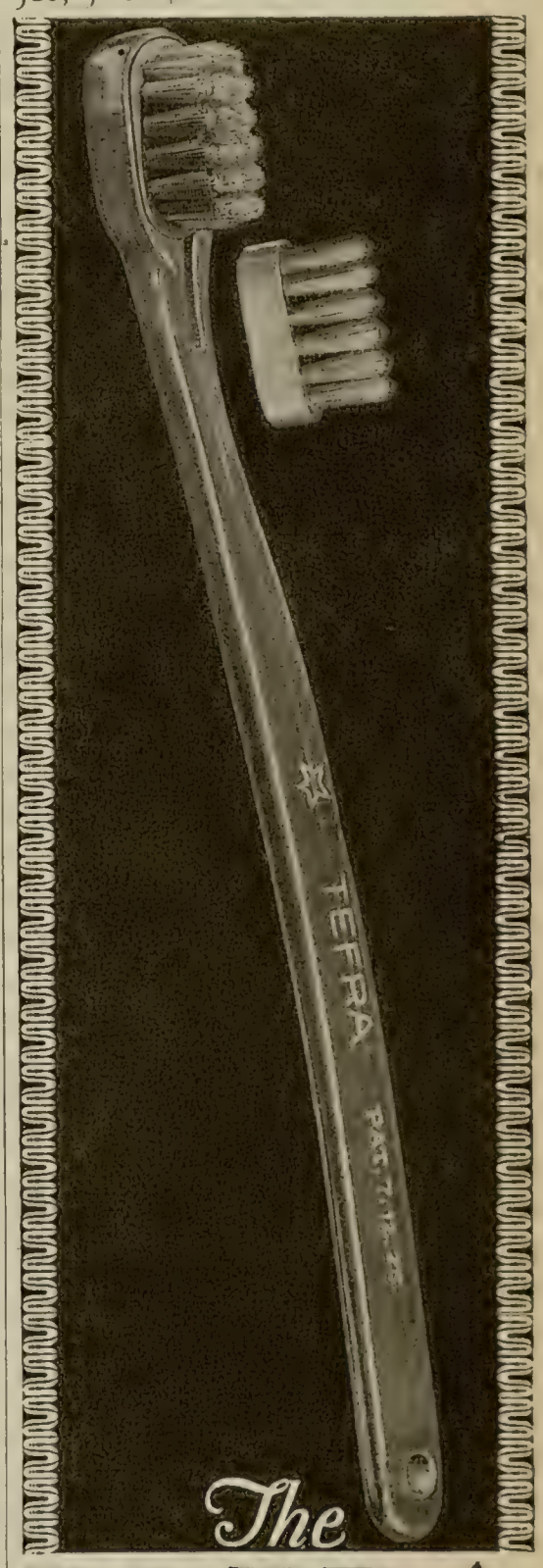
The Tefra is *smaller*, as a tooth brush should be to clean deftly and well not only the larger tooth surfaces but the difficult recesses and corners. It's *refillable*, to give you clean, fresh, sanitary brushes as often as you want, at much less than usual tooth brush cost. Dentists everywhere are recommending the small brush. Ask your dentist—he will tell you how highly he approves this modern, efficient, hygienic tooth brush. Tefra, handle and two refills, only $1. Refills of the finest bristles obtainable, 2 for 50c, 5 for $1.



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The TEFRA Co., Dayton, Ohio, Dept. 11-C
Gentlemen: I am enclosing $1 for Tefra Tooth Brush and extra refill.

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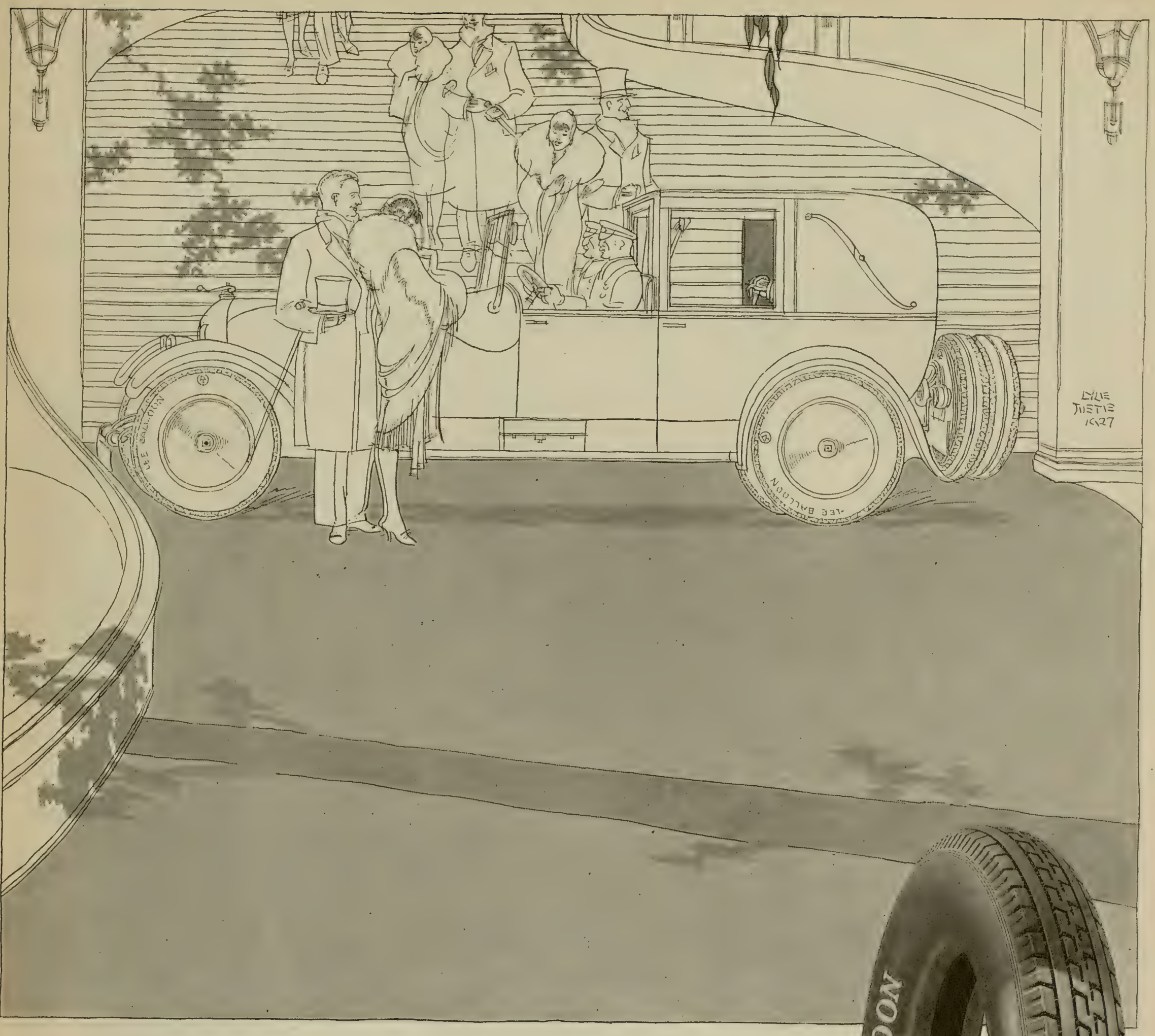

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You want the same excellence, the same high order of craftsmanship in your tires as in the rest of your car. You want assurance of long-lasting, uninterrupted comfort and safety—plus economy.

You can be certain of excellence only when craftsmanship permits no compromise with perfection.

LEE of Conshohocken stands for everything fine and true in tires, the same today as twenty-five years ago. Craftsmanship that is traditional. Value without parallel.

"Tires by LEE of Conshohocken" is a phrase as full of meaning as the tires are full of wear. Cost no more to buy and far less to run than tires of conventional make.

You can always depend upon Lee Tires and Lee service dealers to make your tire money go the farthest.

Pneumatic tires for passenger cars, trucks and buses. Staghound solid tires for commercial use. And the celebrated Lee Puncture Proof Tires, both high pressure and balloon.

LEE *of Conshohocken*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

"Rats!" was his reply. "You don't get my idea. What I mean is that leadership doesn't have to be of the type that, as I have explained to you, was so admired in Texas during the heat of battle in France. What I am saying is that we saw an intelligent performance from an efficient army this morning that was impossible in 1917. The two-fisted he-warriors may have been all right at Fort Sill, but when it came to taking those same tongue-blistered and jail-weary doughboys across a drained canal in broad daylight, what made them go wasn't what they had learned since they put on olive drab. Now, I know of another type that illustrates the point. I'll tell you the whole story:

LONG years ago, when I was just emerging from short trousers and beginning to take an interest in the razor advertisements, I was a classical student and, to please my grandfather, I was ambitious to become a cultured classical scholar.

I was then attending a military school in the Middle West, where the classics were not esteemed highly, and my route was beset with hard stones and sharp thorns. I had some company in the study of Latin, but in Greek I was all solo. My regular Greek instructor was taken ill and had to resign, and for a few days it looked as if my career as a Greek scholar would end before it began, as there was no one else to teach me.

Then I received a surprise. The superintendent's confidential secretary volunteered to undertake the task. He was a shy young man in his middle twenties and none of us knew much about him. He was a captain by compliment in the military establishment, but no one took him seriously as he seldom wore a uniform and was much too polite to be a military man.

Politeness was a weakness with him, and he certainly wasted an enormous quantity of it around that school, where everybody else was trying to be military. His extreme politeness and a certain shyness of speech earned for him the nickname Te-He, and by that name he was always known to us. I think I even used to call him Captain Te-He, when deep in contemplation of the elusive aorist.

I was so small that my legs dangled several inches above the floor as I sat at the big desk, but he always used to treat me with the greatest formality and fullest military courtesy, as if the little gray uniform that I wore made a great soldier of me. I think he was much more afraid of me than I was of him. He never scolded me and was always liberal in his praise. But, above all, he was a conscientious teacher.

He was a Princeton man and very anxious that I should be able to pass my examinations so that I could go there, too. He would tell me of the glories of Old Nassau as we would dig into the mysteries of the middle voice, and the Princeton Tiger would roar amid the fastnesses of the Assyrian desert. Together we followed Xenophon across Asia Minor and deployed our hoplites to defend our camp.

He had been a Rhodes scholar and told me many stories of Oxford. He had studied there under Professor Gilbert Murray, who was the author of several translations that I had used on the sly, and I began to feel that Greek was not such a dead language, after all. He told me of punting on the Thames as we reached our ten parasangs every day, and I heard of the genius of Sir Christopher Wren as we fled before the Persian hosts.

But a military school is a military school and is not adapted to the requirements of a classical scholar. I could always beg off with Te-He when I didn't have enough time to thumb my lexicon; but if my gun was dirty, or my shoes not shined, or the floor not scoured, there was no excuse to be given, and the punishment was always more drill, which got your gun dirty again and got mud on your shoes which would be tracked on the newly scoured floor.

THE lights had to be out at nine-thirty, so I was really unable to put my best foot forward with Te-He. But I did try hard, because when I came marching into class with no lesson prepared, the hour was wasted and poor Te-He's whole day was ruined. I finally solved the difficulty of finding time to work for Te-He by a very simple expedient.

I obtained permission to stay away from lunch every day, and the extra time thus gained I devoted to irregular verbs and to listening to blind Homer sing of the heroes before Troy when rosy-fingered Dawn, the Eos of the cross-word puzzles, rolled back the shades of night.

But let me tell you that no other teacher could ever have made me do it. And no amount of punishment could have made a growing boy do without his lunch for a year.

In due time I took and passed my Princeton examinations and,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

Cheaper, Madam

than Soiling and Ruining Towels

to remove cold cream from the face

NOW REDUCED IN PRICE ALMOST HALF!

Due to women's tremendous acceptance of Kleenex, it is now made in volume production, at a greatly reduced price to you. This lowered price with *30% more 'Kerchiefs in each box* makes the present price of Kleenex scarcely more than half what you paid before.

230 LARGE HANDKERCHIEF SHEETS (*Big size—90 sq. in. each*) FIFTY CENTS

Please accept 7-day supply of this new and exquisitely different way to try

SCARCELY a beauty expert today but urges this remarkable new way of removing cleansing cream.

Women by the millions are flocking to its use.

Virtually every stage and screen star of note employs it.

On the market little more than one year, it is said to be probably the most sensationally adopted beauty accessory ever known.

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Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.

Expense of ruining, laundering towels.

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Lightens the skin several shades.

It makes a unique and marked difference in the color and fineness of your skin—in the elimination of oily skins, blemishes and imperfections. AND—it costs less to use than any other way known to remove cold cream.

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It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin.* That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it all from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

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End these mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.

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Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

armed with letters from Te-He to the whole classical department, I passed on to Plato, Herodotus, and Euripides, always assisted, I must admit, by the charming versifications of Professor Murray.

I remember that once, after a twenty-four-hour boning session, I turned in an examination paper of translations in blank verse of Hecuba and Clytemnestra.

I was still fighting the Trojan Wars when another great struggle dawned upon my consciousness. Then a classical scholar perished and a bum soldier arose phœnix-like from his ashes.

AFTER I bade Te-He farewell, with a big shako on my head and carrying a gun taller than I was, I heard nothing more from him. Four years later I entered Oxford, as he had hoped, but not as a classical scholar. I was sent to Oxford as a student at the Royal Flying Corps School of Military Aeronautics. Instead of studying under the gentle Professor Murray, as I had hoped, I found my studies directed by an authoritative colonel whose only knowledge of Greek was derived from studying the maps of the Saloniki front.

But Professor Murray was still living in Oxford. I secured an introduction to him and spent several delightful evenings in his study, where I forgot for the moment that the rest of the world was mad.

I finished my course at Oxford and went about my flying. I was with a squadron in the Midlands when I received a letter from Te-He. He was in London and asked me to get in touch with him. I communicated with him and he wrote and asked me if I could come to London and dine with him Christmas Eve. He said he had learned through Professor Murray that I was in England, and he was anxious to see me again.

I couldn't imagine what he was doing in England. I thought that perhaps he had come over with the Y. M. C. A., or on some diplomatic mission. I couldn't picture him as a soldier.

I got a leave of absence and went down to London for the holidays. Then I got a series of surprises.

The first was that Te-He was married. He had married the daughter of a prominent Englishman, Sir ——.

The second was that he had been an officer for more than a year in a crack British Guards regiment and was now back on sick leave after being gassed at Cambrai.

It was a surprise to find that he was a real soldier, but it was a tremendous jolt to learn that he was in the Guards. For the Guards were just about the last word in exclusive military circles.

" She practically wrote me that she could never love any man who was not willing to fight for the honor of civilization."

They were the real raspasass, red-hot fighting men.

Normally the officers come from the nobility or their in-laws, and when not fighting they help the King around the house and lift the cornerstones while the Prince of Wales puts mortar under them. The royal family hold commissions in the Guards without losing caste, and it is generally considered the most honorable position in England for a gentleman of rank.

They were organized by, for, or against Bonnie Prince Charlie, or his father—I've forgotten the straight of it—but it's ancient

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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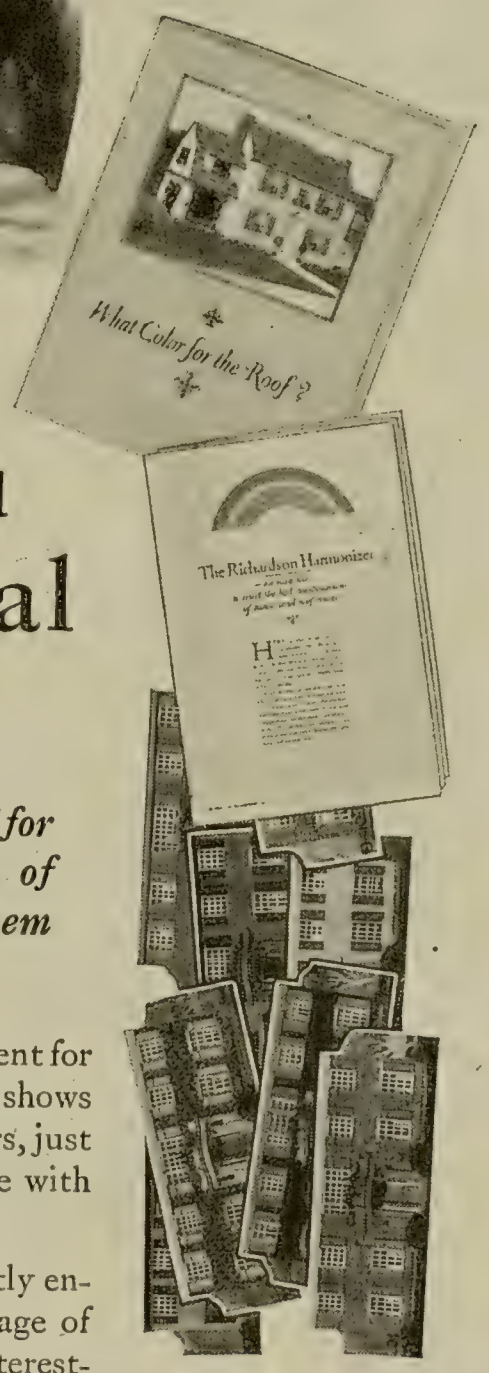

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[TE-HE Continued from Page Fifty-three]

and honorable, all right. Each regiment has its own uniform, traditions, and button spacing. And their discipline is as vital as an accent in Charleston.

Up in the trenches, knee-deep in mud, whenever there was a lull in the fighting, the Guards would get out a rag and some polish and start shining their buttons. They used to give me a scare every time I'd get a salute. They'd throw their arms out so hard that I was afraid one of them would come off and knock me down. They were real soldiers and first-class scrappers.

No one ever heard much about their names in the papers. The custom of holding a commission in the Guards is the reason why so many of the first families die without issue, and have to come over here looking for heirs.

Yes, their discipline was good. They had more discipline at the front than West Point has on parade. That's why I couldn't match up Te-He in baggy trousers and a big flat sword, flatfooting it around the front yard of Buckingham Palace.

I HAD Christmas dinner with him at his father-in-law's house. His wife was very nice and I liked all his in-laws. His father-in-law was not only a classical scholar, but an Orientalist of note. He'd written a couple of books of Arabic poetry and knew Sanskrit from hieroglyphics.

I was 'way beyond my depth that night, but they were all polite and spoke English for my benefit.

I had a very pleasant evening, but didn't get a chance to talk to Te-He privately. I wanted to ask him why he had come over to fight in the British army, and how he had got in the Guards, and why he had married, and how he got along at the front, but my curiosity had to remain unsatisfied. He explained that his mustache was grown and trimmed in accordance with an ancient custom of his regiment, and disclaimed any originality of design for it.

We arranged to lunch together the next day at my hotel, but his wife was ill and he was unable to come. I had to return to my squadron, and before I could get to London again, he had gone back to the front. I didn't even get a chance to ask him how he had been gassed.

In due course of time I went on up to Scotland to learn to fly upside down without dislocating my eyeballs, and after I became proficient and proved it by the simple expedient of crashing my third plane, I went on out to the front with the Royal Flying Corps to complete my training before joining an American squadron.

A couple of months later I happened to be up near the front lines in a side car, trying to get the crosses off a Hun plane that I had shot down that morning, and I saw some Tommies of Te-He's regiment.

On a chance that he might be near by, I stopped and asked for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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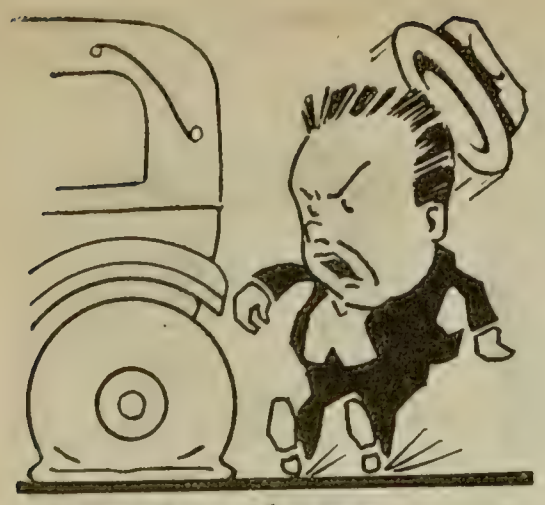

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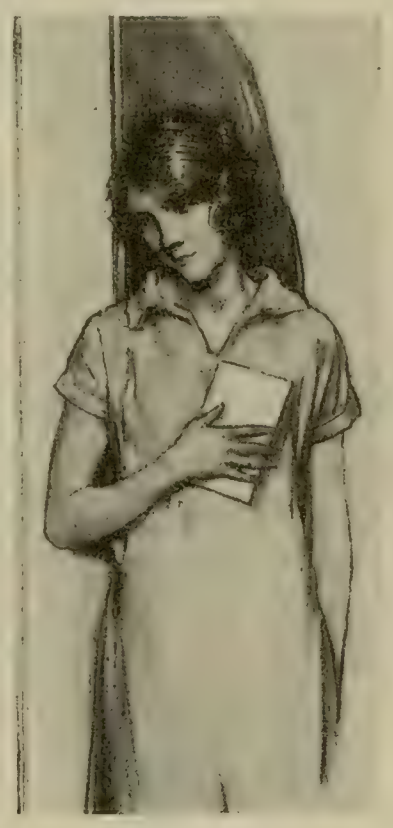
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

him. I was told that he was about half a mile farther over and there I found him.

He was sitting at a camp table, writing a letter for a Tommy who was dictating laboriously. The Tommy gave a good imitation of a ramrod when I appeared, and finished his tender epistle to his wife in great haste.

I only had a chance to talk to Te-He for a few minutes, as it was getting late and I had a long trip before me. I remember I asked him if he was going to transfer to the U. S. army.

He said no, he didn't think he would. He said he couldn't leave his men, as they were so dependent on him. He seemed to feel that they would never wash behind their ears unless he was there to take care of them. I told him he could probably get a majority if he did transfer.



He said he was very well situated where he was and that he didn't think he was particularly suited to be a major in the U. S. army. To tell the truth, I didn't think he was, either.

Then I asked him how he happened to be in the British army. I told him that it was hard for me to picture him as a bloodthirsty adventurer.

"Oh, I'm not," said he. "I've studied the history of all wars since Cain struck Abel, and, viewed from a purely academic standpoint, I really wasn't justified in coming over when I did. My sympathies were with the Allies, of course, from the very first. I was especially friendly toward the British on account of my years at Oxford, and I quite disliked the Germans and their ruthless program. But that feeling was hardly strong enough to make me renounce the comfort and security of home for this mud and turmoil."

He indicated a sea of mud, pock-marked with shell craters, with a sweep of his hand.

"It wasn't that wave of righteousness that brought me over," he went on; "it was my wife.

"I MET her at Oxford, but I had nothing to offer her at that time and went on back to the States to try to prepare a place that I could ask her to share with me. I was making good progress, when the war came on.

"To me it was academic, and, though I deplored the situation, I was not stirred to action. Then her letters gradually grew more intense, until they took on the characteristics of the fiery passion of a recruiting speech. She practically wrote me that she could never love any man who was not willing to fight for the honor of civilization, which she saw crumbling under the Teutonic onslaught. And she felt that if a man gave himself to that purpose, such a sacrifice was the greatest gift that could be laid at his lady's feet.

"Sort of a medieval idea of chivalry, eh? Knights going out to battle in honor of their ladies fair! So I came over and joined up, and she married me as soon as I did."

"That's funny," I said. "Were you at home when I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier was the popular song?"

"No," he said, "but the sentiment of it was as far wrong as Over There. It is true that our nation's song-writers exert more influence than our lawmakers. I sometimes think that it is regrettable. The women are overcome by the glamour of war before the men are. I sometimes think that the women make organized warfare possible.

"In ancient times the causes of wars were often attributed to women. I believe that recruiting would be impossible but for the attitude of our women. They lure some men into the army, cheer others into it, shame some, and force others. War is the only thing that can effectually combat the maternal instinct.

"But perhaps I speak too strongly. I'm somewhat out of touch with the world, and a man's own thoughts require constant checking up."

THAT was the last I saw of him. I got plugged by a two-seater a little later and was sent down to Boulogne for a few days. While I was in hospital there, I saw a captain from Te-He's regiment who was suffering from a bullet wound in the leg. I talked to him and asked him what news he could give me. He told me sadly that Te-He had been killed. He asked me where I had known him. I told him, and he expressed surprise to hear that he was an American.

"Fancy that," he drawled, regarding me quizzically through his monocle. "Blessed if I knew he was one of your chaps. He never used to boast about it, don't you know. Quite modest about it! Fine chap, he was. Always the Brigadier's little white-haired boy, if you know what I mean. Fine soldier, best subaltern in the battalion, the best in the brigade—no end of cheek at a sticky show."

That's the way with the Guards—they never ask each other a personal question or talk about their private lives.

"I'm glad to know it," I told him, "though I am a bit surprised. I believe he told me he was gassed last fall. How did it happen?"

"Don't know myself," he replied; "but I think I heard some story about it. Always hearing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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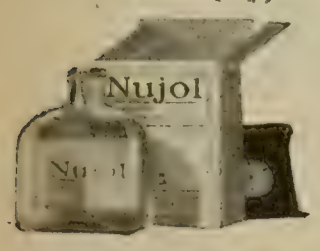

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TE-HE
[Continued from Page Fifty-five]

stories these days. Never believe anything I don't see. But I did hear that one of his men was wounded in a gas attack and his mask was bashed about. Poor fellow would have been done in, but your friend gave him his mask and then exposed himself to a cross fire and got one off a dead man out front. It's a good story anyway. But I was in the same blarsted show that bumped him off and I can testify to that.

"We were falling back after Jerry broke through below Amiens, and we were all jolly well nigh done in. It looked as if we were all jolly well going to be surrounded, as everything was on the run,

and he was told off to hold a flank position while the others withdrew. But Jerry was right on top of us and everything broke. We had to give way, but we counter-attacked that night and got back.

"We found him full of holes beside a machine gun, and there was a circle of dead Jerries in front of him. But the 'strawdinary thing was that his whole platoon was right there with him—all dead! Not a man had cleared out! Jolly good go, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "it certainly was. But somehow I never pictured him as a pukka soldier. I can't imagine him telling anyone off properly."

"He never had to."

"But how did he maintain such discipline as that?" I asked.

The captain yawned politely and called for an orderly to bring us brandy and soda.

"Oh, no," he said, "I don't think he ever did much in the way of ticking off. We leave that sort of thing to the sergeants, anyway. It's not so really effective, you know. I can't seem to recall that Christ ever lined up His platoon of disciples and blistered their jolly hides with sulphurous remarks. And I believe they carried on fairly well and even gained promotion after their Commander went west."

And ever since that conversation I've wondered to myself whether Te-He wouldn't have done just as well at breaking the Hindenburg line and fertilizing poppies in the Argonne as some of our loud-mouthed, hard-boiled, flap-eared he-men that could walk out in front of a company and make it tremble at their words. I wonder if maybe that bunch in Washington hasn't heard of Te-He.

* * *

"Well"—Haskell stood up and tossed away his cigar—"here's Baltimore—let's get out and get a bit of air and stretch."

THE END

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DANGER! Children PREFERRED

A Famous Psychologist Interprets the Statistics on Youngsters Killed by Automobiles

An Article by
ARNOLD GESELL, M. D.
Director of the Yale University Psychoclinic

Picture by JOSEPH MATURO

THE unattended runabout child may dart from sidewalk, from curb, from behind a parked automobile.

THE death-dealing automobile of today has singled out the young child as its most shining mark. Death and accident statistics are the dial on which we read the hazards of civilization. The dial points to the child of from four to eight years of age as the most frequent victim of the traffic of the highway. There is danger all along the line; but it is the young child—the care-free child of preschool age and the school beginner—who is most readily maimed or killed by the automobile.

Draw a curve of the fatal automobile accidents of the city, the State, or the nation; draw a graph to show the distribution of the accidents for all ages from infancy through the seventies: the period of early childhood stands out like an overtowering mountain peak.

It does not lessen the tragedy to know that there is a concentration of fatalities and injuries around these tender years; but it helps us better to understand our problem and to reckon with a solution.

Connecticut keeps careful count of her automobile accidents. In 1925 these accidents resulted in injuries to 2,465 children, 108 of which were fatal. In round numbers, there were 100 death victims under sixteen years of age. Fifty or one-half of these deaths were of children who were either four, five, six, or seven years of age. In other words, the four years from four to eight yielded as many deaths as all of the remaining years of childhood put together.

Isn't it time for the nation to concentrate a new kind of prevention work on these critical years?

The figures of the statistical bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company are strikingly similar. The total number of automobile accident deaths among the policyholders of the industrial department of this company was 2,748, for all age periods, for the year 1925. Almost two-fifths of the total —1,507—occurred in children under fifteen years of age. And again, almost one-half—that is, 488—of these children were either four, five, six, or seven years of age.

These are indeed vital statistics. Although they indicate traffic danger all along the line from infancy to old age, they show that the most dangerous accident sector in the whole life cycle is that of early childhood—the years of the nursery, the kindergarten, and the primary school.

Should we not devise special safeguards for this dangerous sector? Our safety campaigns have perhaps been too general. We must plan special procedures suited to the peculiar liabilities of early childhood. And, to plan, we must analyze the factors behind the death figures.

What are the causal factors? The physical factors are plain: The streets are narrow,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Never need your hands say "Dishpan"

"I see you know the secret, too"

"WHY try to keep our hands white and soft," women said, "and then for an hour and a half each day expose them to irritating soaps in the dishpan?"

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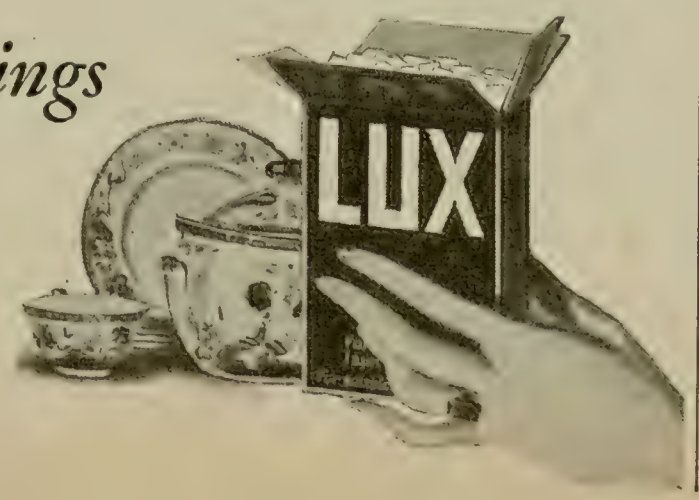


[DANGER! CHILDREN PREFERRED Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Sidewalks are still narrower. Play space is limited. Brakes are not instantaneous. The automobile is physically more powerful than the child's body. From this point of view the situation is extremely one-sided, and it is, of course, in favor of the heaviest battalion.

Physically, the dice are loaded against the child. We may even say that, in a purely physical sense, our life-saving problem cannot now be solved. The engines, as engines, win.

But there are mental factors too. And these are the factors that really count in the game of life and death. The game need not be played with loaded dice. We can study the mental factors and bring them under some control. We can at least flatten down the mountain peak in the death curve.

Where should we look for these controlling mental factors? In the driver, in the child, and in the parent.

THE life-saving mental factor here is caution, and still more caution. The younger the unattended child, the greater the hazard. This is a simple rule, but it is just the rule that gets its work into the mortality tables. It should mean, to the driver, that the younger child needs a wider berth and a greater precautionary reduction of speed. It means that the casualty risk is high even during school hours, because it is then that the pre-school child may wander or rush into the traffic path.

The unattended runabout child may dart from sidewalk, from curb, from behind a parked automobile. He is often lurking in hidden corners. General caution is, of course, a general duty. Selective caution is a life-saving virtue. Give the young child a preferential wariness. His behavior is less predictable, less stabilized. The driver owes him double caution.

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

The very nature of early childhood seems to disqualify it for the dangers of street traffic. And yet it would be wrong to suppose that even the young child has not, within him, a mental factor that may be used to reduce the toll of accident.

He has remarkable powers of learning and of adaptation. To begin with, nature gave him a general tendency to fear and to avoid that which is harmful. It is this general tendency that we must train into countless habits of caution, of restraint, and of inhibition.

If this training is properly done, he will not be overtimid or cowardly. He will simply learn, as a matter of worldly wisdom, certain ways of behavior that will keep him out of harm's way.

But he must learn through definite habit-training, through association, and through force of social approval and social disap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ankle to Knee

keep skin hair-free and satin smooth this easy way

Just coat unsightly hair with this amazing, ready-to-use cream, Neet, then *rinse* the hair away. Neet acts as a solvent. Dissolves hair at the roots. Works like magic on any offending hair on arms, underarms or legs. It's the scientific way that has made hair removal a common practice here and abroad. Amazingly thorough. Yet it leaves the skin clear, soft and velvety smooth—entirely unlike shaving. And hair does not return thicker and coarser than before, as it does when cut with a razor. Obtain Neet at any drug or department store. Learn how it brings greatest beauty and comfort. Hannibal Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Neet

Ask your NEET dealer for IMMAC also. It's the white cream deodorant that rids underarm perspiration of odor—insuring personal fragrance.

You can keep unruly hair in place!

Hair out of place?

NEVER!

—if you use the dressing more people rely on than any other

Give your hair a new deal!

No more plastering it down with water! And no more *experimenting* with your hair.

From Coast to Coast, today, the hair dressing which more people prefer than any other is—*Stacomb*.

With Stacomb your hair becomes instantly tractable. All day long it stays in place—*right*.

Yet never looks gummy nor sticky. Stacomb is beneficial—it helps to prevent dandruff.

Stacomb comes in cream form—in jars and tubes—and in the new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. Z-34, 113 W. 18th Street, New York

Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

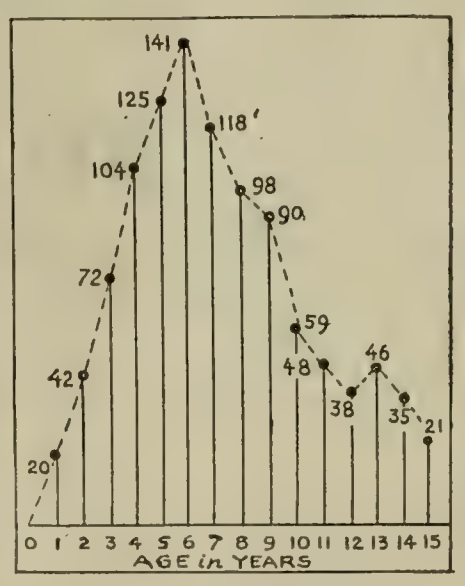
Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

proval. He can acquire nothing through mere instinct.

Thus, even by his first birthday, he learns to stop certain acts of violence and destruction, because of the constant interference of his mother's suggestion. In a measure he learns the meaning of "No, no!" When he gets on his feet and walks about, he has many a fall; but every day he learns to take better care of himself.

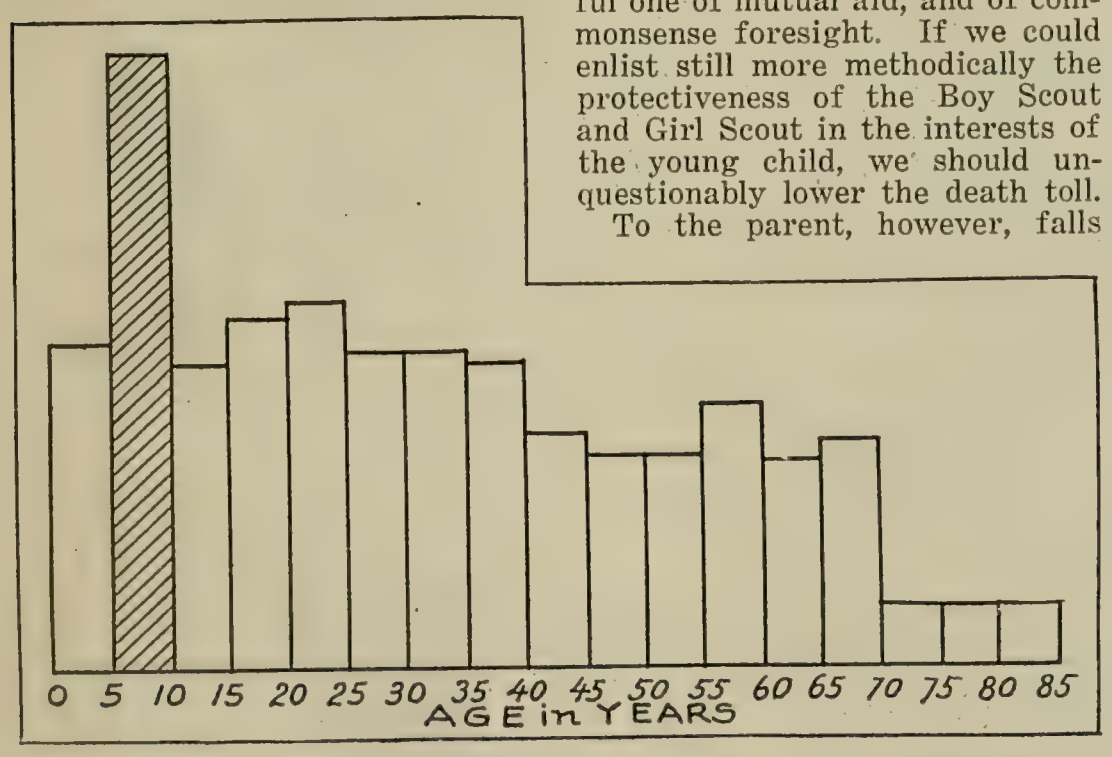


A diagram showing the distribution of 1,057 automobile death victims under fifteen years during 1925, according to their ages, as prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

IN fact, during all of his pre-school years he is constantly under the necessity of acquiring caution in the countless shifting situations of life. He learns all sorts of cautions within the home and within his own yard, so that he becomes increasingly independent and self-reliant.

He learns the cautions of the home because of the constant training that he receives there. If we could give him the same kind and degree of training in caution on the street and on the sidewalk, he would be just that much safer from accident. We must protect him in other ways, and not give him too much freedom. But such protection should not take the place of consistent training in caution.

This training in caution should begin with his first experiences on the street, even when he is a two-year-old tightly holding his mother's hand as she ventures across the street. He should be taught to look in either direction, and catch the spirit of caution that his own mother embodies. If, on every possible occasion, he gets this positive kind of habit-training between the ages of two and four years, if he incorporates this highway caution into his muscles and into his feelings, then he will be better organized against the hazards of the street.



A diagram showing the vastly greater number of children killed in automobile accidents in Connecticut in 1925, as compared to adults.

Through such consistent habit-training and concrete lessons, we can build up the factor of safety in even the young child. Safety is not a matter of age, as such. It is a matter of training and of attitude. Two years of unremitting training in caution between the ages of two and four are indispensable to any plan of safety education. We must not wait until the child goes to school to teach him the alphabet of safety on the street.

If the child comes to disaster, the anguished driver will be the first to say: "Oh, why did they let him go so free?"

Whether, and when, any child is ready for the full freedom of the streets, the parents alone can decide. No one can decide for them. Some streets are more dangerous than others; some children are, by temperament and intelligence, more trustworthy than others of the same age.

If the journey to and from school has its hazards, the parent should scheme to secure the regular protection of a responsible companion for her child. An older brother or sister, a pupil from the upper grades, will be a safeguard. Kindergarteners and primary teachers can give much practical help in systematizing such convoy arrangements.

HERE we have another important mental factor—the powerful one of mutual aid, and of commonsense foresight. If we could enlist still more methodically the protectiveness of the Boy Scout and Girl Scout in the interests of the young child, we should unquestionably lower the death toll.

To the parent, however, falls the main task both of training and of protection. In the primitive life of the American Indian it was, of course, the mother and father who instilled caution and bravery in the growing child, who taught him how to avoid and how to meet peril. The complexity of civilized life has tended to blur the primitive intimacy that used

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bring out *all* your Beauty

By Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Famous Beauty Specialist

TO realize the complete beauty of your skin . . . use the beauty-magic of this powder and rouge. You will find a new joy in your complexion.

So perfectly do the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty — instantly.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch—delicately perfumed — it spreads evenly, with an enchanting smoothness, and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks exactly like your own coloring. It remains on unusually long. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable — and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters, 60c. (In Canada, slightly higher.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder
and Bloom

Get New Panel and Samples

1927 Pompeian Art Panel, "The Bride," sent for only 10c. Painted by Rolf Armstrong. Store value easily 75c.

Also samples of Bloom and Powder with Mme. Jeannette's booklet of beauty hints.

TEAR OFF NOW!
You may forget

Mme. Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
3200 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for the new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel and samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name_____
Street Address_____
City_____ State_____
Powder shade_____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

[DANGER! CHILDREN PREFERRED
Continued from Page Fifty-nine
]

to bind parent and child together in self-protection. We have come to depend entirely too much on placards, slogans, and schools to teach the lessons of life. The more basic lessons can be taught only through the home.

If we wish to teach a basic kind of caution to the young child, we must live with him on more intimate terms and impart more directly the instruction and guidance in self-dependence.

If we were living in the forest like the Indian, it would all be done quite naturally. It would be done in such a way as to strengthen the child's confidence as well as safety. And it can be done even in the motor-infested city, if we make the right mental approach.

THE hope of reducing the constant sacrifice of young children lies, then, in the realm of reason and the spirit. The problem is fundamentally psychological; the solution must be in the deliberate control of the mental factors.

If we control these factors by more unselfish ways of living, the annual child sacrifice shall not have been altogether in vain. So sensitive is the balance of social life that we cannot leave neglected a single mental or moral factor in our effort to save individual lives. The cordon of safety is made up of uniting links. The motor-vehicle death rate will not decline until jointly in driver, parent, and child we raise the attitude of caution to the level where it means genuine respect for life.

The four young years from four to eight yield about as many automobile deaths as all the remaining years of childhood combined. It would be a sad commentary on the trend of our civilization if the young child should continue to be the preferred victim of the machine that symbolizes our age.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Euclid Outdone

My son was doing his home work.

"Mother," he said, "I added up those numbers ten times."

"Fine," I said.

"And here are the ten answers," he continued.—D. N. B., Albany, N. Y.

* * *

This Standardized Age!

Sonny came home from school one day, wiggling and twisting a front tooth that was loose. Mother, noticing him, asked, "Sonny, what are you doing? Do you want that tooth to come out?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Do you s'pose I want to be the only kid in kindergarten with all my teeth?"—F. W., Minneapolis, Minn.

NOW I Can Again be Proud of my Hair

MY HAIR is so full of lustre, color and vitality since I resorted to a certain artifice. And it is such a simple little secret. I just brushed BROWNATONE through my gray hair at home and its youthful color was restored in five minutes. I still give it the usual treatments, but the tint is unaffected. And even in the strongest lights my secret is safe:

BROWNATONE is a Harmless, Permanent, Instant Tint.

Brownatone is guaranteed harmless to hair, scalp and skin. No muss—no mixing. Without the slightest experience, any woman can quickly tint her hair just as perfectly as a hair dresser, who would charge $10.00 or more for the same treatment. The development of color is immediate. Don't tolerate gray hair another day. You will never know how really lovely your hair can be until you try Brownatone. At drug and toilet counters, 50c and $1.50. Any shade from two colors (blonde to medium brown; dark brown to black). If you prefer a test first send 10c for trial bottle. The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. K-11, Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky. Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

or Send 10c to pay cost of packing and postage for FREE Trial Bottle

BROWNATONE

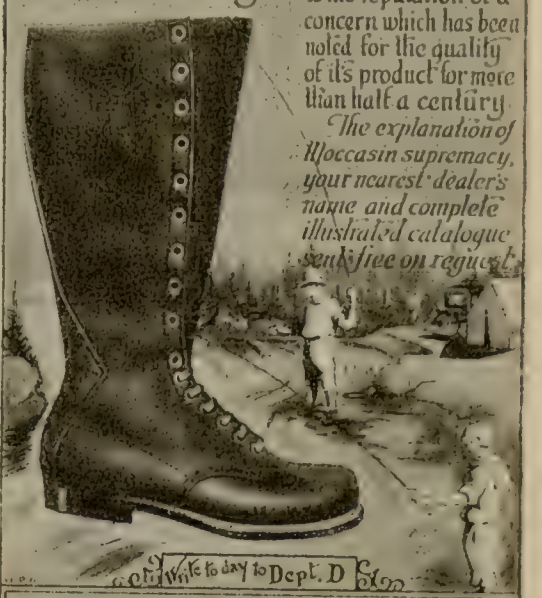
BASS MOCCASINS
HAND-SEWED
Best for All Outdoor Purposes

Fishing or hunting, hiking or camping, you'll find Moccasins the lightest, most flexible and most comfortable foot-wear you've ever worn.

Wear Bass True Moccasins and let your feet enjoy the trip. There's a Bass Moccasin for every member of the family

Behind every BASS MOCCASIN is the reputation of a concern which has been noted for the quality of its product for more than half a century.

The explanation of Moccasin supremacy, your nearest dealer's name and complete illustrated catalogue sent free on request.



Write to-day to Dept. D

G. H. BASS & CO.
WILTON, MAINE.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

EVERY week LIBERTY asks twenty questions. You send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer published, we will pay $5. Address Questions Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How many of these can you answer?

1—What foreign capital is named for an American President?—*R. P. Minnick, Saco, Mont.*

2—Who said, "We must all hang together or else we shall all hang separately"?—*Ida Aleen Cooke, New York City.*

3—What was the name of Robert Fulton's first steamship?—*Mrs. R. B. Gilleland, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

4—What is the record drive in golf?—*Mabel Wiester, Norwood, Ohio.*

5—What is the difference between the statute mile and the nautical mile?—*Zula S. Blanks, San Antonio, Tex.*

6—Where is the Unknown Soldier of the United States buried? Of England? Of France? Of Italy?—*William Pinkey, San Pedro, Calif.*

7—What is the largest gland in the body?—*Emily G. Doherty, Augusta, Me.*

8—Who painted the Mona Lisa?—*Margaret O. Fritzsche, Cleveland, O.*

9—Who was the first President to draw the present salary of $75,000 a year?—*Mrs. A. C. McKinley, Peoria, Ill.*

10—What are known as the Twin Cities?—*Mrs. R. Kines, Pineville, Ky.*

11—What important city in Europe is built mostly on piles?—*Mrs. Robert W. Snook, Johnstown, Pa.*

12—Who was the only President of the United States besides Washington to be elected without opposition?—*Mrs. A. B. Stovall, Mobile, Ala.*

13—What Civil War officer was known as the "praying general"?—*Evelyne Seary Brown, Findlay, Ohio.*

14—Who was the first woman to swim the Catalina Channel?—*Mrs. W. M. Good, Princeton, W. Va.*

15—Who is the first American Minister to Canada?—*M. L. Townsend, New Berlin, Pa.*

16—Who was known as the "silver-tongued orator of the Platte"?—*Howard Taylor, Spencer, W. Va.*

17—For what is the island of St. Helena noted?—*John Mason, Atoka, Okla.*

18—What cats are minus tails?—*Vivian J. Lake, Des Moines, Ia.*

19—Who wrote "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"?—*Irvey C. Ownbey, Dallas, Tex.*

20—What is the weight of a carat?—*Arthur Mackenzie, Minneapolis, Minn.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Which is the largest bank in the United States?—*R. Thompson, Hollywood, Calif.*
A.—The National City Bank of New York.

2—How deep do submarines go?—*Iva Davis, Washington, D. C.*
A.—Most submarines can operate at 200 feet.

3—What national park covers the most ground?—*Oscar B. Letterman, Washington, D. C.*
A.—The Yellowstone Park, with an acreage of 2,142,720.

4—Who is the only reigning monarch under the American flag?—*William Pinkey, San Pedro, Calif.*
A.—The Sultan of Sulu, Philippine Islands.

5—What is the oldest city in the world that is still inhabited?—*Charles W. Swope, Toledo, Ohio.*
A.—Damascus, Syria.

6—What French premier once taught in a girls' school at Stamford, Connecticut?—*Helen McGavitt, Monessen, Pa.*
A.—Georges Clemenceau.

7—What is the oldest colony of the British Empire?—*G. B. Murley, New York City.*
A.—Newfoundland, discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 acknowledged to be British.

8—What well known fruit tree bears blossoms and fruit in all stages of development at the same time?—*R. Trzcinski, San Bernardino, Calif.*
A.—The orange tree.

9—What is the oldest settlement in the New World?—*Scott M. Julian, New Madrid, Mo.*
A.—Vera Cruz, Mexico. It antedates St. Augustine forty-six years.

10—For what is the village of Oberammergau noted?—*Milton Baker, Muskegon, Mich.*
A.—For the Passion Play performed there every ten years.

11—What is the highest body of water in the world that is navigable?—*Belle Pederson, North Liberty, Iowa.*
A.—Lake Titicaca, South America, two and one-half miles above sea level.

12—What is the largest river in the world?—*Paul E. Hamilton, West Lebanon, Ind.*
A.—The Amazon.

13—Why can a bird stand on a charged trolley wire and get no shock?—*M. R. Winter, Rochester, N. Y.*
A.—It is touching only one wire and makes no circuit.

14—What American was the first woman Member of Parliament?—*W. S. Williams, Birmingham, Ala.*
A.—Lady Astor.

15—Where was Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech made?—*Charles A. Scott, Richmond, Va.*
A.—In St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia.

16—Who is the Governor General of the Philippines?—*Stanley Rodnite, New Kensington, Pa.*
A.—Major General Leonard Wood.

17—Who said, "Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute"?—*Anita Cardozo, Haverhill, Mass.*
A.—C. C. Pinckney.

18—Where did General Sherman start his march to the sea in the Civil War?—*Peter D. Polites, Dayton, Ohio.*
A.—Chattanooga, Tennessee.

19—What and where is the source of the Mississippi River?—*Robert Herter, Ottumwa, Iowa.*
A.—Lake Itasca, in northern Minnesota.

20—Who is the author of the phrase, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"?—*Mrs. Evelyn Bauer, Danville, Pa.*
A.—Alexander Pope.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

FREE!

The La Choy book of Chinese recipes prepared by famous *Chinese Chefs*

No need to go to expensive restaurants for delicious Chop Suey or Chow Mein.

Expert Chinese chefs give you their choicest recipes for making these tempting dishes—and many others—in this book of Chinese cookery.

Most Chinese recipes are surprisingly simple. They call for cold fowl or left-over meats in combination with fresh vegetables.

Then add the genuine LaChoy ingredients, such as Soy Sauce, Sprouts, Bamboo Shoots and Chinese Mushrooms.

LaChoy Chinese food products are sold by leading grocers, in sealed sanitary containers. For the first time, they permit genuine Chinese dishes to be made at home.

Order a bottle of LaChoy Chinese Sauce and a can or two of LaChoy Sprouts today. Directions for use on every package.

LACHOY FOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
DETROIT, U. S. A.

La Choy

Chinese Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles—Sprouts
Bamboo Shoots—Sub Kum—Water Chestnuts
Musbrooms—Brown Sauce—Kumquats

If your grocer cannot supply you, send one dollar for complete assortment (Soy Sauce, Sprouts, Brown Sauce and Chow Mein Noodles) for making Chop Suey and Chow Mein.

FREE BOOK OF GENUINE CHINESE RECIPES

Fill in and mail this coupon for LaChoy Book of Chinese recipes, with 40 tempting dishes. Write LaChoy Food Products, Inc., Detroit, Michigan.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Can any Dentifrice do More than CLEAN your Teeth?

The first answer to this question comes from dentists everywhere who say "*No!*" The only thing, the greatest thing, that any dentifrice can do is to clean!

The second answer is found when you glance at the teeth in this picture—sparkling white, polished, firmly set in a healthy, smiling mouth. This much, too, a dentifrice can do, but only by making teeth cleaner than they've ever been before.

Does Colgate's clean better than others? It should, for it is designed solely to clean!

Colgate's scrubs teeth clean; polishes them; washes teeth, mouth and gums, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Instead of making a patent medicine of itself—instead of trying vainly to cure some imaginary tooth trouble that no dentifrice can cure—Colgate's confines itself to cleaning . . . and hence cleans better!

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213 C-2, 581 Fifth Ave., New York.
Send me a sample of this modern cleansing dental cream that most Americans use.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Lil's Exciting Lunch Hour

Which Includes Club Sandwiches, a New Spring Hat, and a Little Stray Dog

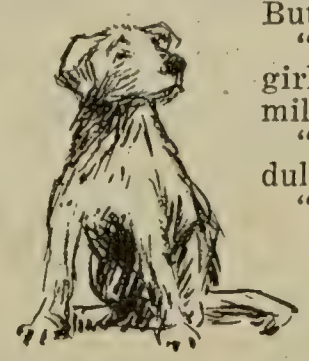
More Adventures of Laughs in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

IT was nearly noon. The speedy rat-tat-tat of Lil's typewriter slowed down as she transcribed some shaky shorthand notes into impromptu sentences of her own. She threw in a comma here and there and even went so far as to look up the number of n's in Cincinnati.

"Wantedonthephone!" Mike, the office boy, yelled at her. She blushed and primed herself with a dab of powder. It might be Sandy! But it was Cuddles Keenan inviting her to lunch.



"I'll have a club sandwich," Lil sighed, when the girls were seated in the restaurant. "And some buttermilk—I'm trying to get thin."

"So am I, Lil. I'll have the same." And they indulged in newsy table talk.

"When will you be married?" Cuddles asked, weddings being her favorite topic.

"Along in the summer." Lil, dreamy-eyed, was hoping Sandy would grow to look as prosperous as a man at the next table. He wore a big diamond scarfpin and had a goatee. (This tonsorial touch, however, Lil decided to eliminate in Sandy's case.)

So Lil and Cuddles club-sandwiched, topping off with a big charlotte russe apiece.

Lil took a short cut back to the office through a side street filled with boys playing ball and the yelps of two stray dogs. She stopped on the corner, recognizing Mike, who began to show off his pitching prowess for her benefit.

Suddenly Sport faded out before Drama: The dog-pound auto, ever looking for victims, turned the corner and parked on first base! The driver grabbed the nearer dog, which was scratching fleas on third, and dumped it into the rear of his joy wagon.

"Quick!" Mike had snatched up the other dog. He rushed up to Lil, hiding it between them, and then peeked around the corner. After looking in several yards, the dog-catcher drove off, his newest victim howling a canine rhapsody at the top of its lungs.

"Dog-gone it!" Mike said. "I wish I'd got the other, too! My Scout troop's givin' a circus and we need two dogs to paint up like zebras."

But Lil wasn't listening. Stroking the panting wriggly mongrel, she embarked on a short daydream:

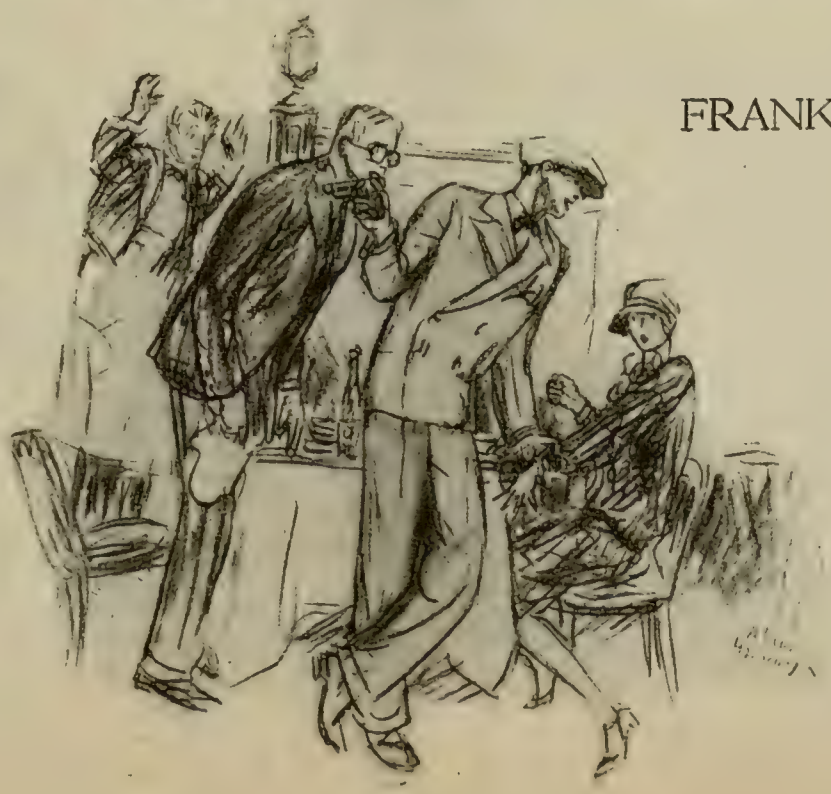
"As soon as we're married, I'll get a dog for Sandy," she thought, "and I'll name it Pop and teach it to carry Sandy's paper and carpet slippers—and pipe!"

(To be continued next week)

Hell Hath No Fury Like a Flapper Scorned

See Next Week's LIBERTY for

Oysters in Season



By FRANK R. ADAMS

A fascinating story of a romantic love affair

In Next Week's Issue

Silky, Lustrous Beauty for your hair —with *Lemon Rinse*

IT isn't a hard effect to get. It's just the simple, effective use of lemon juice in rinse water—the beauty of an absolute *cleanliness* that plain water can't give.

Try it next time you shampoo. After you have washed your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—rinse it well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water—about four quarts—and rinse with this, following it with rinse in plain water.

Note the lustrous, silky lights. Feel its softness, its delightful cleanliness.

That's because your hair is really *clean*. The lemon juice does what plain water can never do. Its mild, harmless fruit acid dissolves the sticky curd formed by the soap and cleanses each separate hair. All its natural beauty and gloss becomes apparent, and it has a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Purchase a dozen California lemons and try the lemon rinse next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet 'Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 803, Box 530, Sta. "C"
Los Angeles, California

Please send me free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring the nails, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

A New One Every Minute

A Quack Doctor Tells His Story

Pictures by B. J. Rosenmeyer

SOLID pomposity, impressive whiskers, and commanding presence—that was Old Pepper.

THE ability of the world to forget amazes me—chagrins me. I have just laid down my newspaper, in which columns are devoted to the work of British scientists who, whatever their claims, are being credited by the correspondents with having isolated the cancer germ.

Isolated the germ of cancer! Has, then, the glorious work of the Seven Lakes Haven Sanitarium been so soon forgotten? There we made no such puny claims. We never descended to mere germ isolation and identification. We told the world we *cured* cancer—without the knife, without nauseating medicines, without greater inconvenience to the sufferer than might be expected.

And to think that all this pother is raised because, forsooth, two or three scientists and a microscopist or two have, after many years, come upon a strange bug in a cancer filter! I assure you that Dr. Hiram U. Schoolmaster writhes as he reads such tidings, because I was Hiram U. Schoolmaster, Ph. D., M. D., etc. and ad lib. to meet the requirements, and I, as chief consultant at Seven Lakes Haven, thought no more of cancer curing than a dentist does of a small hole in a tooth. I cured cancers by mail.

To be sure, the British scientists are making no claims. They are issuing warnings against overenthusiastic interpretation of the newspaper articles. These Englishmen are even protesting that nothing definite can be known for a year or two and that there is no assurance that they will have made any advance in the fight against cancer. Nice, ethical souls.

Now, we used to buy pages of newspapers and fill them with pictures of innocent looking ladies and gentlemen and their grateful letters:

> I feel it a debt I owe suffering humanity to tell what you have done for me. For twenty years I had gone through untold agonies and all my friends were waiting to be told I had passed on. Two years ago, seven specialists told me I would soon die, and then I made my will. I doctored with twenty doctors, but all of them told me they could do nothing for me. Then I was told about your Vito-Chemico treatment, and more to satisfy my children than anything else, for I had resigned myself to death, I told them I would try you.
>
> Today I am a well man. I am hale and hearty and have gained forty pounds and have no symptoms of my old trouble. [Etc., etc., etc.]

On those pages you would find no symptom of modesty. Without reticence we told suffering humanity that we worked miracles with the ease of expert jugglers. We had good news for the weak and oppressed and didn't withhold a word of it.

We offered a red-and-gold-embossed guaranty certificate to all those purchasing the first bottle of our specific, and in words and phrases warranted to wring tears from a blue-gum tree we defied the undertakers of the world and promised to thwart any disease, even if we had never heard of it.

I ASSURE you that the United States Steel Corporation is not conducted upon a more solemn plan than was ours. I'm no physician and never was one—a fact taken with what seemed to me at the time too great seriousness by the Federal Court—but no medical practitioner could possibly have taken profounder interest in his customers than I. And for solid pomposity, impressive whiskers, and commanding

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

If you're there or on the way wear

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Florsheim Shoes are manufactured and priced so that men on the way up can afford them and those who have arrived appreciate them.

Most Styles $10 *The* WHIPPET, *Style M-238*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

CARRYOLA MASTER

"Hoe Down"

Shuffle, shuffle, thump! Shuffle again and thump again! Ecstatic response of a singing race to elemental music. Rhythm and beat and shuffle of feet! Swinging and swaying and clapping of hands. Shuffle and jump, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle!

The old plantation "hoe-down"! No negro spiritual here but the jazz music of their day and age.

How those old darkies would have welcomed a Carryola, with its rapid rhythm and snappy syncopation! How they would have loved its sleek attire!

The Carryola Master is the last word in "portable" perfection. We cheerfully admit that it's good. It's the modern musical instrument for the home.

It plays all kinds of records. All sizes. Two large ones without rewinding. Carries 15 within its case. Sounds just as well as larger, and more expensive instruments. And it's strong, compact, portable. You can take it anywhere.

Comes in distinctive shades of red, green, gray, blue, and brown — all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid. Also Du Pont black, dignified, proper black for proper people.

CARRYOLA COMPANY *of* AMERICA
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Just ask your music dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us for Free, Illustrated Folder

[A NEW ONE EVERY MINUTE Continued from Page Sixty-three]

presence there could be none of greater unction than Old Pepper, our chief—Wentworth Jason Pepperill, Ph. D., director of Seven Lakes Haven Sanitarium. What a moist old ruffian he was! He died while we were ridding the world of diabetes—X-L-N-T Kidney and Diabetes Cure. And Fate laughed because it was diabetes that carried off Old Pepper himself.

He was a barge of a man who in his youth had been a wagon builder and blacksmith. He had a flow of weasel words that would have disarmed the soul of a squirrel. When he raised his platter-like hands in a gesture of benediction you felt like kneeling. The Miracle Worker! What a character he would have been for the movies! Old Pepper. Benevolent, amiable, complacent, bounteous, cruel, malicious, malign, churlish, merciless Old Pepper.

BUT what a business man! I was a mere youth when I met him. I was carrying samples for a chemical firm that did a roaring business among the mail-order quacks, and selling respectable orders of sodium iodide, sodium bicarbonate, bladder wrack, phenacetin, cinchona alkaloids, magnesium carbonate, and so forth in the remote reaches of the Middle West.

He was holding forth in a sad frame house with a set of copper-lined vats, a bottling machine and labeler, a typewriter, and a small Negro who did the mixing. But he had vast ambitions and energy. I guess he liked me.

At any rate, he asked me to join him at a salary of fifty dollars a week, plus a bonus in good seasons, and assist him in curing the world of headaches, colic, asthma, epilepsy, dyspepsia, and such other ills as we might meet. Old Pepper never bothered much about the name, nature, or effect of the disease; all he needed was the name of a likely prospect.

His principal graft at the time was an asthma and hay-fever cure, which, with a cheap atomizer, he sold for ten dollars unless the sucker was coy, in which case the price tumbled to eight or even six dollars, reducing the profit from nine to seven or five dollars. As I remember it, the soapy old fraud's cure was nothing more than cocaine, glycerin, and colored sweetened water. He had bought this marvelous panacea for a few dollars from the widow of a fake Indian, who died possessed of one medicine wagon and a bad reputation. Heaven knows how many cocaine addicts Old Pepper was responsible for.

In five years the sanctimonious beggar had a flying circus of quackery that would have caused the dramatic soul of the late Mr. Phineas T. Barnum to stagger in its rambles on the banks of the Styx. He corralled a staff of six human menaces to the health of the nation, and before we disbanded, at the somewhat brusque request of the United States Circuit Court, we had conducted, among other enterprises and at great profit, a combination sani-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BIKE

Athletic Supporters

Bike No. 55—50c
Made in one piece. Wide 3-in. leg and waist band. Won't chafe or slip. Double seams stand the strain. Smoother and softer. Red stripe in webbing. Sizes: large, medium, and small.

Bike No. 77—$1
BIKE superior quality, with unusual extra features. 3-in. waist, 2-in. leg bands — soft all-elastic mesh front, porous and cool. Patented V-seam gives uniform stretch. Sizes: large, medium, small.

For every outdoor sport—for safety and comfort—get a BIKE. Leaders for over 50 years. Highest quality elastic webbing, finest workmanship and construction; scientific in design and strictly sanitary. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Used by leading athletic coaches for years. You'll recognize the round BIKE trade-mark. Insist on a BIKE supporter. If your dealer is unable to supply you—write to us.

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY BOX

Made by BIKE WEB MFG. CO.
4115 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Guess Her Age! —if you can!

You are only as old as your hair looks. Why should you look old? If your hair is streaked with gray and you do not wish it to have the "dyed look," you can darken it very easily, safely, surely, and gradually in the privacy of your own home by simply using Q-ban Hair Color Restorer.

A woman never *tells* her age. Why should she *show* it?

Tens of thousands of men and women conceal their age with Q-ban; they prefer it to dyes or other preparations because Q-ban darkens the hair gradually and produces the natural appearance so much desired.

If you have tried other preparations you will appreciate Q-ban the more. It is unlike anything else. It does its work so gradually that even your intimate friends do not notice the change. A clean daintily scented liquid. Easy to use. Directions with each bottle.

FREE OFFER! Miniature bottles Q-ban Tonic and Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo sent free together with our book on the care of the hair. We are hair specialists and study the subject constantly. Our book is valuable. It also tells about the *seven* different Q-ban Preparations for the hair.

HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists
Dept. L-1, Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban
Guaranteed at Druggists' 75c a bottle

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer works so gradually that a sample would prove nothing. Therefore we authorize all druggists to refund your money if you are not entirely pleased. You to be sole judge.

Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
MAKES GRAY HAIR DARK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

tarium and medical institute. Eventually the post office denied us the mails, although none of us went to jail, and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, and Dr. L. F. Kebler, chief of the Division of Drugs, combined to wreck most of our business. But we were far from alone. The Wiley-Kebler combination very nearly did for the entire quack industry in America.

It doesn't seem to me possible that any other business could be so nearly pure fake. We sold solutions of 99 per cent water and alcohol with small quantities of iron, strychnine, and saccharin and advertised it as a sure cure for cancer and tumor; and we produced hundreds of testimonials to back up our claims.

The puller-in would solicit persons in our museum.

We issued a guaranty with every bottle, but such guaranty meant nothing. In the first place, it did not specify the amount of time we would require to cure the victim, and, furthermore, we were always ready to fight on the ground that the patient had not followed our instructions. A snide little lawyer man wrote those pledges for us and he had genius.

GETTING testimonials was simple. We had a follow-up system whereby we kept pretty closely in touch with our customers. We never saw them, of course, being a mail-order concern, but one may get a fairly accurate estimate of the gullibility of a letter-writer by reading his letters. So, carefully selecting names, we would write to them in this fashion:

> Far more important to us than your patronage is your health. It is our heartfelt hope that you have so fully recovered and that your health is now so well established that it will never be your need again to take one drop of medicine.
>
> We advertise our remedies for a reason nobler than any professional desire: we hope in our human way to make the world better by making it happier. We find no greater reward than the assurance of our patients that we have helped them back to health; and we feel, as surely you feel, that the whole world should know when a human being has found such succor.
>
> If we have helped you, won't you help us help others? We are inclosing a testimonial blank. Will you not write us thereon, telling us if we have aided you? You may thereby be the medium through whom others may be restored to health.

On such testimonial forms was printed:

> I, the undersigned writer of this letter, give the company full and free permission to publish this letter at their discretion.

We also paid for testimonials—either so much a letter or by remitting five or ten dollars of the amount the patient had paid us. Or we would cancel his remaining financial indebtedness to us if he still owed us a small sum of money. It was all quite easy. You would be amazed at the number of letter-writers who sent their photographs along without our solicitation. And, of course, we frequently adopted the simple expedient of writing testimonials to suit ourselves. At least half of ours were thus counterfeited.

Before we settled down to the treatment of cancer and tumors we had taken whacks at most of the diseases of mankind—bronchitis, diphtheria, swelled glands, hay fever, epilepsy, asthma, catarrh of the throat, consumption, congestions, pleurisy, pneumonia, malaria, liver troubles, biliousness, jaundice, gallstones, appendicitis, peritonitis, ivy poison, typhoid fever, gastritis, stomach ulcers, bunions, neuralgia of the stomach, Bright's disease, abscesses, fever sores, varicose veins, blood poison, rheumatism, scrofula, erysipelas, chilblains, and a few more ailments, none of which we would have recognized had we seen it.

Early in the game we learned the value of the personal touch. For example, we had a radium treatment for malaria which was nothing but quinine, alcohol, and water. We never had a suggestion of radium about the place and wouldn't have known it if we had. But when anybody applied for our noble solution we were very careful to have his name and address and the date of the prescription typewritten on the bottle sent him. For example:

> RADIOLARIA
> *from the*
> DR. EUSTACE BRIDGES LABORATORIES
>
> This fluid will not retain its radioactivity beyond one month from the date on the label.
>
> To Be Taken Internally.
>
> *Name:* Mr. Hosea Winterock.
> *Address:* Sue Corners, Vermont.
> *Date:* May 3, 1905.
>
> Directions for Mr. Winterock's use: Two tablespoons in a glass of water three times daily.
>
> IMPORTANT—Keep this bottle in a cool, dark place.

Now, this Radiolaria had come out of the same vat with a thousand other bottles of the stuff, and, under a different name, had been sold as a cure for a dozen diseases. But Mr. Winterock got the idea that it had been prepared especially for him and his disease, which was good business.

It didn't matter a bit whether the liquid was kept in the dark or in the sunlight, in the cellar or under the kitchen stove. Probably the only thing Radiolaria was good for was throwing away. And we sold it for five dollars a bottle—a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"This ACME is the most wonderful speaker I have ever heard"

"You'd hardly know our set since we made the change"

"....I first heard the new Acme in a radio store one noontime after lunch. I knew in a minute there was only one thing to do, as I knew my old speaker would never satisfy me again. Yes, I made the change, and I'm mighty glad I did...."

Just as an opera star spends years in study and practice, Acme Engineers worked six years and made 320 models, before they arrived at this wonderful new Acme Speaker. It consists of an Acme Enclosed Free Edge Cone and Acme Reproducing Unit, remarkable for their ability to reproduce voices and music with the full richness of tone of a fascinating musical instrument.

It reproduces the thrilling, tender beauty of the singer's voice. It brings out different qualities in each voice, so that you can tell one voice from another. When an orchestra plays, you can hear each instrument playing. It reproduces low notes and tones as clearly as high notes and tones. You hear the bass and treble—the rich pattern of harmony and melody.

Hear this new Acme Speaker at your dealer's. No matter what set you have, an Acme Speaker will improve it. Made by Acme Apparatus Company, Pioneer Radio and Transformer Engineers and Mfrs., Dept. GH-2, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A. Write us for circular describing full line of Acme Products.

Acme K-1 Enclosed Double Free Edge Cone Speaker, (as illustrated). Diameter of Cone, 14 inches. Tan metal case. Price **$25.00**

Acme K-3 Enclosed Single Free Edge Cone Speaker. Diameter of Cone 11 inches. Green bronze metal case. Price **$18.50**

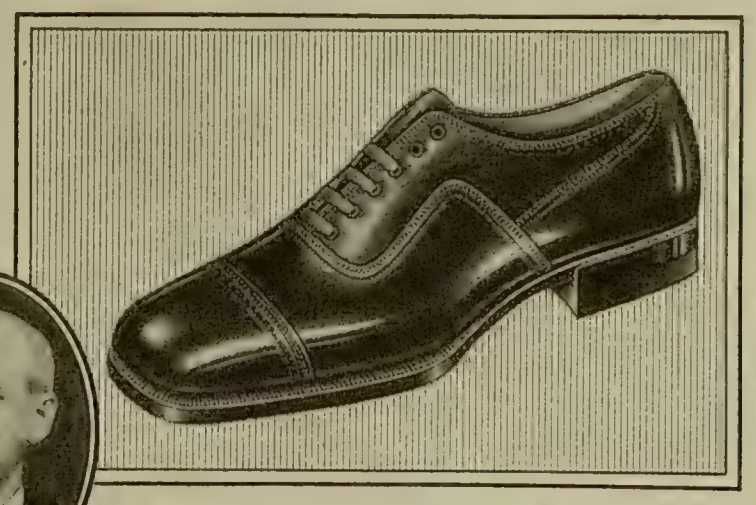
"B" Eliminator. The Acme Apparatus Company developed and perfected the circuit for AC Eliminators, now accepted as standard. For sets up to 8 tubes (E-3) **$35.00**
For sets up to 12 tubes (E-1). **$50.00**
The E-1 and E-3 "B" Eliminators are equipped with Raytheon Tubes.
DC Eliminator (E-2) **$25.00**

ACME
~ for amplification

W. L. DOUGLAS

$5 to $8 Shoes for Men

Fine Black Calfskin Circular Seam Oxford Square French Toe Last
$7



AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN SHOES
W. L. Douglas stores in principal cities and shoe dealers everywhere are now showing new Douglas styles

An unsigned check—

is just a piece of paper; but a reputable signature makes it money—and so it is with shoes—a shoe bearing the name W. L. Douglas is more than just leather; it is a shoe of quality, comfort and value.

The oxford shown here is correctly styled for right now, designed to give you comfort and, being a Douglas shoe, it is a genuine value at $7.00.

Men's Shoes $5 to $8 Women's Shoes $5 and $6
Boys' Shoes $4 and $5

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY . BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

THE best 5¢ pencil value in the whole world.

A soft, very black easy writer.

Write for sample

American Pencil Co., 216 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Also makers of the famous VENUS Pencil

[A NEW ONE EVERY MINUTE] Continued from Page Sixty-five

neat profit of four dollars and seventy-some cents!

As far as I know, Old Pepper was the inventor of the trick of convincing suckers that they had a disease they had not suspected. Suppose, for illustration, we were making a drive on gastritis. In our advertisements we would ask general questions, such as:

"Do you awake in the morning with a brassy taste in the mouth?"

"Is your tongue coated?"

"Do you feel a burning lump at the base of the throat now and then?"

Any reader so afflicted would then be assured that he was in a bad way from gastritis and was advised to communicate with us before it was too late. The chances were good that the victim was suffering from ordinary indigestion, but he got and paid for our gastritis cure—Gastrogo—and when he had consumed six or eight bottles of the worthless stuff Old Pepper would pull a master stroke. He would write:

"In my opinion, you should now be free from gastritis. You have taken our treatment, which I believe to be unparalleled in its efficacy. However, I should like to have you examined for gastritis by one of the reputable physicians in your own locality. I shall be glad to defray the expense of such examination to the extent of ten dollars. I ask that you communicate to me the report of the examining doctor."

Of course, the chances would be excellent that the customer had never had gastritis and it follows that the examining physician would pronounce him free of it. Whereupon we would have a testimonial containing the verdict of a reputable doctor.

ALSO, to the best of my recollection, it was Old Pepper who first commercialized on a large scale the little advertisements in the Personal columns of the newspapers:

> Personal—I suffered for years from Bright's disease. I am now well. I am devoting my life and modest means to the succor of other sufferers. Write me and I will tell you, without cost to you, how I won my battle. Mrs. Jane Robertshaw, P. O. Box 236, Clutefield, Ohio.

There was no Jane Robertshaw. Old Pepper received all the letters. But Jane Robertshaw's name was subscribed to the neatly penned (never typewritten) replies, and her advice was to invest liberally in Choctaw Nation Remedies, which were to be had of the Dr. Eustace Bridges Laboratories.

Every letter we received as the result of newspaper or word-of-mouth advertising was carefully filed. Every letter-writer's name and address was kept in separate ledgers. No fake medicine concern or quack doctor can thrive without an adequate sucker list. He must have one to begin with, and such lists are easily obtainable at five cents a name, just as the bucketshop broker buys and sell lists.

Old Pepper had a marvelous list

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Multiply Your Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I multiplied my beauty, as a girl, by ways I found in France. The helps she gave me made me famous, gave me a glorious career.

I have gone to France yearly—made 35 trips—to learn of her latest discoveries. And I come back—always—to offer them to you.

The greatest help I have ever found is a clay. Not the crude and muddy clays so many have employed. I found in France a new-type clay, the final result of 20 years of research. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines many helps in one. I cannot conceive of any girl or woman going without this clay.

All toilet counters now supply this clay as Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Clay. It sells for 50c and $1.

Within 30 minutes it changes all that pertains to youth and beauty. The girl or woman who employs it will scarcely know herself. It will bring multiplied beauty to any girl, and most older women seem to drop ten years.

My White Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs or mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It draws the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it, so there comes to users a rosy complexion which amazes and delights.

Please let me show you these results. The coupon will bring you a trial treatment. Also my Beauty Book. Let me send them to you.

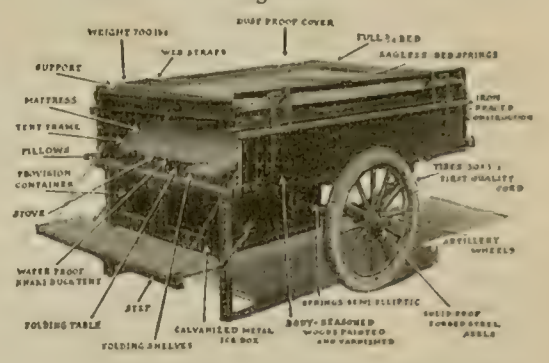
For Trial Tube A67L

of White Youth Clay, mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

.....

.....

If you have ever done any camping or expect to camp—or motor this summer, get this booklet! Thirty-two pages of text and illustrations describe in full the most convenient and enjoyable means to a delightful vacation. The Auto-Kamp is the ultimate in motor camping, comfort and convenience—real beds, mattresses, stove, folding table, shelf, electric lights, ice box, provision container—fully equipped for four adults and two children—a camping home that trails without drag on your motor and literally "unfolds with the night."



With the "Auto-Kamp" Trailer you come and go when and where you please at the least expense. Designed and built by real campers. Quality all the way through—worth more than $345, the price of better models. Get the booklet and full particulars.

AUTO-CAMP TRAILER CO.
6231 Sheridan Ave. Saginaw, Mich.

Auto-Kamp Trailer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

and he saw to it that at least one letter went to every man and woman at least once a month.

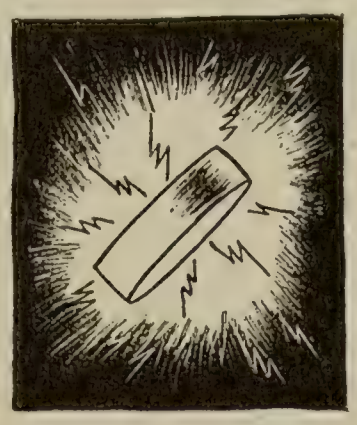
"Always keep the subject of sickness in their minds," he used to say. "They all think they have symptoms of some sort. Never let a prospect get his or her mind off disease. A cured patient pays no fees; keep 'em sick."

Doubtless you have seen nostrum advertisements wherein it was loudly proclaimed that treatment was offered free for a period of so many weeks or months. I don't mean "No pay until you are cured," but "Absolutely without cost to you." We used such methods. A dupe would write us telling of his sufferings and asking for the treatment. Back went a letter informing him that the disease he suffered from was not one to be treated in a general way, but specifically; that the ailment varied in different individuals. Would he or she not, therefore, fill out the symptom sheet inclosed, that our specialists might prescribe for him personally? Please remember, our advertisement did not say we would cure the disease free. We merely offered "a treatment."

POOR soul! He or she would carefully record symptoms and then we got in our fine work. As promised, we sent, free, a couple of bottles of Milk of Mother Earth (sassafras, alcohol, water, and dye) and with it a letter. This letter had it that, after a lengthy consultation over the returned symptom sheet, we felt obliged to warn the patient that he might not expect too much of the Milk of Mother Earth, because he required a supplementary treatment.

We suggested, then, that he take our free medicine, but that he also purchase the Universal Health Foundation's Combination, which included an electric head harness to be worn at night and a salve to be applied externally. In nine cases out of ten the dolt would fall for it.

The wise quack specializes. He concentrates on diseases of a common sort, such as ailments of the liver, the blood, the lungs, or the stomach. Thus he is less liable to weaken the faith of the public by seeming too good to be true. But occasionally such geniuses as Old Pepper can get away with mechanical cure-alls which are mysteriously and absurdly advertised as the containers of a "new and marvelous secret" which, without drugs but by obedience to certain inexorable and simple laws of nature, cure this, that, or the other thing.



We had one called the Violet Ray Plunger. It was, at last, a sure cure for consumption. Wild as it may sound to you, our advertisement assured the tubercular that this dumfounding discovery (offered for a very limited time at the ridiculously low price of ten dollars) not only produced violet rays in every way as strong and curing as those emanating from the sun itself, but *forced the rays into the body, down into the very diseased tissues.*

We sold hundreds of them. They cost us a dollar and sixty cents apiece. The contraption was nothing but a cheap mechanical vibrator with a series of superimposed squares of varicolored glass, through which, if you took our word for it, the ray of a kerosene lamp was transformed into that of the sun.

But curing consumptives is not a paying business. They die too fast.

WE were a precious lot—Old Pepper's staff. Just one of us had had medical training. Suppose we call him Reible. Poor weakling! As long as he was kept well supplied with whisky he didn't care what he did in the name of medicine. It doesn't matter what his real name was. On the letterheads of the American Natural Medicine and Medical Institute (specialists in epilepsy, curvature of the spine, diabetes, cancer, and fallen arches) he was Thaddeus S. Walls, M. D., Neuropath. I was Anton von Blessing, M. D., Hydrotherapy. Old Pepper himself was Nathaniel George Eagles, M. D., President and Managing Director.

A particularly hard-boiled middle-aged lady named Gallon, who had been a practical nurse and midwife, was down as Elizabeth Raynor Folz, M. D., Hygiene.

The name of the head of the department of anatomy and physiology escapes me, although the memory of him never will. He was Old Pepper's combination of butler, bodyguard, and investigator. In his youth he had cherished ambitions for the prize ring, which probably accounts for the absence of the major portion of his left ear. He was known as Bertram O. Boyle, M. D.

Such sterling scientists as Brogans Keily, Harry Felix, and Abie Katz were our chemistry force, but the literature with which we flooded the country had them Ambrose W. Hastings, Sidney Lamberton, and John Childs Cutbank.

And do not believe we did not have daily conferences. Every morning at ten we foregathered in a large room and were addressed by Old Pepper, and I do not recall that there was even so much as a suggestion that we were not a most serious group of scientists engaged in a fiercely righteous enterprise. Old Pepper dominated us as a schoolmaster reigns over infants. He had a bass voice of great vibrancy which he could pitch to either a soft growl or a challenging roar.

THE American Natural Medicine and Medical Institute was located in Omaha and for three years—until the newspapers came down upon us for the fake we were—we did a rousing business. As I remember it, we enjoyed net profits of from forty to fifty thousand dollars during our second year. It was a pretty ambitious establish-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Social . . . . . Necessity.

The Wurlitzer Studio Grand Piano is a social asset. Its presence in your home speaks well for you—provides an easy and informal way of entertaining your friends. The beautiful craftsmanship of this amazing little instrument is matched by its wonderful golden tonal qualities. It takes up but little more room than an upright.

GRANDS
$5500 to $625

UPRIGHTS
$475 to $295

PLAYERS
$950 to $445

Plus transportation

Write today for free portfolio illustrating Wurlitzer Studio Pianos in beautiful home settings. You should have one.

Music means WURLITZER —means Music

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GRAND DIVISION, DEKALB, ILL. UPRIGHT DIVISION, N. TONAWANDA, N. Y.

DEALERS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

He'll get it— IN THE NECK!

You needn't chase a sore throat. It comes right to you. Even being fully clothed won't stop it. Just leaving the sensitive *lining* of your throat unprotected may mean serious trouble.

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

5c S-Bs or Menthol

Under Alpine peaks . . .

these rare blends were first made

Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate fifty years ago in a little Swiss valley. Today his famous blend is known all over the world.

Only six of the choicest varieties of cocoa beans go into Peter's. Today in America this world-famous blend is made just as Peter made it. Peter's is the favorite of those who love a rich chocolate taste.

And now these same chocolate experts have perfected a second blend—for all who love a creamy mellow flavor—Nestlé's. Gallons and gallons of fresh milk with all its thick rich cream goes into Nestlé's until it is the creamiest of all milk chocolate.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N. Y.

Richest in Chocolate

Richest in Cream

[A NEW ONE EVERY MINUTE]
Continued from Page Sixty-seven

ment, occupying two floors in an old building, which Old Pepper had fitted up at an expense of about five thousand dollars.

On the ground floor there was an exhibit consisting of nearly a hundred wax models of human beings and parts thereof, each portraying some disease in some particular stage of its development. It was not a pretty display, but neither was it of the obscene nature which so often provokes the police ban.

We, the staff, occupied offices on the second floor. Downstairs, circulating among the exhibits and the visitors, were the floor men or pullers-in. We hired them for twenty-five dollars a week, and each was assured that his pay would be increased according to the number of patients he cut out of the herd of sightseers.

We remained open in the evenings until ten o'clock and business was excellent. To get good floor men was not as difficult as it may seem. The world is surprisingly full of bright men who enjoy working the more if there is a little something crooked about it.

I engaged a number of our pullers-in, two of whom had had similar experience with another such organization. They could talk glibly about diseases of which they knew nothing and they were keen judges of human nature and could spot suckers.

LET us take a typical Saturday afternoon when a fair crowd was viewing the waxworks. The keen floor man would select his victim and go to work on him.

"Good afternoon, brother. How you feeling today?"

"Fine."

"Good. Been working pretty hard lately?"

"Yes." (Everybody says yes to that question.)

"Thought you looked a little worn. Your eyes aren't clear."

"Oh, I feel all right."

"What's the matter with all you big strong fellows these days? More kidney trouble among you than we've ever seen. Strong as oxen and yet bad backs."

"Heavy lifting, I guess."

"Right you are," agreed the floor man. "Heavy lifting. Gets you big fellows all of a sudden. It's the big strong man who caves in first and stays caved in. Ever feel a twinge in your back?"

"Well—yes; I— But it isn't anything to speak of."

"Listen, brother; it is something to speak of and I'm speaking of it. You big chaps forget all about your families. Let me introduce you to our Dr. Eagles. You ought to know him, anyway. Fine fellow. It won't cost you a cent to talk to him."

Perhaps the big fellow agreed, after some talk, to meet Dr. Eagles. Well, it took a strong will to withstand Old Pepper. He had a method which got the cash.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. O'Brien," he'd boom. "About thirty, aren't you. Family? Native of Omaha? You look healthy."

He never waited for answers to these questions or replies to his observations. He knew at once that O'Brien was a laborer by looking at his hands and clothes. So he would plunge right on:

"To look at you I'd say you worked outdoors, but not after I've had a second look at your eyes. Too much indoor work. That's the trouble with us big men, sir."

"But," protests O'Brien, "I'm no clerk or counter-jumper. I'm railroading."

"Shoo!" Old Pepper would simulate a new interest. "Then where do you get that diabetes eye?"

WELL, the chances were good that O'Brien was hooked for treatment—and at least fifty dollars.

Old Pepper seemed to have diabetes on the brain, so to speak. All he seemed to see in victims was diabetes. Probably the obsession was partly responsible for his developing the disease. At any rate, he died of it, and almost simultaneously the newspapers descended upon us. Without the personality of Old Pepper we were a weak outfit and we soon disbanded.

With a part of my profits I set up for myself in St. Louis and advertised the Radio-Magneto Ring, which, I rejoiced, was a sure cure for Bright's disease, diabetes, chorea, epilepsy, varicose veins, nosebleed, adenoids, goiter, cataract, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, asthma, headache, obesity, appendicitis, cancer, stone in the bladder, and psoriasis. I bought the ring rights from a Dr. Laubenstein—goodwill and all—for $2,500.

The museum contained one hundred wax models of human beings, each portraying some disease in some particular stage of its development.

ABSURD? Not at all. This ring was warranted to cure all diseases caused by acid condition of the blood. Did not my written guaranty so state with clearness?

"Stop that accumulation of calculi," read my advertisements, "and you have cured gallstones. My ring will stop it at once. My ring cures Bright's disease and diabetes in from two to six days. Epileptic fits cease for the wearer of my ring, although the doctors will tell you epilepsy is incurable.

"This ring is purchasable only from the Radio-Magneto Ring Company or accredited agents. Beware of frauds.

"*This wonderful discovery is in appearance a plain band finger ring. Its secret is mine. It is not a charm or an amulet, but a scientific collaboration of metals which, under the heat and moisture of the epidermis, sets up magnetic and chemical reactions which stop accumulations of acids and sediments and then drives them from the body.*"

Does this seem silly? Don't scoff. After one fair year I enjoyed a banner one during which my gross receipts were forty-seven thousand dollars.

And I got away with it for four years. Then the Bureau of Standards, Department of Agriculture, took me to court, where a fraud order was issued against me.

I retired from the quack business. I was tired, anyway, of playing the suckers. Then I became one myself. I handed all my dough to Wall Street. Now I suppose I'll have to go back to doctoring under another name. It's the only thing I ever made money at.

THE END

All the finer things of life are the result of painstaking effort.
You will like White House Coffee—*the flavor is roasted in!*

—and then someone SHOUTED "FIRE!"

IT WAS the night of the Club's annual show. The auditorium was simply jammed. Right in the middle of the performance, all the lights went out . . . ! There were the usual cat-calls, followed by giggles.

And then someone shouted "Fire!".

Instantly the place was in an uproar. I reached in my coat-pocket for my Eveready flashlight and sprang to the stage. Pointing the light straight at the ceiling, I cried: "There *is* no fire—everything's all right. Look—," and I traversed the light all over the hall.

The effect was magical. The people quieted down and resumed their seats. In another moment, the lights came on again. "You averted a panic," people told me afterward. I said: "Thank you, but the real credit belongs to this little flashlight."

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A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

Dressing Up the Sports Frock

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SIX lovely designs recently were presented for consideration to a big French dressmaker, all of them modeled on the principle that is reported to be about to govern the present epoch in styles. That is to say, they were all fussy, or what the French call *très dame*—very ladylike, in English. They were to be worn with jewels, even in the daytime, and indeed each of them was modeled to accommodate or play up to and show off some particular stone:

The big dressmaker took every one, and admired them for being long-lined and stately. But when she gave them to her workwomen to make, she put the cachet, or the stamp, of the time upon them with her instruction:

"Copy these dresses, and copy them exactly. But, whatever you do, keep the sports feeling in them."

It sounds almost like that other high command in another department devoted to the appearance, when the doctors say, "Don't diet, but don't take on weight." Anyway, the idea is to go as far as you like in elaborateness in all costuming, but keep the sports feeling in any gown to be worn before 6 o'clock.

Use satin, but keep it in two colors, white with black, for instance, although never with the two melting into each other, but sharply defined in their outlines and in the two surfaces, the black extending upward from the hem to meet the waistline (so called), which makes a circular boundary of white flowing downward from the bodice.

So much for the sports motif as it is achieved in model 5575. But for it, the jagged hemline and the gold cording that binds the bodice might mark it for an extremely formal dress.

Another way to achieve that dress-up look, even in the midst of a sports atmosphere, is by the use of satin. It is smart at present, and should appear now and then in every wardrobe. But it should be put on tricot occasionally—just to show it its place and not permit it to bring any note of Victorianism into our livelier age.

Model 5576 looks like a simple little thing, easy to copy, but it is deceiving in more ways than one. You would say, for instance, that it is in two pieces. But it isn't. You would say it was tailored and in tweed and for morning. But it is none of these things. In one piece, the long back lies flatly, slimly, blousing easily above the all but normal waistline. In front, the bodice ripples across the body in the form of a bolero.

Far from being of tweed, this little frock for the afternoon is of crepe de Chine in gray, now fully launched as one of the most fashionable of colors.

The lower part of the dress is drawn round the left side in the form of a wrap-around skirt. The two sections are united, first, by their flares, those across the front of the bodice being repeated in motif by the godet or rippling effect on the side of the skirt; and, second, bodice and skirt are unified by fastenings exactly alike, which consist of two buttons made into a link effect with corded braid.

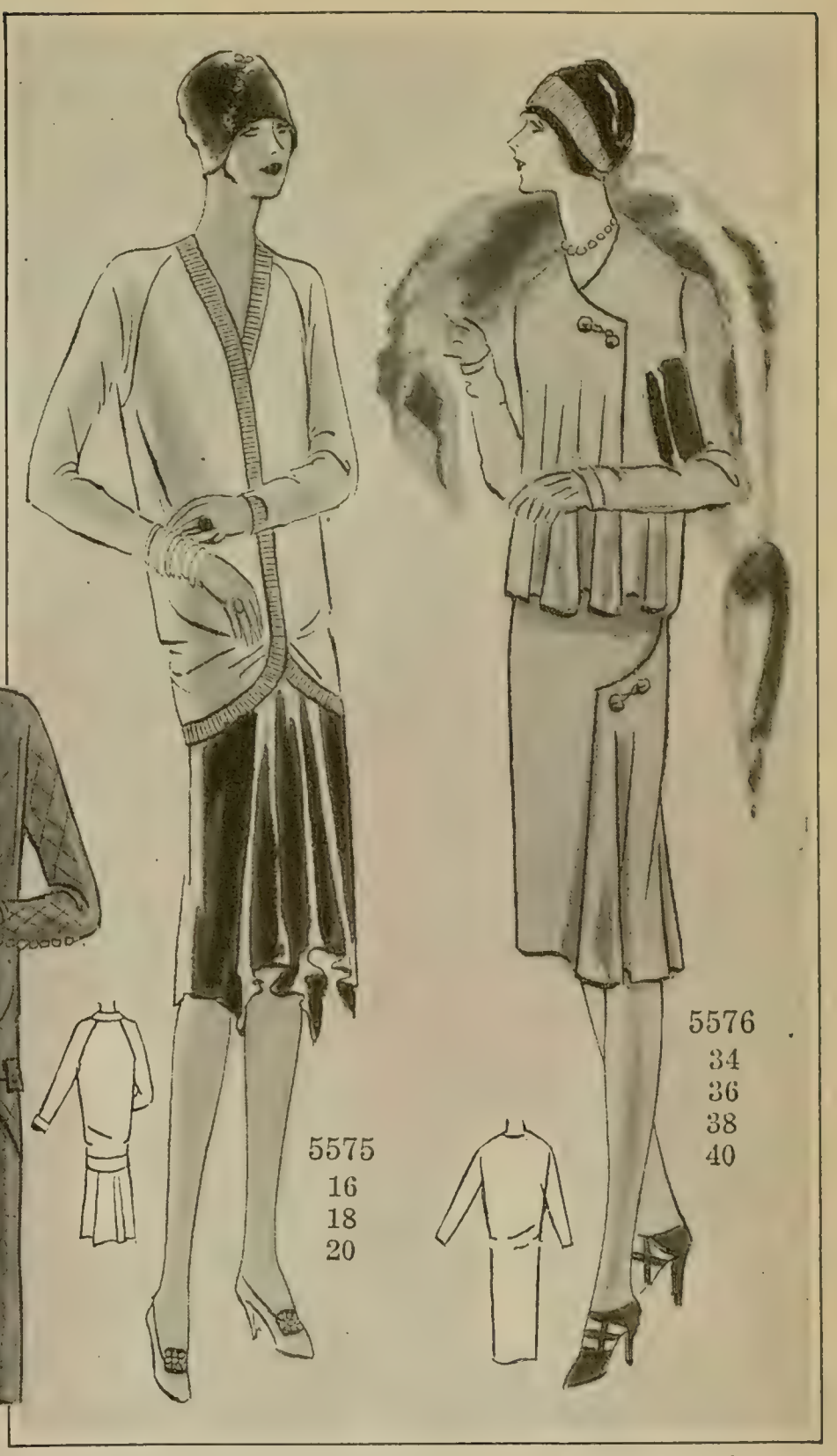
A Russian touch is given to the closing of the bodice in its V-shaped crossing—which, however, is more of a Y than a V.

The little black dress (5577) is a one-piece masterpiece in simplicity, for which the material is crepe romaine. The pockets are plaited! And the plaits, after being stitched along the lower boundary of each pocket, flow out into the skirt, thus giving it the breadth that no skirt must be without today. There is a piping of silver kid and silver buttons part way down the front. Not much to it, to be sure, with the easy pattern.

IF you must have a tweed dress, model 5578 is of this material, but not tweed as we have known it. The French have taken the idea of that heavy English tweed and made it available for some place besides the moors. Under their hands it is softer, lighter, more comfortable than ever before. Tweeds are now very smart for town or any occasion at all—whereas they used to be usually for the country.

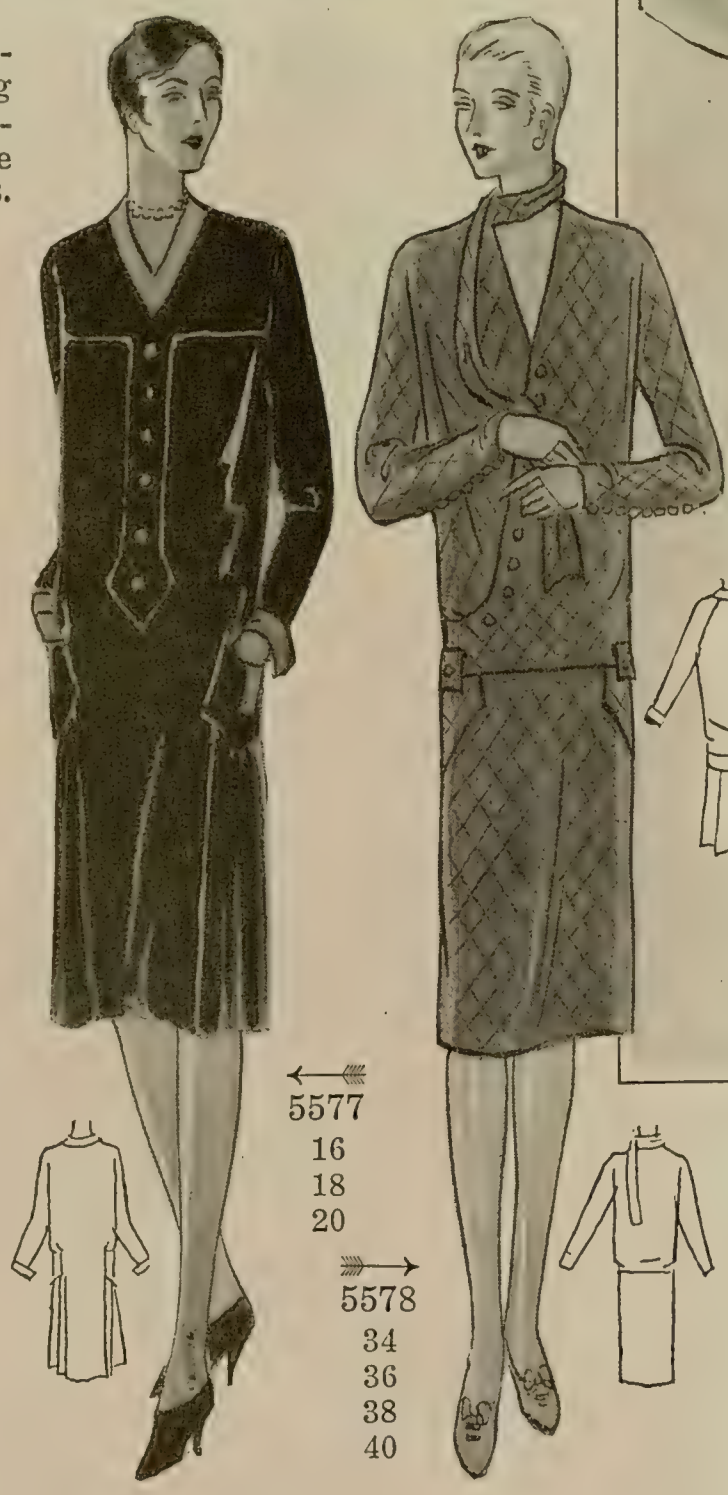
This dress conforms to the new command for tailored lines, and for the high waistline, into which are set the pockets, not ornamented save for a button, but trimly tailored and helping almost to hold away any possible fullness from that trim outline.

It may be worn with a fur piece—though not so effectively as model 5576. Stoles are making a strong bid against foxes for popularity this spring.



BLACK and white satin made this frock, its bodice bound with gold cording.

A DRESS of gray crepe de Chine with a bolero front and flared skirt.



SILVER kid was used to trim this black crepe romaine creation.

THE colors in this one-piece dress of soft tweed are blue and lavender.

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Styles Die Hard in the U. S. A.

By BETTINA BEDWELL

February 27, 1927.

ASK any French person engaged in the business of dressing women what he thinks of America, and he is apt to tell you, "America is a place where styles die hard." His slant on the subject is that the United States, as a great consumer of styles, ought to adopt some of the real changes that Paris offers every season—timidly now, as she once did boldly.

The Paris couturier knows before he makes 'em that most Americans will pass up the striking new models in his collection in favor of familiar lines that are merely dolled up with novelty details. The spring style shows now on in Paris are proving more conclusively than ever that we are a race of die-hards. We want new styles, but we won't stand for fashions that we can't recognize as direct descendants of those that have gone before.

So the news of the openings consists of details—and they are plentiful. Slender lines are going to stand. Short skirts, but at least an inch below the knees, put the quietus on the restless hemline. Outlines are not pinched in or bulged out to any extent either above or below the belt that marks a rather usual waistline.

Then what is new? Patches and pieces, first of all. If you are artistically inclined, go and study the works of Picasso and you'll get the idea of patchwork in the new Paris spring styles. If you are not acquainted with Picasso, hark back to grandma's patchwork quilts. They are better models anyway, because both grandma and the Paris style creators make their patches from exaggerations of such simple and natural things as flowers, peas, and blades of grass, or from rays of sunlight.

PISTACHIO green silk kasha makes a double coat with V-shaped openings above and below the waist.

These beauty patches that are the big news of the Paris openings, so far, are really early American in inspiration, even if their creators never had the pleasure of sleeping under, or even of seeing, an old-time patchwork quilt.

Of course you'll protest, "But how could anybody wear a patchwork frock? Nice enough for a counterpane, but not for a gown."

Well, take a look at the sketch at the extreme right and you'll change your mind. I'm sure you will. I did, and when Jane Regny first told me about it, I thought to myself, "It's news, but it won't go—not in America!"

O'ROSSEN drops the traditional collar from his new spring tailleur.

NARROW strips of white crepe de Chine pieced together make this lovely Regny model.

But the salon visitors from all parts of the United States between New York and San Francisco have also changed their minds. Who could help it?

The idea behind this frock is the water lily. Not plucked and put in a glass bowl, but the water lily floating on a calm, greenish-blue pond.

Jane Regny has used, of course, water blue and green of the sea to make this frock. It is really, truly patchwork, and in two fabrics—blue jersey, or the djersakasha of Rodier, and his crepella in green. The lighter bands are blue, and the darker are water green. The sleeves and the side-plaited skirt are green. The big circles of dark green jersey are water-lily leaves, spattered over the frock as the leaves spread themselves over the surface of a pond.

On the left shoulder is a crepe de Chine water lily in white, with a green stem that passes under an appliquéd leaf. You could wear it, now, couldn't you?

If you feel that it is too much of a change, then Paris has other patchwork ideas, less novel, but equally good. Sewing a lot of one-, two-, or three-inch bands together and making a smart frock, for instance. Or squares, or diamond-shaped pieces.

REGNY'S new patchwork pattern of the water lily on its blue pond, a very picturesque creation.

I have had M. Fromenti sketch one of the band piecework dresses for you as a visual illustration. It is the white crepe de Chine frock by Jane Regny, and its new kind of yoke and blouse are made entirely of narrow strips of crepe de Chine sewed together.

THE skirt has incrusted panels pieced on and forming a kind of plait stitched almost to the knees. The style items of consequence are the dropped shoulder, the lack of sleeves, and the paired plaits held flat to just above the knees.

If that doesn't register approval, Paris is offering other things. O'Rossen, the great tailor of Place Vendome, has the collarless tailleur made of shadow-plaid tweed, grege in color, with fine stripes and checks of lacquer red.

The jacket is cut like a cardigan sweater, a die-hard fashion that is still going strong. The V neck and front band are made of the plaid material on the bias, and so are the cuffs and part of the pocket.

There is a narrow belt of red leather with steel buckles and the buttons down the front are also steel. There are two side-front inverted box plaits in the skirt. This suit is for the woman who wants to have something fresh and new for the first spring days, and who doesn't care for anything that is radically different. O'Rossen also makes skirts with creases replacing those side-front plaits, and a cuff hem, both suggesting trousers.

I will tell you soon about the outstanding colors in the spring fashions, and in the meantime here are two items. They are sand color, instead of beige, and tilleul green. This green will be more familiarly called pistachio, perhaps.

These two shades are used by Elspeth Champcommunal in making our illustrated spring ensemble. This coat simulates a jacket over a narrow coat body. The material is pistachio green muslikasha, or kasha with a silken sheen.

An interesting detail is the V opening above the waistline and below, showing the sand and green plaided taffeta frock beneath.

Everywhere, now, Heinz Beans are known as the oven-baked beans with the oven-baked flavor. And please note this—unless beans really are baked they cannot be *labeled* baked. Read the label.

Slow, careful baking in the dry heat of real ovens gives the real ***baked*** flavor to Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. It is this ***baked*** flavor that makes Heinz Oven-Baked Beans taste so good. They are ***baked*** tender, ***baked*** mealy, ***baked*** golden brown, ***baked*** easy to digest.

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Vox Pop

He Doesn't Want Canada

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was much incensed by a letter written to Vox Pop by a Mr. J. L. James. It was concerned with the annexation of Canada.

I think I have never heard of such an outrageous idea from anyone. Canada does not belong to the United States by right of conquest, discovery, or claim of any kind except that of its proximity. Besides that, what do we want Canada for?—*Stuart V. Curnock.*

The Poor Husbands

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—I suppose the article entitled If I Had My Love Life, etc., by Rosita Forbes, is merely a humorous monologue. But for the younger readers, who absorb ideas unconsciously, I would say that such ravings are harmful.

If, by any chance, the article really voices the author's beliefs, I can only say for the poor "If-I-Could-Start-Again" husband, *God help him.* And the same for existing husbands, if any.—*G. Russell.*

Rosita Wins a Proposal

SEDALIA, MO.—If Rosita Forbes is as wise and witty as her article, I wish she could indeed "live her love life over again"—and that she could begin it with me!—*Chester O.*

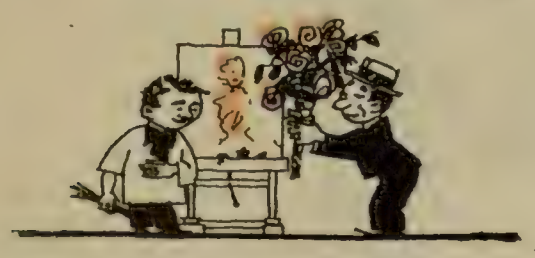
Do You See It Every Week, Charles?

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—The best thing I see in LIBERTY is The End.—*Chas. F. Taylor, Jr.*

"Dear Bob: Thanks!" L. T.

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I wish to defend Leslie Thrasher. I, and many others that I have talked to, think he is one of the three best cover artists in the United States.

He not only is wonderful at drawing and painting, but he also has



very good ideas. These people in Vox Pop get my goat the way they slam a really great artist.—*Bob Kelly.*

What Do You Make of This, Watson?

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Personally, I think that your recent articles by Sir A. Conan Doyle are the most *trashy, plotless, insipid* group of words ever thrown together.—*Rusty Miller.*

Youth Has Its Sting

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—After reading last week's magazine I was thoroughly disgusted. What's the matter with the editor of the magazine? Where are the stories?—*A Girl of Twelve.*

We'll Bite; What Is the Matter?

FORT OMAHA, NEB.—What in hell is the matter with the readers of your weekly, anyway? I have been reading it ever since White Pants Willie was the star of the production, and the only thing I find to kick about is the kicks in Vox Pop.—*Fred V. Hilton, Private, Fourteenth Brigade.*

"In Toto" Means Razzberries

CALGARY, CAN.—I concur *in toto* with what Yarda B. Kitt has written regarding the twin curses of alcohol and tobacco. Here in Canada a misguided and unthinking majority of the electors has decided in favor of government bootlegging, but we, the thinking minority, are only waiting till another war breaks out and our young men are unable to vote. Then we who are conscientiously opposed to warfare, except against the evils of amusement and pleasure, will grasp the opportunity, and abolish not only alcohol and that filthy and nerve-destroying weed, tobacco, but also many other sources of alleged enjoyment.—*Yarda Trype.*

Here's One, Anyway

NEW YORK, N. Y.—O LIBERTY, what crimes are published in thy name!—*J. A. Kennedy.*

But They'd Fight among Themselves

SOUTH BEND, IND.—I suggest that you form a Crabs' Club for the dyspeptics who occupy a good portion of your Vox Pop page each week.—*E. F. Gehring.*

Letter for You, Sid!

CHICAGO, ILL.—A few lines in defense of Sidney Sutherland. Tunney, in my opinion, is a bum steer, and when he steps in the ring again he will go down like the Titanic. I hope it's Jack that sinks him.—*Clarence L. Schwartz.*

Feel Better Now, Smitty?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Articles embracing an absolutely worthless discussion of women with vermilion hair, or masculine affection for the feline animal, are positively painful when encountered between the covers of an entertaining periodical. In my estimation, these articles have an interest value equivalent to a discussion of the habits of the migratory anthropoids of Patagonia.

Why not conduct two weeklies, one containing interesting fiction for the reader who purchases a magazine for entertainment, and one containing your insipid articles to be read by the authors themselves—and other morons?—*R. J. Smith.*

Bouquet for a Lady with Red Hair

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I wish to pay a tribute to Mrs. Leslie Carter for the best articles you have issued. —*Molly Hogan (of Hogan's Alley).*

From One Who Knows

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was interested in the question asked in your magazine, "When was the first wireless message sent from a ship at sea?" Allow me to correct your answer. It was from the steamer St. Paul on November 15, 1899—not

1889, as you have it—and was not a success. Messages were sent from the steamer, but no answer was received in reply. I have before me the passenger list of said steamer, sailing from New York Wednesday, November 8, 1899—among them being Mr. Guglielmo Marconi and myself. —*G. O. Curtis.*

We Have Suffered, Too

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Some of the letters in Vox Pop give me a pain. —*Louise Ward.*

Somebody'll Bail Us Out

GREENSBORO, N. C.—What I enjoy most in your magazine is the editorials. To say the least, they are certainly frank and the majority of them are on some subject that more or less vitally affects the public at large.

I marvel at the fact that your entire staff has not been arrested for some of these comments, but if you ever are, kindly drop me a line and I will contribute my part on your bond.—*R. G. Stigler.*

You Bet It Counts

DES MOINES, IOWA—I'm only a kid (seventeen, to be exact) and perhaps my opinion won't count for much, but I think LIBERTY is the best magazine I have ever read.—*Thomas S. Paul.*

A War Birds Fan

ORLANDO, FLA.—Here's one more ex-flyer whose hat is off to Elliott Springs for his splendid work—Odyssey 1918 in particular.—*Sidney L. Harris, Second Lieutenant, R. M. A., A. S. R. C.*

How Could They Reach a Mail Box?

OCEAN CITY, N. J.—If some of the people that are knocking your wonderful magazine were as small in stature as they are in mind, they would need a stepladder to look over an ant's back.—*W. R. P.*

Cuckoos

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—In your issue of January 29 appeared the question, "What bird never builds a nest or raises young?" and in the issue of February 5 the answer is given as the cuckoo.

This answer is correct only as it applies to England and is wholly wrong as to the United States.

The practice of laying eggs in other birds' nests is true of the English cuckoo, but the two American members of this family—the yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos—each build their own nests (albeit very crude ones), incubate their eggs, and raise their own young.—*F. A. Christiancy.*

Our Sins Are Forgiven

YOAKUM, TEX.—Your editorial, Should We Give Back Our Southwestern States to Mexico? redeems and blots out all of your past faults and failings.—*W. F. Adams.*

Truth and Greatness

POMONA, CALIF.—I believe the article by Dr. William E. Barton called The Bar Sinister in Abraham Lincoln's Life might just as well have

been left unpublished. I do not wish to deny the statement that it is a true story of a romance that subsequently gave the world (my opinion) our greatest immortal; but, in view of the fact that so much has been said and done in favor of this wonderful character, why allow a story like this to creep into print?—*J. H. Tolle.*

"I Thank Thee I Am Not as This Publican"

AUSTIN, TEX.—The article in your "mag," by Dr. William E. Barton is one of the most disgraceful exposés of a woman's heart that it has been my misfortune to read. I do not know what you paid for the article, but if you paid anything I trust that Dr. Barton will return the amount to you, and get down on his knees for the balance of his life and beg God Almighty to forgive him. —*C. W. Moore.*

A Question Fan

CHARLESTON, ILL.—That which I enjoy most is the Twenty Questions each week.—*Illinois Lynn.*

Billy's Happy Mondays

BOONEVILLE, MO.—I am always anxious for Monday to come so I can read Aline Kilmer's story in LIBERTY. I do not think they could be any better.—*Billy Hull, age eight.*

LOVE'S Greatest

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A Serial by

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

"IF that's what your friendship means, Mona," she exclaimed, "I'm through with you!"

QUITE suddenly, William Ogden took Honey McNeill in his arms and pressed swift and violent kisses upon her hair, her lips—blind kisses.

The man was a New York banker of fifty. The girl was all youth, beauty, inexperience—one of the banker's stenographers.

Strangely, it was not merely the god of love that had brought about the embrace. One sleek and devious Ray Becker had schemed for it—like a devilish puppet master.

Mr. Ogden's acquaintance with Honey had begun casually, on a train. He had learned that she was going to the city to visit her married sister, Jane, and to look for a job—had given her his card and asked her to look him up.

Honey's one girl acquaintance in New York was Mona Terry, a model in a smart shop. Ray Becker was Mona's young man. Quite naturally, he heard that the rich Ogden had been attracted by Honey, and his ugly mind began to plan a frame-up. Through Mona, money was provided to buy appropriate clothes for the girl. She was urged to apply to the married banker for a job. This she did, and got it. So Becker saw his plan progress.

There was one man who disturbed him: Don Kendall, a rich and dashing New Yorker. Honey was clearly fascinated by him. She had met Don in her home town. He had promptly made love to her, but was diverted by the charms of the maturer Jane.

Then there was the less dangerous Herbert Gibbs, a young architect whom Honey knew. Frankly in love with her, he had aroused her anger by his concern about Mr. Ogden's attentions. She had defended the older man.

Now the banker's impetuous embrace came to her as a shock.

PART SIX

WHEN a man has kissed a woman against her will, there is only one excuse he may offer without offending her—that he could not help it, that her irresistible sweetness and charm made him lose his head.

This excuse Mr. Ogden, after his sudden embrace, offered Honey, and because it happened to be true she believed him—forgave him. If he had tried to kiss her again, she would have fled from his office. As it was, she did her best to relieve an awkward situation.

"You said we might be—friends," she told him. "I'd be glad of that. But—anything else—"

"I know. I understand. If I were twenty years younger—"

"It isn't that—really it isn't," Honey interrupted. "I like you ever so much just as you are. You don't seem—old to me. And I'm not a hypocrite. I've been kissed before—often. Only—with you, it's different. You're married, for one thing. And you have lots of money, and that makes you think that you can buy anything you want; even—people. I hoped, if I went out with you tonight, that you could forget those things—and—"

"I can. We'll pretend I'm not married at all; that I'm just a hard-working young clerk on a small salary; and we'll use taxicabs instead of my car."

He was all eagerness, now that Honey once more smiled.

"I've engaged a table at a delightful little restaurant, and tickets for a musical show you'll like. As for supper, there are a number of interesting places: the Valencia, for instance, or the Red Peacock. I've been there once or twice."

"Wherever you say," Honey told him, marveling that he had mentioned the very place Mona had suggested. There was nothing marvelous about it, however, since the Red Peacock was the most popular night club of the hour.

"Very well. And you won't mind meeting me at the restaurant, will you, in time for dinner? About seven, let us say." He wrote for a moment on a slip of paper. "Here's the address. You'd better take a taxi there."

Honey went back to her desk, a little frightened, a little thrilled. To be taken to dinner, the theater, supper, by so wealthy and important a man!

With a sinking heart she realized that she had nothing to wear worthy of so great an occasion. Once more she would be obliged to apply to Jane. Would she never have any pretty things of her own?

Far back in her brain a small voice whispered that, under certain conditions, Mr. Ogden would be very glad to buy her all the pretty things she wanted.

HE complimented her enthusiastically when she met him at the restaurant, and continued his flattering remarks throughout dinner and the play.

Honey, in daringly cut white satin trimmed with lace, was breath-taking—a provocative saint; a white passion flower; a Sleeping Beauty awaiting the passionate embraces of

MISTAKE

the Prince. It pleased Mr. Ogden to fancy himself that prince.

He was not alone in his admiration. At the Red Peacock, a score of jaded, world-weary eyes were fixed gloatingly on Honey's young beauty. Mr. Ogden sat down, very proud because he knew he was being envied.

Honey glanced around the place, disappointed. She had expected something vaguely, impossibly different. She saw only a room hung in jade-green velvet, decorated everywhere with fantastic red peacocks. Even the china and glassware bore these birds.

Instead of a joyous, bacchanalian crowd, she found herself surrounded by hard-eyed, wolfish men or silly, stupid ones; by calculating women; by smart, jaded boys, many of them tipsy, but all affecting a noisy gayety that even Honey, inexperienced though she was, could see came from nervous stimulation, not from the heart—a sort of crazy, jumping-jack gayety unpleasant to witness. A dreadful merry-go-round whirling endlessly to a mad, pagan tune.

From hostess to bus boy, the whole machinery of the place was organized for one purpose—to extract from its patrons the last dollar they had to spend.

Mr. Ogden danced with Honey once, smoothly, in an old-fashioned way quite unlike the gyrations of the couples around them. The passion that lay in the music caused him, however, to hold her closely—so closely, indeed, that Honey could feel the hard pressure of the buttons of his coat against her breast; could even sense the more rapid beating of his heart.

The contact left her cold. If she had been in Don's arms—Yet she liked Mr. Ogden better now than she had at any time since their first meeting. He treated her as he might have treated a woman of his own class. A subtle form of flattery.

They had barely returned to their table when Mona and Ray Becker appeared. Certain changes in their dress, their manner, caused Honey to lift her eyebrows. Mona, her mop of red hair restrained by a bandeau, wore almost no make-up. Her modest evening gown was of black taffeta. Gone were her French jewelry, her slang. She seemed as demure as Honey herself.

MR. BECKER, quiet, reserved, portrayed admirably the part of a serious-minded writer. The patent-leather polish had disappeared from his hair. He had even donned eyeglasses with a wide silk ribbon.

When Honey introduced them, Mr. Ogden suggested that they sit down. There was some trivial conversation between Mona and Honey about their home town, while Ray expounded to Mr. Ogden his theory that what the motion-picture industry needed most was the co-operation of able authors—men of ideas, like himself.

Presently he asked Honey to dance.

When they had whirled off, Mona became pensive.

"A wonderful girl, Honey," she confided to Mr. Ogden. "Sweet and fresh as a flower. I often wonder what she is going to make of herself here in New York, with its temptations, its mad life. She tells me you have been very kind to her, Mr. Ogden."

"Not at all. I've given her a small position in my office, and she has filled it well. Earned all we've paid her—and more. A charming girl. And a good one."

"Yes. Honey's straight as a string. She admires you very much, Mr. Ogden."

"How do you know that?" He was flattered, but cautious.

"She's told me. Over and over. To her,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

you are everything that is worth while—an ideal man."

"Really." Mr. Ogden tried to seem incredulous, but his vanity was tickled. "You think she honestly likes me, then—for myself?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't she? I don't know anything about you, Mr. Ogden, except what Honey has told me. My interests are all in the screen. My work, you know. But I love Honey. We have been friends ever since we were children. I know how she looks up to you—admires you. She's never tired of talking about it. Be good to her, Mr. Ogden. I ask it, as an old friend. You know the world. Help her to go straight, to make something of herself. She can, with the right opportunities. Ray—Mr. Becker—thinks she has a wonderful future in pictures."

THIS appeal, delivered with consummate skill, left Mr. Ogden under the not disagreeable impression that Honey was infatuated with him and that her future lay in his hands. It made him feel like a god—a middle-aged god.

When Honey and Ray returned to the table, Mona excused herself and took Honey with her to the dressing-room.

"He's perfectly adorable," she gushed. "And mad about you. He told me so. Thinks you're wonderful. You certainly have made a hit with him. I wish I had a friend like that."

"Friend!" Honey laughed. "This afternoon, at the office, he tried to kiss me."

"Well, why not? Any man would who wasn't dead on his feet. Let him have a kiss once in a while. It will make him feel young again. Not very often, of course. And don't kiss him back. That would be fatal. In a week or two you'll have him eating out of your hand."

"But—I don't want him eating out of my hand. What for? There's nothing Mr. Ogden can do for me—nothing I want him to do—except raise my salary."

Mona lifted her eyebrows in an incredulous stare.

"Nothing he can do for you? How do you get that way? With his money, he can do everything for you. Back you in pictures! Make you a celebrity! Build you a theater! Anything! For heaven's sake, don't be such a dumb-bell. Play your cards right. Keep him guessing. Work the innocent-little-girl stuff for all it's worth."

Honey faced her, clear-eyed.

"I don't have to work anything, Mona. I'm straight. You know that."

"So much the better. You've got something he wants. Make him want it enough and he'll give anything in the world to get it."

The anger in Honey's eyes increased.

"Look here, Mona," she said. "I'm no gold-digger."

"Shucks! All women are, in one way or another. Some girls fall for a round of drinks. A rope of pearls might land me—if it weren't for Ray. If your price is marriage, so much the better. No trouble to get rid of a wife nowadays. Whatever you're after, the principle's the same. Shall we go back?"

At the table, Ray Becker, with many expressions of a technical nature, was explaining to Mr. Ogden that Honey, with the proper "vehicle," might readily become a highly successful screen star. He planned to write a picture for her.

When she returned, Mr. Ogden eyed her with new respect.

Food, absurdly costly, none too well prepared, littered the table. Champagne, at staggering prices, was poured out, wasted. Neither Mr. Ogden nor Honey drank much of it; but Ray and Mona, their work now done, displayed astonishing appetites. At an interval in the cabaret performance, Mr. Ogden glanced at his watch.

"Three o'clock," he said. "Time for all little girls to be in bed."

Both Mona and Ray, to Honey's surprise, seconded the suggestion.

"Better get your beauty sleep, dear," the former said. "Give me a ring in the morning."

Honey found the fresh night air grateful after the hot atmosphere of the cafe. A cab whirled Mr. Ogden and her swiftly to Jane's door. In the vestibule, he gripped her hand, but made no attempt to embrace her.

"It's been—wonderful — having you," he whispered. "Good night—you dear."

Then, without realizing it, Honey played a master stroke.

"You've been awfully sweet to me," she said, and kissed him swiftly, softly on the lips—the kiss of a child.

An instant later she had disappeared through the doorway.

Mr. Ogden returned to his cab feeling twenty years younger. As he drove downtown he hummed a very gay tune.

II

ONE afternoon a week or so later, Honey met Herbert Gibbs as she was leaving the office. It was the first time she had seen him since their quarrel. He had telephoned that he would call for her.

"My mother and sisters are in town," he said. "Been to a wedding. I told them I'd bring you up for tea."

He helped Honey into a cab.

On the way uptown he did not refer in any way to their disagreement over Mr. Ogden. He seemed in a joyous mood, which Honey liked.

"Adorable," he whispered. "New York is agreeing with you. You're lovelier than ever, and I'm crazier about you. What have you been doing with yourself this past week?"

Honey could not face him with her usual frankness. Since the evening at the Red Peacock she had lunched with Mr. Ogden twice, gone to a matinee, and for a long and quite wonderful drive out on Long Island for dinner. Remembering that her anger with Herbert had been caused by his suggestion that Mr. Ogden might try to make love to her, she met his smiling gaze a bit unsteadily.

"I haven't been doing anything in particular," she replied. And when Herbert tried to take her hand she drew it away in sudden annoyance—not with him, but with herself. Then she put it back again. After all, she had done nothing wrong. And Herbert *was* nice. Homely, and awkward, and shy, but—nice. She thought of their momentary kiss in the cab a week before, and smiled. He had not been shy then. But she did not permit him to kiss her again, although he attempted it.

"Silly—not in broad daylight!" she laughed; then repaid him with one of her glowing smiles.

Honey liked Lovey Gibbs, Herbert's young and tomboyish sister, when she met her in the lounge of the hotel on Forty-second Street. Mrs. Gibbs, tall, elegant, aristocratic, gave the girl a swift, shrewd look, and found herself baffled.

Herbert had talked about Honey enough to arouse his mother's fears. She had supposed her boy the last person in the world to become interested in a stenographer—seriously interested, that is. The Gibbs men simply did not do such things. They had too much ancestral pride. But there were no telltale shadows in

MONA excused herself and took Honey with her to the dressing-room.

Honey's eyes—she met the older woman's questioning gaze fearlessly.

Josephine, Herbert's older sister, was a replica of her mother—the same attitude of being just a trifle above the ordinary run of mankind. But Lovey was disgracefully, adorably human, and frankly admired Honey for the simple reason that she was earning her own living.

"I'm fed up on all this bunk about what my great-great-grandfather did," she confided. "I want to get out and do something myself."

"Mother and the girls want me to bring you out to the place sometime soon," Herbert said.

"I'd love to come," Honey told him, and glanced at Mrs. Gibbs.

"Why not Sunday?" the latter suggested. "If it's a nice day."

"Sunday it is. Early." Herbert was beaming. "Honey—Miss McNeill—is anxious for a swim."

"I can do a hundred yards with my hands tied behind my back," Lovey announced proudly.

Mrs. Gibbs glanced at her watch.

"I'm afraid we'll have to go," she said. "Our train leaves in fifteen minutes. Tell the waiter to bring the check."

"Isn't she a dear?" Herbert whispered.

"Quite lovely," the old lady whispered back. "Exteriorly, at least. What's inside I haven't an idea. Have you?"

"I should say I have. Look at her eyes."

"Eyes, my boy, tell nothing. The worst woman I ever knew could look at you like an angel from heaven and lie like a trooper while doing it."

"Your mother didn't like me," Honey said, when they had gone. "I wonder why."

"That's easy. She thinks I'm falling in love with you."

"Nonsense. We're just—friends."

Herbert grasped her hand as they walked through the station. His fingers were trembling.

"Oh—hell!" he said. "If only we were—somewhere else. Let's go over to my apartment and—talk. There's something I want to say to you."

Honey shook her head.

"Your mother would dislike me more than ever," she laughed, "if I did a thing like that. Besides, I told my sister I'd be home for dinner."

III

MR. OGDEN watched Honey hungrily across the little rose-lit table. It had alternately annoyed and rejoiced him that he could feel like a schoolboy in the presence of this girl less than half his age—could lie awake at night for hours thinking of her—could rise in the morning with her name on his lips—could dream of moonlit rose gardens, of tropic beaches, of all the romantic things he had not dreamed of for years. Was it just a mad infatuation? Or was he honestly in love? He found it difficult to decide.

"I'm going away tomorrow, Honey dear," he said presently. "Will you miss me?"

"How could I help it," Honey smiled, "after all your kindness? Are you going to be away long?"

"Three weeks at least. Mrs. Ogden isn't so well. The doctor wants her to spend the autumn on the Riviera. I shall cross with her, spend a few days attending to some business in Paris, and return by the next boat."

"I wish I were going!" Honey said, without thinking. A trip to Europe was one of her pet dreams, as it had been one of her father's.

"I wish to God you were!" Mr. Ogden exclaimed. He too had been dreaming. "You shall, some day—with me."

He seized her hand as it lay upon the table.

"You know I care for you, dear. I can't think of anybody else. And you won't let me do a thing for you. With all my money, I'm helpless. I'd ask you to marry me if I were free, but I'm not. I can't be—ever—not while my wife lives. You see, I respect her. She's a fine woman. But I can't feel toward her the way I do toward you.

"Honey, the world's a hopeless place. We all dream and struggle for happiness, and when it comes we—throw it away. Conventions are what hold us back, of course—like millstones around our necks. I don't want to suggest anything wrong—anything the world would call wrong—but why shouldn't we be happy together? I'm a very rich man. I used to think I could buy happiness. I know now I can't. But you can give it to me—if you will. And in return I'll give you—love and everything else in the world you could possibly want. Everything! Without limit. Do you like me well enough for that?"

HE was not explicit, but Honey understood. A certain sincerity in his manner made it impossible for her to take offense. She faced the situation frankly. She was to become his mistress—in return for unlimited wealth. Unlimited, because she knew that in his present mood Mr. Ogden would care nothing for the price he paid to secure the happiness he so greatly desired. His next words assured her of that.

"I'll give you an income of your own," he whispered, "a large income—whatever sum you wish—for the rest of your life. To be yours, no matter what happens. I love you, Honey, desperately—with all my heart."

Mona Terry's cynical advice flashed through Honey's mind: "Don't let them fool you with promises—get certified checks." And Jane's bitter comments on married poverty—her questionable methods of escape from it: flirting with Don, with romance, as an antidote to domestic boredom. It almost stunned her to realize that, with a word, she could make herself rich—very rich.

Money was power. New York had shown her that. Between thirty dollars a week and $30,000 a year stood merely an idea. Many women had brushed it aside and received the plaudits of the crowd.

She had no one to consider but herself. And Mr. Ogden loved her—for the time being, at least.

Women married for money. Why was it any less honorable to accept money without marriage? A bargain, either way!

Association with a man by no means disagreeable to her—a man of breadth, of unusual charm, a man of whom she was rather fond. Not as she had been fond of Don Kendall. But Don's pagan arms, she feared,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

would have crushed her, left her helpless.

As for Herbert Gibbs, with his meager income, his dreams of winning fame and fortune at a stroke—she might marry him and his poverty, but would she not in the end be like Jane? With a "nice little home" somewhere in the suburbs, and—boredom?

Mr. Ogden's offer meant life—life in its broadest, fullest sense: luxury; travel. Never a moment of worry as long as she lived. The world at her feet.

Of course, she had wanted youth—the mating of youth, but—

Mr. Ogden sensed the struggle going on in her mind.

"Don't decide now," he said. "Wait until I come back. I shan't be gone long. And, to make sure you won't forget me, I've brought you this."

He drew a flat box from his pocket, opened it. Within lay a string of pearls, small, but perfect in color, perfectly matched. A beautiful thing, fit for the neck of a princess—for Honey's neck, Mr. Ogden thought, pushing the box across the table.

Honey gazed at the necklace for several minutes, tempted. Then she shook her head.

"Nothing—now," she told him, and held to it.

Mr. Ogden was baffled. It seemed unbelievable that a girl in Honey's position should refuse such a gift. Yet he knew that she could not be playing for larger stakes—they were hers already, for the asking.

He left her that night more than ever determined to win her. It was well known among Mr. Ogden's business associates that opposition always spurred him to greater effort. With his farewell kiss he extracted a promise from her to write to him while he was away.

IV

IT was inevitable that Honey should tell Mona Terry of what had happened. She could scarcely have helped it, in the face of the latter's persistent questioning.

When the unexpected departure of Mr. Ogden for Europe was reported to Ray Becker, he growled out an oath, having other plans in mind. But on learning of Honey's promise to write, he smiled.

"See that she does," he admonished Mona. "No slip-up, if you know what's good for you."

He dominated the girl by continually threatening to leave her. She was powerless in the grip of her infatuation for him.

It is possible that Honey might not have written, after all, but for a severe attack of "flu" that kept her in bed for more than a week. Mona, constantly with her when not at the store, never permitted Mr. Ogden's name to remain long out of the conversation.

"I saw a piece in the paper the other day," she said, "where a rich oil man in St. Louis took a girl out of a candy shop and made an opera singer of her. Sent her abroad to study, and everything. He had a wife, too. If you promised to write, Honey, I think you ought to do it."

Whereupon Honey, bored with lying in bed, composed a harmless little note that anyone might have read. Mona did read it—and promptly tore it up.

"Put some pep into your letter, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "And tell him about your illness. Play it up strong. Say you're threatened with pneumonia. Girls get diamonds for less than that."

Honey rewrote the letter; but the most she would admit was that she had a bad cold. It was Mona who, taking the letter to post, steamed it open and added a lurid postscript to the effect that Honey was dangerously ill, but that Mrs. Sommers and she were doing their best to take care of her.

MR. OGDEN, reading the letter in his Paris hotel, felt his middle-aged heart skip several beats.

He was desperately fond of Honey. Her youth and her beauty held him, even with the breadth of the Atlantic between them. That very morning he had told a friend that he hadn't seen a good-looking woman since he had arrived in Europe.

It was perhaps to be expected that during his remaining five days in Paris, lonely, worried, eager to return, he should have sent Honey two cablegrams and written her three ardent letters.

Ostrichlike, he signed all three letters with his initials only. As if he could hope to deny his bold and characteristic handwriting!

"SILLY—not in broad daylight!" she laughed; then repaid him with one of her glowing smiles.

In his cablegrams he expressed extreme anxiety over Honey's illness, advised calling in a specialist, directed her to apply to Mr. Roder for money.

In his letters he told her of his love, of his unhappiness without her, of his eagerness to return and be with her once more.

Foolish, perhaps. Yet Mr. Ogden was no fool. He knew that Honey was a woman to be trusted. He could not know that Mona had surreptitiously read the letters and promptly reported their contents to Ray Becker.

"I want those letters, and I want 'em quick!" Ray snarled at her. "We've got the old bird where he can't move a finger except to write a nice fat check. Hop to it, angel-face—and make it snappy!"

"How do you expect me to get them?" Mona rebelled. "They're hid. And she'd never give them up, if I asked her."

Mr. Becker sat in deep silence for several minutes. When he spoke, it was with decision.

"First you go to her—see—and tell her there's a wad of jack in this thing for all of us. She needn't appear in any way. All she's got to do is to say the letters were lost—stolen. That lets her out. We'll split three ways. She ought to cop out a hundred thousand for her share. Fix her for life, and nobody the wiser.

"You know damned well she isn't going to fall for Ogden's offer to keep her. When she tells him so, he'll give her the air. Why shouldn't she come out of the thing with a fat bank roll and still keep her virtue, if that's what's worrying her? I believe she'll do it."

"I don't," said Mona, "but I'll try it."

Which she did, very cleverly, very subtly, with no mention of anything so crude as blackmail.

Honey heard her through.

"Of course I won't give you the letters, Mona Terry!" she exclaimed angrily. "You and Ray have been planning this thing from the start. I was a fool not to see it. Mr. Ogden has trusted me. I'd be a fine piece of work, wouldn't I, to throw him down! Let you two blackmail him!"

"Oh, don't be so dramatic! The old fool's had dozens of women before you. Why shouldn't he cough up a few hundred thousand? He'd never miss it. And he deserves anything he gets."

Honey refused to be placated.

"If that's what your friendship means, Mona," she exclaimed, "I'm through with you! I'm going to keep the letters until Mr. Ogden comes back from Europe, and then give them to him myself."

THEIR talk had taken place in Mona's apartment. Honey, recovered from her illness, had stopped there in response to a telephone call on her way uptown.

She left in a gust of anger.

When Ray Becker appeared from the adjoining bedroom, Mona faced him with a sullen stare.

"I told you it wouldn't work," she said.

Mr. Becker eyed her with supreme contempt.

"You're about as much use to me," he growled, "as a safety razor to a bearded lady. From now on I'm going to handle this thing myself!"

And Mr. Becker did handle it! The battle was on—Honey's clear conscience against Ray's lack of conscience. And Ray was villainously clever, as you'll see in next week's installment.

Greg's Laundry Set

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

GREG looked at me in perfect astonishment. "Oh-h-h, but y-o-ou-ou wouldn't tell C-a-ar-lo-ot-ta."

EMMY and Nicky had trotted off to school, attended by the faithful Domar, and Greg was left alone to amuse himself, or possibly to amuse me. I was sewing, and he settled himself on the window seat in my bedroom, playing so quietly and harmlessly that I hardly knew he was in the room, except that every now and then we would do a bit of talking. Greg liked to talk.

"Did you know," he asked, "zat when muzzer wild duckses teach zair babies to fly, zey carry zem on zeir backs?"

I started to ask him how he found that out, but what I saw when I looked up surprised me so that I couldn't put the question.

He was playing with Emmy's dolls' laundry set. The ironing board was lying flat, with the little iron on it. The clotheshorse had a few scraps of dolls' clothes on it. The tub, filled, I supposed, with imaginary water, was set well to one side. And Greg himself was busily and solemnly grinding something through the wringer.

The wringer, you could guess, would be the thing he'd like best.

"Why, Greg!" I cried, amazed, "what *are* you doing? Emmy would be furious if she knew you had taken all her things. She put them so neatly away when Carlotta made her clean up her room. And you know she doesn't like you to play with her toys when she isn't here."

"Oh, but zey're *mine* now," said Greg calmly.

"How did they get to be yours?"

"Emmy gave zem to me."

This seemed not a bit likely. Of course, their toys were always changing hands, but the laundry set was new and I was sure Emmy was too fond of it to have given it away carelessly.

But Greg, though he has sometimes been betrayed by pride or fear into saying what wasn't true, was speaking the truth now, if I ever heard it. If it hadn't been the truth he'd have been far more eager to have me believe it. So I said nothing.

After a minute Greg seemed to feel that I might be wondering a little.

"She gave zem to me," he explained, "so I wouldn't tell."

And then I did an awful thing. If you think it over you will see why it was awful. Of course, I did it by accident, but it was pretty mean. I said:

"Wouldn't tell what?"

"Why, tell zat we went over to Mrs. Brooks's," said Greg, innocent as a lamb.

I thought back a little. Yes, I remembered. Sunday afternoon, when I had been in the living-room, having tea with some callers, I had heard Emmy downstairs begging Carlotta to let her go to see Mrs. Brooks. And Carlotta had said:

"Go to see Mrs. Brooks? Indeed, you can't go to see Mrs. Brooks! You worry the life out of Mrs. Brooks, that's what you do, runnin' over there every Sunday! Think Mrs. Brooks hasn't nothin' to do but talk to a lot o' kids?"

"But," said Emmy, rather hurt, "Mrs. Brooks says she *likes* to talk to us."

"Well, she *doesn't*," said Carlotta flatly and firmly. "She couldn't. You an' Greg run along now an' play in the front yard."

And Emmy and Greg *had* run along. But they must have run farther than the front yard. Mrs. Brooks lived three blocks away. It was easy to imagine the little villains, disobeying hand in hand. Then Emmy, filled with a great fear that Greg would betray her, had bribed him with her dearest treasures to keep the secret. And, after all, I had trapped Greg into telling. Now what was to be done?

"But, Greg," I said, trying to be fair all round, "don't you see that you can't keep those things?"

Greg looked dismayed and puzzled.

"Why can't I keep zem?"

"It wouldn't be fair. You want to play fair, don't you?"

"Yes. 'Course I want to play fair. But I don't *see*. She gave zem to me—so I wouldn't tell. An' I'm not goin' to tell." He put the tip of a grimy handkerchief into the wringer and ground it through with an air of having closed the subject.

"Oh, but, Greg *darling!*" I protested. "Don't you see? You've *told*. You didn't mean to, I know, but you've told *me*."

GREG straightened himself up and looked at me in perfect astonishment. When he is astonished he drawls much more than usual.

"O-h-h," he said, "but y-o-ou-ou wouldn't tell C-a-ar-lo-ot-ta."

And, of course, I *wouldn't*. And I didn't. Neither did I tell Emmy. Of course, too, I let Greg keep all the laundry things. But he tired of them very soon, so they all went back to Emmy. And we all lived happily ever after.

You'll love reading about the lion in Tony's room, in next week's LIBERTY.

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

EMMY had bribed him with her dearest treasures to keep the secret.

Health *Follows* GOOD Cooking

By ETHEL SOMERS

Unmold the spinach ring on to a hot platter and serve with creamed eggs, macaroni-and-cheese sauce, or buttered vegetables in the center.

CAREFUL cooks, wherever possible, prepare fruits and vegetables in the peel. They have efficient sharp knives and parers to scrape or remove only the soiled or bruised spot of outer peeling. They serve many natural raw fruits and vegetables in appealing appetizers, salads, or desserts. They use measured quantities of water that will be absorbed in the cooking process. They use steam-tight cookers and kettles. They avoid unnecessary soakings. Except for carefully watched searing or evaporation processes, they cook always with a low, regulated flame. Only such cooks may claim to practice healthful cookery.

HEALTHFUL LUNCHEON MENU

Vegetable Soup
Spinach Ring Mold
Creamed Eggs or Macaroni-and-Cheese Sauce
Fruited Whole-Wheat Muffins
Butter Honey
Year-Round Salad with French Dressing, or
Raw Fruit or Fruit Salad

Vegetable Soup

½ cup turnips julienne
½ cup carrots julienne
½ cup celery, sliced fine
½ onion, minced
¼ cup butter
1 cup potatoes julienne
1 quart water
2 teaspoons salt

SCRAPE the washed vegetables wherever possible instead of peeling. If peeled, pare very thin, in order to preserve the valuable mineral layer which lies directly under the outer skin. Cut the vegetables into thin slices and then into matchlike shreds, which is what the French call cutting "julienne." Brown the turnips, carrots, onion, and celery in the butter, and cook until savory, but not hard or crisp. Add the remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer very slowly over a low burner for several hours, until the vegetables are tender and the soup is brewed. Serve hot.

Spinach Ring Mold

1 peck spinach
1 to 2 cups of outer lettuce leaves, if desired
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup butter, melted
1 teaspoon onion juice, if desired

WASH the spinach and lettuce in several waters to remove all grit. Cut off the coarser stem ends and place in a steamer or a kettle with a tightly fitting lid. Sprinkle the salt on top, cover and steam over hot water or cook over a low flame from 10 to 25 minutes, or until wilted. The shorter the time cooked, the brighter the green remains. The process may be quickened by turning the spinach over with a fork once or twice during the cooking. The lettuce added to the spinach makes it more delicate in flavor. Add butter and seasonings and 1 teaspoon of onion juice, if desired. Press into a hot buttered mold, and keep warm. When ready to serve, invert on to a warm platter, filling the center cavity with creamed hard-cooked eggs, macaroni-and-cheese sauce, or any desired vegetable mixture buttered or in cream sauce. Serve hot.

Creamed Eggs

4 to 6 hard-cooked eggs
3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Paprika to garnish

IF the eggs are to be easily digested it is important that they are not boiled. Egg whites are toughened and made more or less indigestible by boiling. Put the eggs into enough cold water to cover. Cover the kettle tightly. Heat to just below the boiling point and maintain this simmering temperature for 10 to 15 minutes. Let the cooked eggs cool in the hot water. Meanwhile, melt the butter, remove from the fire, and stir in the flour to form a smooth paste. Slowly stir in the milk, with salt and pepper, and boil and stir for 5 to 10 minutes. Keep hot over water until ready to serve. Pour into the spinach ring, garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs and paprika. Serve hot.

Macaroni-and-Cheese Sauce

1 cup macaroni pieces
2 cups cold water
½ teaspoon salt
Cream sauce
Cheese

PLACE the broken macaroni, cold water, and salt in a kettle with a tight cover. Bring the water slowly to simmering temperature and maintain this for 35 to 45 minutes, until the water has been absorbed. Success depends entirely upon three factors: accurate measurement of the ingredients, steam-tight covering of the kettle, and maintaining a simmering temperature for the right period. So cooked, there is no waste of food value caused by throwing out excess liquid from the finished macaroni. The measured quantity of water will be entirely absorbed. Prepare a cream sauce of butter, flour, milk, salt, and pepper in the same proportions as used in the Creamed Eggs recipe. Add the macaroni and ½ to 1 cup of grated cheese. Serve in the spinach ring, garnished with paprika.

Vegetable Mixture. Any well seasoned vegetable or vegetable mixture may be served in the spinach ring, buttered or in a cream sauce.

Fruited Whole-Wheat Muffins. See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 9.

Year-Round Salad (Individual Serving)

Lettuce, in leaves or shredded
¼ cup chopped raw cabbage
3 tablespoons chopped raw carrot
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers
Mayonnaise to bind
Cream cheese to garnish

CHOP the vegetables very fine and add enough mayonnaise to each to bind, keeping the different vegetables separate. Place the green pepper in the bottom of a wet mold. Pack well, then press in the carrot and then the cabbage mixtures in effective layers. When well packed, chill until ready to serve, and unmold on the bed of lettuce with the aid of a spatula. Garnish with cream cheese.

French Dressing. See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 33.

Fruit Salad Dessert may be served if the salad course and fruit dessert are omitted. This one dish may be substituted for the two in order to simplify the menu. Here are two suggestions:

1. Equal parts diced alligator pear or chopped apple; diced, peeled grapefruit and sliced kumquats (skins left on). Mix with cream salad dressing and serve on lettuce. 2. One slice of pineapple on a bed of lettuce. Orange and grapefruit sections arranged alternately. Garnish with decorative cherry and greens. Serve chilled with cream salad dressing.

Cream Salad Dressing. See LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, page 35, Boiled Fruit Dressing.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

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REFINING *the Excessively* OILY SKIN

An Article *by* EILEEN BOURNE

WILL ROGERS regretfully remarked that, "It's getting so this country has only two occupations—one, the women pawing at their noses with a powder puff; and the other, men talking about their golf scores."

Of the two evils, he apparently views the powder puff with greater alarm. A few generations hence he sees noses flattened down into the face from hammering with the puff.

If Mr. Rogers' fan mail were beauty queries he'd get an idea of the unparalleled joy women would experience if they could be made permanently free of the shiny nose.

Since there breathes scarcely a woman who'd venture around the corner to the grocer without her powder puff, it would seem that there is hardly a skin that cannot raise a slight glisten for the puff to attack.

There is a class of woman, and not a small one, with whom the greased appearance is so marked that powder is helpless. Drops of oil seem to stand out like perspiration.

The slightest exertion may cause this fat secretion to coat the face and scalp, and, in extreme instances, the entire body. The seat of this condition is always on the back, the sides of the nostrils, the cheekbones, the forehead, and sometimes the chin. If it is very pronounced, it causes little crusts to form and sometimes even scales.

Greasy skin sometimes is found alone; more often it is accompanied by blackheads and acne. Because of its susceptibility to these skin disorders, immediate treatment should be made, not only in the care of the face, but in the diet. The daily bath also is important.

Skin greasiness often is associated with indigestion and constipation, which must be corrected. Brunettes are more susceptible to this skin condition than blondes or redheads, as their skins secrete more. They are accused of having, in general, greater appetites.

To correct the oiliness, greasy foods should be strictly avoided and a plentiful amount of alkaline foods included in the diet. Too much or too rich food adds to a greasy, moist appearance of the face. Alcohol, meat in excess, fish, and crustaceous and all highly spiced food should be replaced by fresh vegetables and fruits.

Cold or lukewarm water is suitable for dry or average skins, but the greasy-skinned should use hot water when cleansing the face. As oily skins have less tendency than others to wrinkle, there is no danger from using hot water and a fairly strong soap. Green soap, tincture of green soap, tar and sulphur soaps are recommended.

You have to dissolve the greasy matter and clear the glandular orifices. In addition to one good scrubbing a day with soap and water, the face should be sponged off with alcohol to cleanse it further. One famous skin authority says:

"THE excessively oily-skinned person must seek to remove the excess of fat with soaps and alcoholic lotions and may even have to dry-clean themselves with benzine or ether."

Greasy creams should be avoided. The best creams for oily-skinned persons to use should have astringent substances in their preparation, such as tincture of benzoin, borate of soda, and distilled aromatic waters (orange-flower water and rose water).

After the nightly cleansing with soap and water, rub the face with cotton dipped in some alcoholic solution or an alkaline or distilled water. A good lotion for wiping the face is made of one dram of boric acid and four ounces of distilled witch-hazel.

The constant application of powder to a moist and greasy surface means obstructing further the orifices of the fat glands. Powder should be used only after the surface has been wiped clean with an astringent lotion. The puff must be immaculate and fresh.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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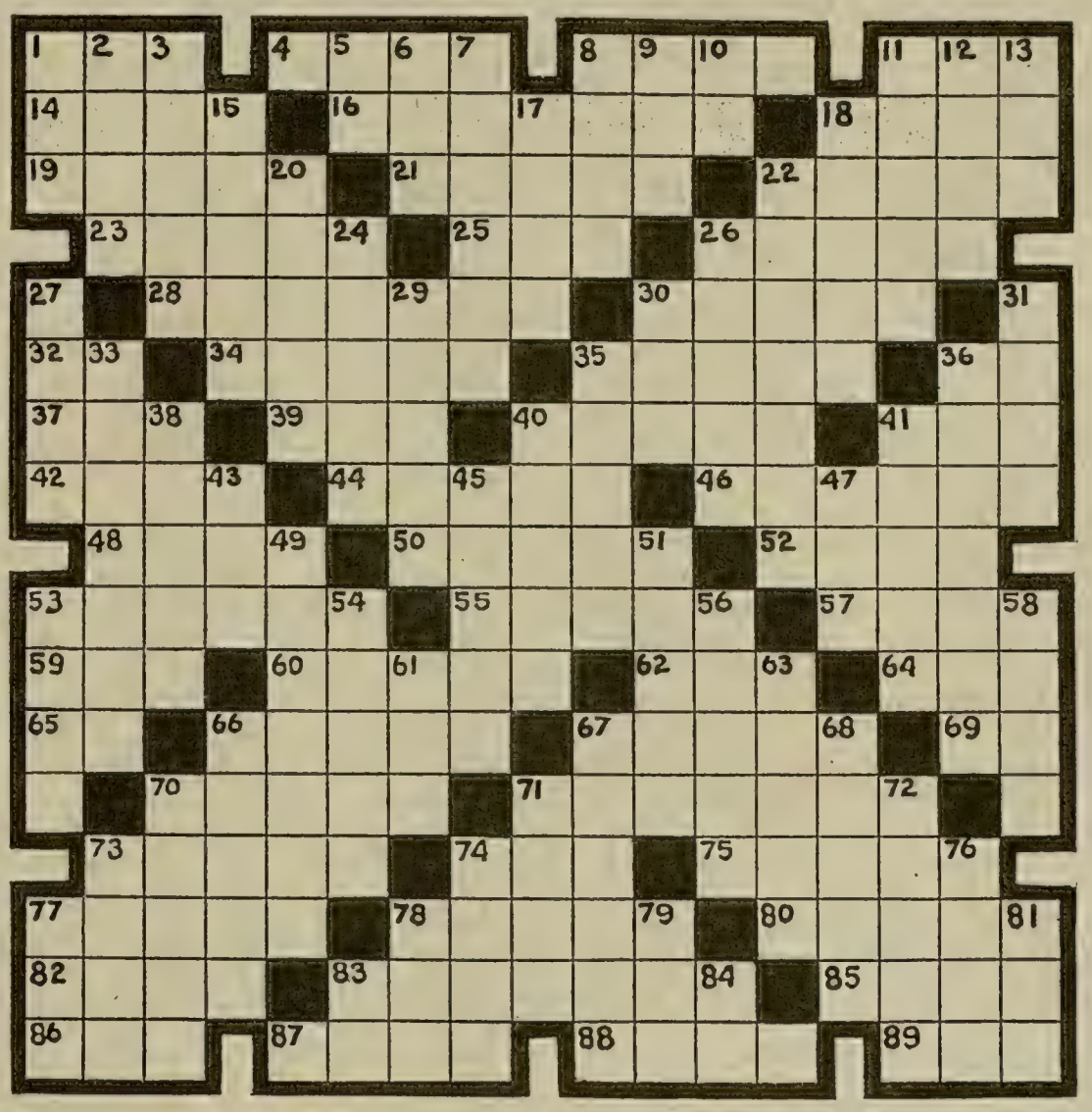


Prize Puzzle No. 29

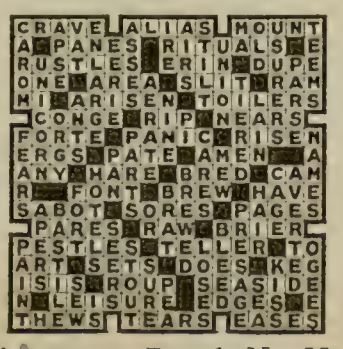
By PHILOMENA HILGERT, St. Joseph, Missouri

HORIZONTAL

1 Conclusion
4 Exclamation of sorrow
8 Renown
11 A billow
14 Feathered vertebrate
16 To put in action
18 Male of the red deer
19 Desolate
21 To evolve
22 Selected
23 Gains as recompense
25 An insect
26 Brief
28 A junction
30 To think
32 On high
34 Instruments of conveyance
35 Glisten
36 Achieve
37 Measures of area
39 Sheltered side
40 To make amends
41 Wager
42 A river in Siberia
44 Extent
46 Condition or state
48 Percolate
50 Permission
52 Relieve of tension
53 Iterate
55 Handle or manipulate
57 Scrupulous in tastes
59 Individual
60 To trim one's self up
62 Prior
64 An inclosure
65 By
66 A gem
67 A mantle
69 Japanese measure of area
70 A finch
71 Clothed
73 A cloth for wiping
74 A salutation
75 Celebrated
77 Ghastly
78 Precipitous
80 A short bolt
82 To incite
83 Arranged in verticils
85 To partake of a meal
86 An assent
87 Consider
88 Appear
89 Solution leached from ashes

VERTICAL

1 Recede
2 A river in Africa
3 A reverie
5 Look!
6 Imitate
7 Type of automobile (plural)
8 A reality
9 Consumed
10 A pronoun
11 To accumulate
12 The Orient
13 Duration of existence
15 Ventured
17 Step of a ladder
18 Glistened
20 To make obeisance
22 Pertaining to a large section of Asia
24 Guide
26 A thorn
27 Double
29 A standard of excellence
30 An ejaculation
31 A suffrage
33 A gift
35 To stow in a vessel by means of a jackscrew (variant)
36 Discovers
38 A bird
40 Anew
41 Foundation
43 A beverage
45 Post at the foot of a stair rail
47 Sunburn
49 Narrowed toward an end
51 To choose
53 Thoroughfare
54 To follow after
56 To exhaust the contents of
58 Gazes steadily
61 A bird of prey
63 A mistake
66 The lapwing
67 Makes obdurate
68 Stinking
70 Painful spots
71 To state
72 Satan
73 A pipe
74 Minute particle
76 Contradict
77 To put
78 A pronoun
79 Calipee
81 A mound
83 Us
84 Prefix with the general sense of down



Answer to Puzzle No. 28

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College Morals

What Students Themselves Say About Their Conduct

An Article by

CATHARINE BRODY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The two foregoing articles on this survey of college morals included opinions expressed by presidents of institutions throughout the country, as well as by college deans and judges and police chiefs in college centers. While admitting that a certain degree of "looseness" exists in college life, these authorities contend that this is not due to increased viciousness on the part of the students, but rather that it is in keeping with the life of the new generation. In the following article the views of the students themselves are presented.]

PART THREE

"I SUPPOSE if we were to describe conditions as they actually are, the older generation would throw up their hands in horror."

Pictures by EDWARD RYAN

"'STUDENTS,' as a divinity professor once said to me, 'always have been rapscallions.'"

So writes a dean.

He adds, "But that was libelous."

Students, however, are not so ready to call that libelous. There is a slight swagger perceptible in some of their answers. As a sorority girl points out, "The idea of being a bold, bad, brazen college student, and someone whose reputation is a bit questionable, is a source of real enjoyment to most students."

Very interested they are, too, in their own rascality, though they don't take it so seriously, and wish the public wouldn't. And their conclusion is that nothing short of their own knowledge and the judgment of their circles is going to keep them from any path they choose to follow.

No doubt, in the editors of college papers and the fraternity and sorority presidents, we have the pick of outstanding personalities of every kind, serious and frivolous, on the campuses—the leaders. These young people have at least a good deal of courage.

Nearly all the students who answered our questionnaire, except the sorority presidents, put down their names and classes—complete identification, in short. A few signified we could use their names. "We are not afraid of declaring what appears to us to be the truth," was a typical reply of the minority. But one adds a succinct postscript: "If my dean sees this, and I believe it to be a true account, it means my degree (due shortly) will be represented by a large and eloquent zero. That's all." If this applies to the majority who signified their answers were confidential, then to fill out our questionnaire took courage.

Their sincerity extends to us. They don't hesitate to tell what they think of us for undertaking the survey. Some approve. Some do not, and call for a "scientific" investigation to show once and for all what foundation there is for rumor, regardless of the fact that the few such investigations attempted by individual colleges and professors have always ended in rancor and confusion. Only recently there was a great to-do at Bucknell University over an "exact" questionnaire.

The students whose opinions we have obtained represent sixty different colleges in every part of the country. They are students who are apparently frank, certainly intelligent, and who would seem to have fine chances for observation.

By far the most popular diversion in the colleges is petting. Petting comes in for a larger share of contumely, though not such public contumely, perhaps, than drinking. What have the students to say for petting?

In the first place, they are quick to point out that the terms "petting" and "necking" cover a multitude of interpretations. "We would appreciate your definition of a petting party," they say. Or they fling this parting shot: "But I probably don't mean the same as you do by the term 'petting party.'" Or they complain: "Petting parties come under the curse of the reformer." Few of them are willing to break through the veneer of suggestive words and define what they mean by that term.

THEN, too, there is an etiquette to petting. Some young men—and girls, too—outline this etiquette. "One-third will pet on the first date; two-thirds by the fourth date (I prefer them that way, though)," a fraternity boy explicitly informs us. A sorority girl writes: "Practically all will pet"; adding, with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE THRILL OF DIVORCE
By ELIAS TOBENKIN
What Russian Women are doing with their new Love Freedom.
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[COLLEGE MORALS
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

hint of scorn: "Some are 'first nighters.'"

And what do we mean when we ask them what percentage of the girls of their acquaintance will pet? they want to know. Do we mean what percentage will pet with any man? What percentage will pet with men they like? Or what percentage will permit embraces only from men they love, or think they love?

As a psychology professor has found, by research among his students, that there are six varieties of petting, we have had to consider the answers to this question from a general point of view. That is, what percentage of girls will pet, to some extent, promiscuously or not promiscuously? All agree that the number of excessive petters is small.

Toward the rest the boys have rather a hopeful attitude. "Most girls here, as elsewhere, will kiss the right man at the right time," declares a Westerner. "We think almost all *will* pet under proper circumstances," writes an Easterner, but concludes modestly: "About 25 per cent of my girl acquaintances do." "At least half, after three dates; probably more on better acquaintance," puts in another Westerner. One fraternity boy sets down that he has "no desire to pet with many girls," and modifies hastily: "However, I do not doubt that there are many with whom I could pet."

"I have heard from fairly reliable sources," reports a Mid-Western editor, "that there are nine girls on this campus who won't pet."

BUT some of the young men do try to be fair about it. "Nearly all of them, although I do not mean thereby that they will always so engage," one points out. "Also I refer to that class of women who are daters. If you include all those who seldom date, it would cut down the proportion considerably." There does seem to be a feeling among the boys that nearly all the more attractive girls—"all those who are eligible," in the words of one boy—will pet.

The girls, however, strike a less optimistic note.

The sum of the answers is that a little more than half of the girl students will pet to some extent, and not altogether promiscuously. Curiously enough, the average percentages for the Middle West and the South are just the same—67 per cent; and the average percentages for the East and Far West are the same—46 per cent.

Is petting injurious to morals? Not many are prepared to approve of it. On the other hand, they don't see their way to condemning it too strongly, either. "Depends on the man or woman," they remark. "Rotten form," sniff several girls, but they balk at calling petting immoral. "Yes, it is indirectly injurious," declares one boy; "college folk, however, are, I believe, the least affected." "Not injurious to morals, but to self-respect of participants," they write. "Not immediately injuri-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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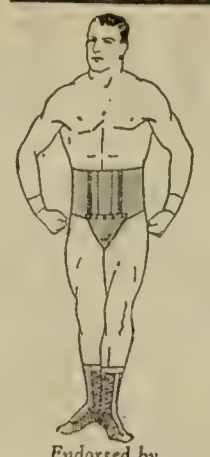

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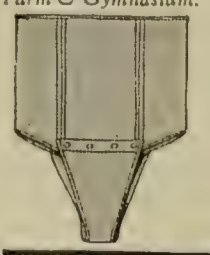

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]

ous; bad effects in future. What husband wants a wife known only a short time before as a necker? Or what wife a husband of much acquaintance and some renown thereby?" "Injurious to morals? —damned right!" explodes another.

From the left wing of those who rather approve come sharp and even indignant thrusts. "Very few men and no women have morals; some are more discreet than others"—this from the completest cynic of the group. "Such conduct is natural—this must be remembered," another reminds us. "Of course it's injurious to morals," snaps a third. "What do you think people pet for?" "Not at all. A prudish attitude is much more injurious"—from the Middle West.

As for any influence that might discourage petting — here they frankly and almost universally throw up their hands. They can suggest nothing. "I've been asking myself this question for years!" comments an Easterner. "I do not know," writes a Southerner. "I only wish to heaven I did, and I am not what might be called an extremely moral or religious person."

OF course the left-wingers jump and exclaim: "Why discourage it?" "Why discourage the fundamental basis of natural amativeness?" And again, from a denominational school: "Well, the church has taught many girls to inhibit their natural impulses—and I question the wisdom and 'goodness' of this."

The majority know of nothing that will stop petting. But they all know of one thing that won't: outside criticism and opinion. "Home training," a few offer as a remedy; "specific facts"; "how dissipation ruins health and beauty"; "teaching men and women how to talk entertainingly"; "the example of popular students"; "campus opinions"—all these things may help, "but certainly nothing in the way of advice."

"Petting parties lead to loss of control of the emotions and to a sordid outlook on life," writes an editor. "The example and influence of young people who are popular yet don't indulge may discourage petting. Let adults stop criticizing and let leaders whom youth respects reason quietly with it."

In the end the boys put it up to the girls. "Men will respect the women that stop advances short." Which argument, by the way, one girl recognizes. She retorts: "Yes, and that's about all they *will* do."

And the girls complain: "Very few girls are ever given a thorough understanding of the ultimate danger of too many petting parties. *Why won't more mothers explain such things?*" The emphasis is the student's.

They are pretty sure, however—both men and women—that girls who drink are more likely to pet than girls who don't. But their own accounts rather destroy the connection. For instance, the students are most certain that this is true in the South, yet fewer girls drink in the South than anywhere else, and more petting goes on there than anywhere else, except in the Middle West. They are least certain that this is so in the East, yet more Eastern girls drink, and fewer of them pet, except those of the Far West.

THE percentage of girls who drink is less than half the percentage of girls who pet. The average figure for the former comes to 20. The latter, as we have said, is 56. All agree that this 20 per cent stands for girls who mostly drink only to a "slight extent," if regularly enough to attract attention. The percentage is at least twice as high in metropolitan districts, and in individual cities, like New York, it is made at least three times as high.

Among the girls, views on drinking vary more sharply than those on petting. They range all the way from the Middle-Western editor who bursts out with, "Damn few will drink! Pardon the outburst, but we will stand up for the girls on that score," to the impatient reply of a fraternity boy from the South that "All those who are reasonably civilized will drink. Very few suspect the donor of encouraging white slavery."

But do the girls buy their own? They do not! It may be that they don't care enough for liquor to spend any money on it. Or perhaps the boys are right when they wail: "They buy nothing! They let the men buy!" An Easterner has come to this conclusion: "The girl that drinks usually gold-digs for booze as well as for other luxuries."

To be sure, a few boys are either more fortunate in their feminine acquaintances, or give them the benefit of the doubt—but rather ungraciously: "Five per cent will buy—cheap skates!" And a young man in New York City stands head and shoulders above the rest with his simply incredible luck: "All" his girl friends will buy liquor!

Twice as many men as girls drink. The average percentage for the male students is about 40. This represents all those who drink either moderately or immoderately, habitually or on not too infrequent occasions. The remaining 60 per cent does not stand only for those who are opposed to liquor. It includes, rather, those who do not drink, either through conviction or lack of opportunity, and those who drink to such a small degree as to make them inconspicuous.

If we were to consider, however, from the remarks of the students, not only those who drink with

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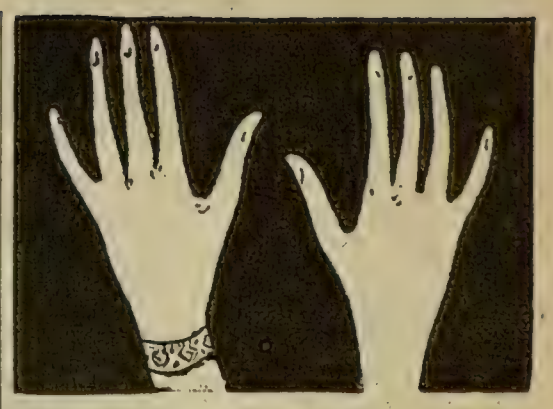

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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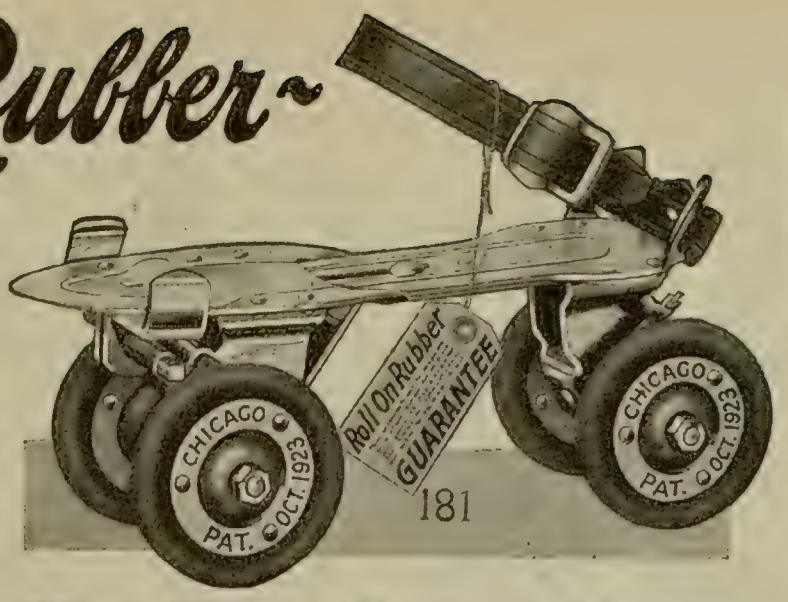

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DEMAND McCOY'S—THE GENUINE

[COLLEGE MORALS
Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

some regularity but all those who will not refuse a drink, the average percentage would no doubt be vastly higher. Only one young man of all our correspondents notes any personal conviction against liquor, and he merely says: "I, myself, don't drink."

The feeling about prohibition recorded by referendums inclines toward modification. But it is vague. The students haven't bothered about it much, perhaps because, as they indicate, almost everywhere liquor is easy to get on or near the campus.

THE most difficult question we asked was the one that reads: "Among girls who sanction masculine familiarities, what proportion do you believe guilty of more serious moral infractions?"

The students shot back question for question. First, "Just what do you mean by a moral infraction?" Some gave us the benefit of their experience, writing: "Awfully hard to find that kind, so would say the percentage is small"; or, "Not large, but certainly not getting smaller." A few of the boys disclaimed any authority for a reply. Some set down blandly percentages from 40 to 70, adding, in the words of one editor: "May seem high, but it may be 96 per cent."

What is most noticeable, though, in the replies of those who accepted the conventional meaning of "more serious moral infractions," is the number of percentages that run from 3 to 5. The figures given in two unofficial reports of "scientific" investigations along this line coincide. In one the percentage was found to be "below 5." In another, undertaken by some of the girl students, fifty out of 900 girls were definitely suspected of having committed "more serious moral infractions." This would make the percentage around 5.

Another student writes: "I suppose if we were to describe conditions as they actually are (and I have visited most of the Big Ten colleges), the older generation would throw up their hands in horror. But, strange to say, we are not worrying particularly about our ability to 'carry on' in the future."

In a thoughtful essay, too long to print in full here, a young man sums up the sentiments of many: "Possibly the younger generation, and the college student in particular, is headed toward hell's fire and brimstone. But you will find the mass are earnestly striving to settle the eternal and ever-present question of the why and how and wherefore of life better than their parents did. You must admit that they (the parents) have not made a howling success of it. Why not let the next fellow try out his ideas, and give him a boost instead of a kick? The idea may work, and even if it doesn't, he is the one that is going to hell, not you."

With the addition of a certain cynical feeling that the answers wouldn't really have surprised

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT]

their grandmothers—much—the foregoing replies are fair summaries of the students' attitude toward their own behavior. They are optimistic about a decrease in gossip. Except in certain spots, they think that outsiders are beginning to let the campuses alone.

Like the deans, they blame the newspapers for exaggeration of college doings. But they blame the students too, "student asininity." "The college youth asserts himself more than the youth at home, and this tendency to break away from fundamentalism has created a wrong impression on the public"; "boasting on the part of irresistible sheiks"; "college students are known to have vivid imaginations and a strong desire to spin an interesting yarn"; "the exaggeration of college men to their noncollegiate acquaintances."

One says "a college campus is worse than a small town for gossip, especially when there is a girls' dormitory." Some blame jealousy between different fraternities and sororities, and between colleges. Indeed, several point out how well their own school compares with other schools and sections, or remark that gossip lies as far as their college is concerned, but is probably true in regard to other campuses.

LOOKING at themselves clearly, they are not much disposed to feel that there has been any basic change in their attitude toward the accepted codes. This may mean either that they only want to seem discreet, whatever they may do. One girl notices no change in attitude toward conventions, but admits "an indifference to morals," or that the girls want to appear indiscreet while actually sticking to the rules. The great majority believe that the latter is the case. As one young man differentiates: "Morally—no perceptible change in attitude. Socially—disregard for public opinion." And another puts the same idea into these words: "Students are much franker. They do not like tradition so much, or at least claim they don't. At bottom, I really don't believe they have changed a great deal."

There is even a boy who complains that "They are more and more moral. This is a machine-made, Sears-Roebuck generation. They like a great deal of brave talk, but shrink from the things their fathers and grandfathers took as a matter of course." But he is an exception.

In passing, they take a crack at student manners. "To me, common decency seems to be lacking in many students." "The student has become careless in his speech and manner in public."

And how the chivalrous South passes judgment on women!

"Co-education," asserts a fraternity man (he, by the way, is the only one in the co-ed colleges who mentions it), "is making inevitably for laxity in morals; has affected the students in many ways. But in the main it has made to wane the admiration which the student formerly had for girls. Drinking and loose conduct are now not uncommonly practiced by boys in the presence of girls." Ergo: "Co-education should be abolished."

Another admits that students "think less of familiar approaches to women. Women drink and smoke, so are not the ideal they used to represent." He concludes a bit wistfully: "Man doesn't feel, *I suppose*, that he has to be such a gentleman."

And an Eastern editor says that the only difference he can see is that "women used to be regarded as in either the one or the other of two distinct classes; the division has now become hazy and indistinct."

The girls do not turn and smite. They say that "It is no longer considered misconduct for a girl to drink or smoke. Men who drink to excess are tolerated. The main desire of a student is to be a good sport—at almost any price." Or they notice "the general laxity with regard to petting, and an accompanying decrease in the seriousness with which it is regarded, and a farther separation of petting from more serious moral infractions." Or (from a Southern girl) "a marked change in attitude toward smoking; a relative change toward the social conventions seen in minor ways." But they refrain from specific blame of the men.

Indeed, it is remarkable how much more the men (especially, it seems, in fraternity circles) discuss the moral character of women than the women do the moral character of men.

COLLEGE rules rarely enter into their talk. Student sentiment evidently does not often congeal into enough opposition against a faculty rule to make necessary its repeal. There is, of course, a reason.

"When the faculty lays 'em"—thus an editor states it—"they stay laid! And we work in the dark then."

"I'm not saying there's no opposition to some rules," contributes a second; "but we proceed on the theory that, in moral matters, better results are obtained by going about our business quietly instead of raising a big fuss."

The most distinct displeasure is focused on the alumni. With joy, the boys take every opportunity to resent the alumni habit of looking on reunions as their own merry, private little ways of escape.

"There has been no campaign against any form of misconduct," says an editor, "other than a few spicy articles asking the alumni to leave their flasks at home (*sic!*)."

"Between alumni and under-

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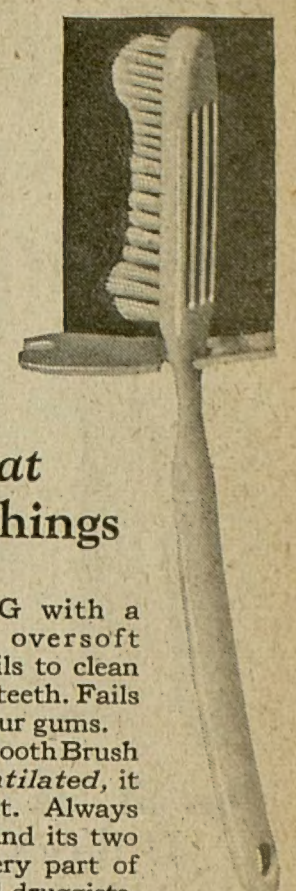
Now



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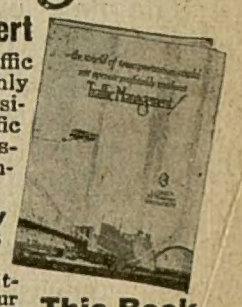

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[COLLEGE MORALS Continued from Page Eighty-nine]

graduates," puts in an Ohioan, "misconduct is far more prevalent among the alumni."

And the conclusion, à la cheerleader, is supplied by a genial young man who pleads with us to "let up till I get out of college. We want our good times!"; "Go get the alumni, anyway! They're good eggs—but they've grown too big for their shells."

Sex—liquor—"the moral character of women"; "Car rides, secret dates, staying out at night"; "sex appeal"; "prostitution"; "hotel parties, where both sexes are admitted, liquor is free, and there is an absolute letdown"; "frat smokers with entertainers"; "the double standard"; "college girls at public dances"—not much discussion. It is taken for granted that co-eds may smoke in private, but not in public; that men may drink if they control themselves; and a goodly number of both sexes are immoral.

"No sane discussions have taken place, because those who know will not mention it, and the rest—faculty, mostly—think that this school does not violate the doctrines of Methodism. How they err!" A strange picture of the colleges would result from these comments, if they were taken as a complete summary of what students are concerned with.

THE outline, however, is neither fair nor complete. A commission at the University of Missouri undertook last February a survey of social life at that school. It found that approximately one-fourth of the student body was not affiliated with "any type of organization through which they may meet other students and freely find normal social activity." It was the opinion of the commission that "most of these have little or no social life whatever." In every college there must be this other one-fourth—barbs, "grinds," perhaps—lonely young people whose drab routines are so obscured by more vivid circles that their existence is never taken into account. Yet one-fourth is an appreciable percentage.

More students at Missouri, the commission found, were affiliated with social fraternities and sororities than with any other type of organization that promotes social life. Religious organizations, however, ranked second; professional societies third.

The Student Council of the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., church societies, the National Student Federation—such "serious" organizations are represented on every campus. Student members have their conferences. They talk about universal peace, the "wastes of denominationalism," religion, military training, racial discriminations, marriage, and about birth control. A student conference held at Evanston, Illinois, not long ago even went on record as favoring birth control—no doubt, somewhat to the alarm of the sponsors.

COLLEGE papers have conducted several referendums on the question of how much money a man should have before he marries, and there have been questionnaires here and there among the women designed to show how many of them wanted to marry. The result of one of the referendums reprinted from the *Varsity Breeze* of St. Louis University showed that the average senior there was willing to marry on a bank balance of $1,276 and an income of forty dollars a week. One hundred per cent of the girls who answered the questionnaire at a woman's college wanted marriage. Only 10 per cent chose careers, evidently together with marriage.

Not all the 100 per cent achieve their designs, though. A recent study of marriage among college graduates, made by Dr. Willystine Goodsell of Teachers College, Columbia, shows that the percentage of male graduates, both at co-ed and non-co-ed colleges, that marry is usually from 15 to 20 per cent greater than the percentage of alumnæ.

BY far the most popular diversion in colleges is petting.

The result of a survey of a large proportion of living graduates in 1914 of eight women's colleges and one co-ed university are given by Dr. Goodsell. The average marriage rate was found to be 39.1 per cent. "If the last ten classes were eliminated, the rate would be conspicuously higher," Dr. Goodsell adds. However, even allowing about seventeen years for a graduating class to enter matrimony, no more than 50 per cent would have been married at the end of that time. The medium marriage age for the alumnæ is twenty-seven years and three months.

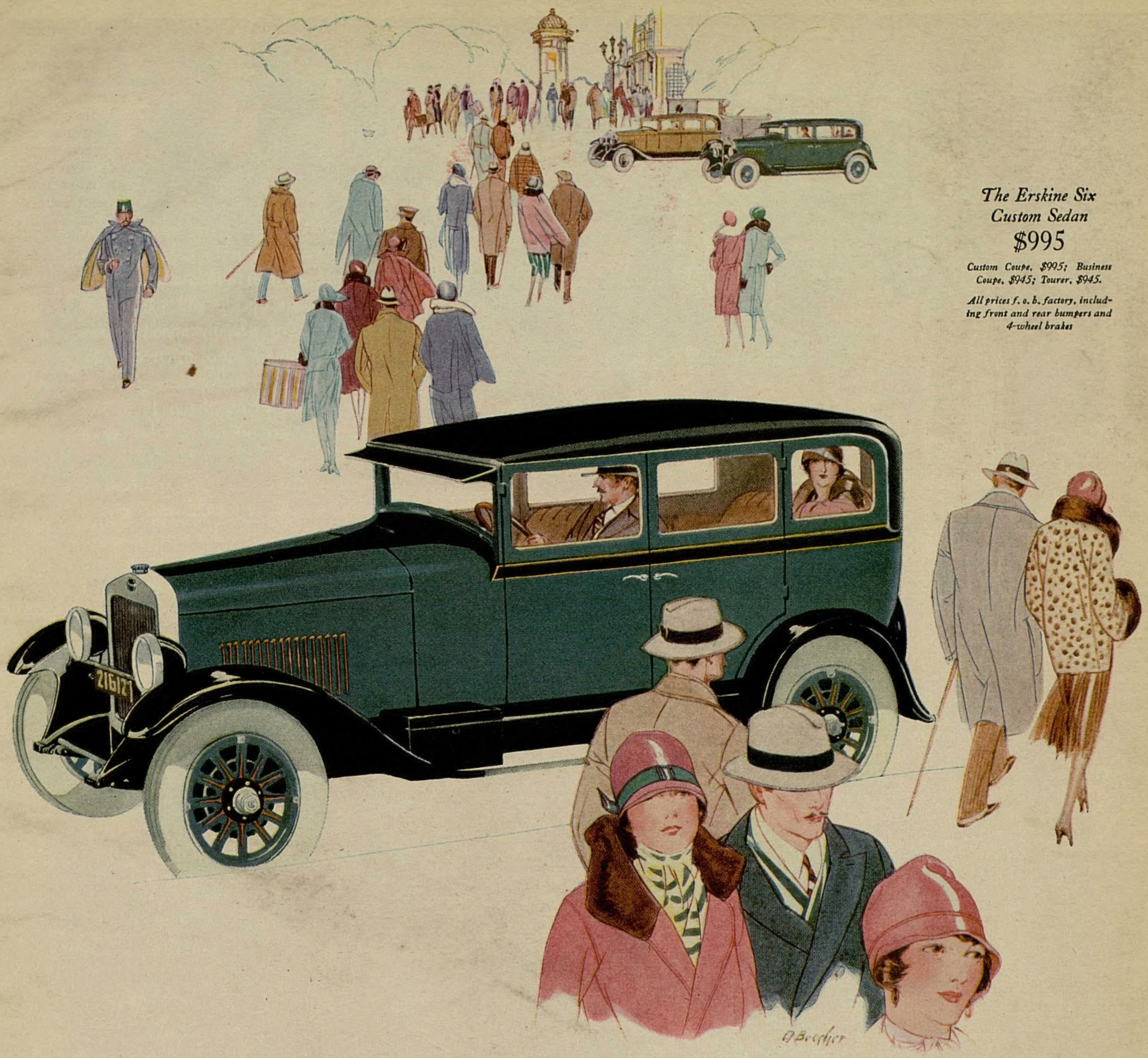
Barnard's 1925 survey of marriages among its alumnæ showed that of the graduates who had been out of college five years or more, 49.4 per cent were married. There has been a slight increase in marriages, but Miss Katharine Doty of Barnard, who made the study, believes that this only indicates that the type of girl whose objective is entirely a husband and a home is more apt to be found in colleges nowadays than formerly.

From 10 to even 20 per cent more co-eds marry, as nearly as can be gathered from the different years of the surveys, than the alumnæ of women's colleges. Dr. Goodsell's opinion is that a different type and class of girl goes to the co-educational schools—one that would probably marry more readily, irrespective of college, than the kind that attends the women's schools.

Still, our own information seems to prove that co-education may have something to do with the increase in the marriage rate—though not nearly so much as people believe. The one exact figure we have comes from the University of Omaha, which has only 218 graduates. Of eighty-nine couples, sixty-six were married after leaving school—the others having entered as husbands and wives. And of the latter number, eight (that is, four couples) married graduates of their own university; six (three couples) marrying students in their own class. According to Dr. Goodsell, in the class of 1906, University of California (ten years out of college at the time the figures were compiled), one-third of the married women had chosen husbands from their own school. Percentages among other co-ed institutions run from 2 to 5 per cent in the Pittsburgh colleges who are married to persons from their own university to 8 per cent at the University of Texas, and a "relatively high percentage" at the University of Washington.

AS far as divorce is concerned, Dr. Goodsell says: "It is a well established fact that divorces among college women are rare." The heads of alumnæ associations and judges who try many divorce cases agree on this. Divorce percentages are almost unobtainable. We were able to get only two—one from the University of Omaha, which shows only one divorce among eighty-nine marriages; another from a well known Eastern college for women, which gives nineteen *known* divorces among 1,215 marriages, though there are a number of doubtful cases.

THE END



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